APRIL, 1920

GENERAL LIB
MAY 3 - 1920
UNIV. OF MICH.

25¢

Everybody's Magazine

Fiction—

KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT
A New Serial of the West
by the author of "The Branding Iron"

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

DOROTHY DE JAGERS

DON MARQUIS

ZONA GALE

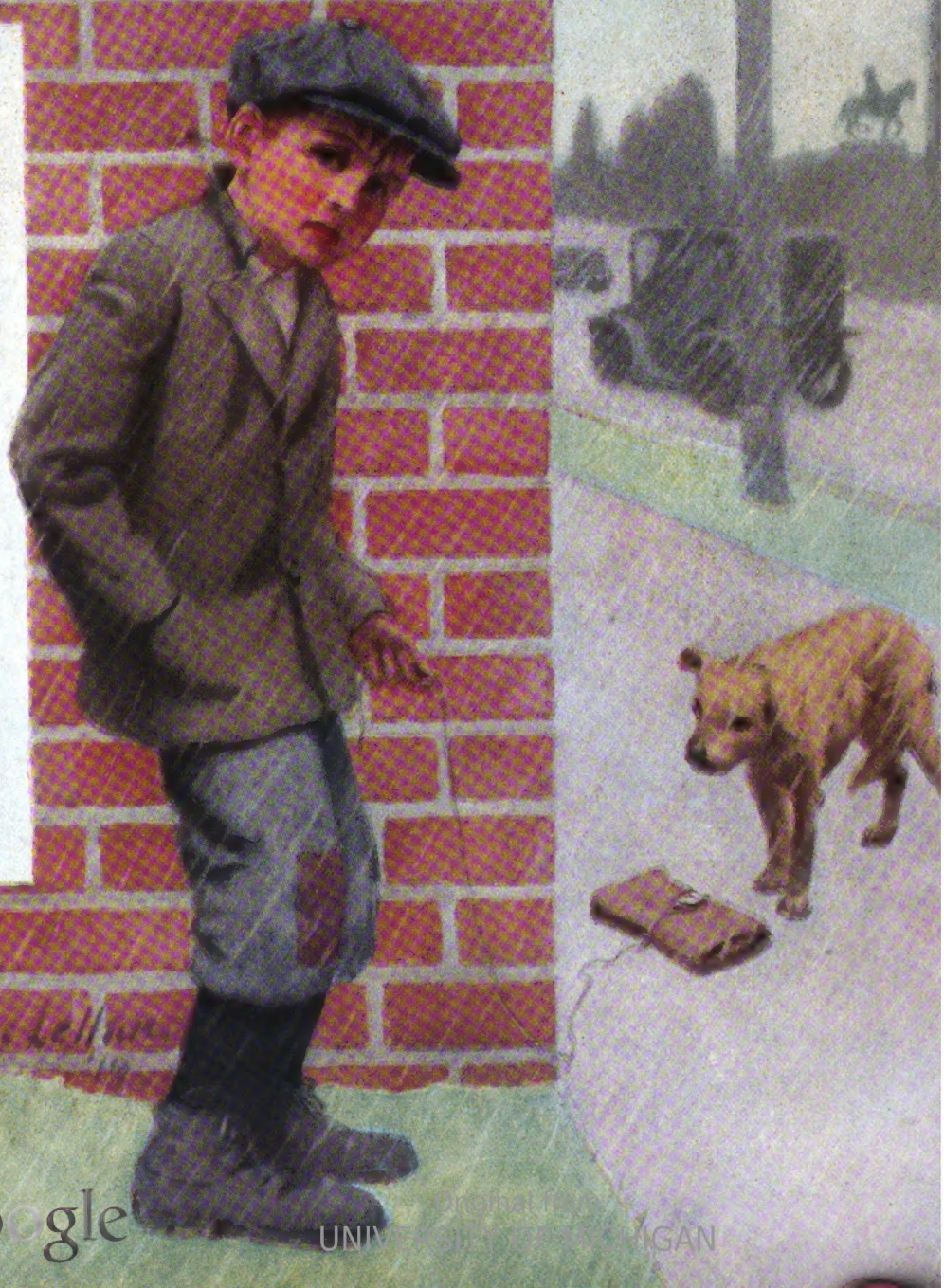
GEORGE F. WORTS

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

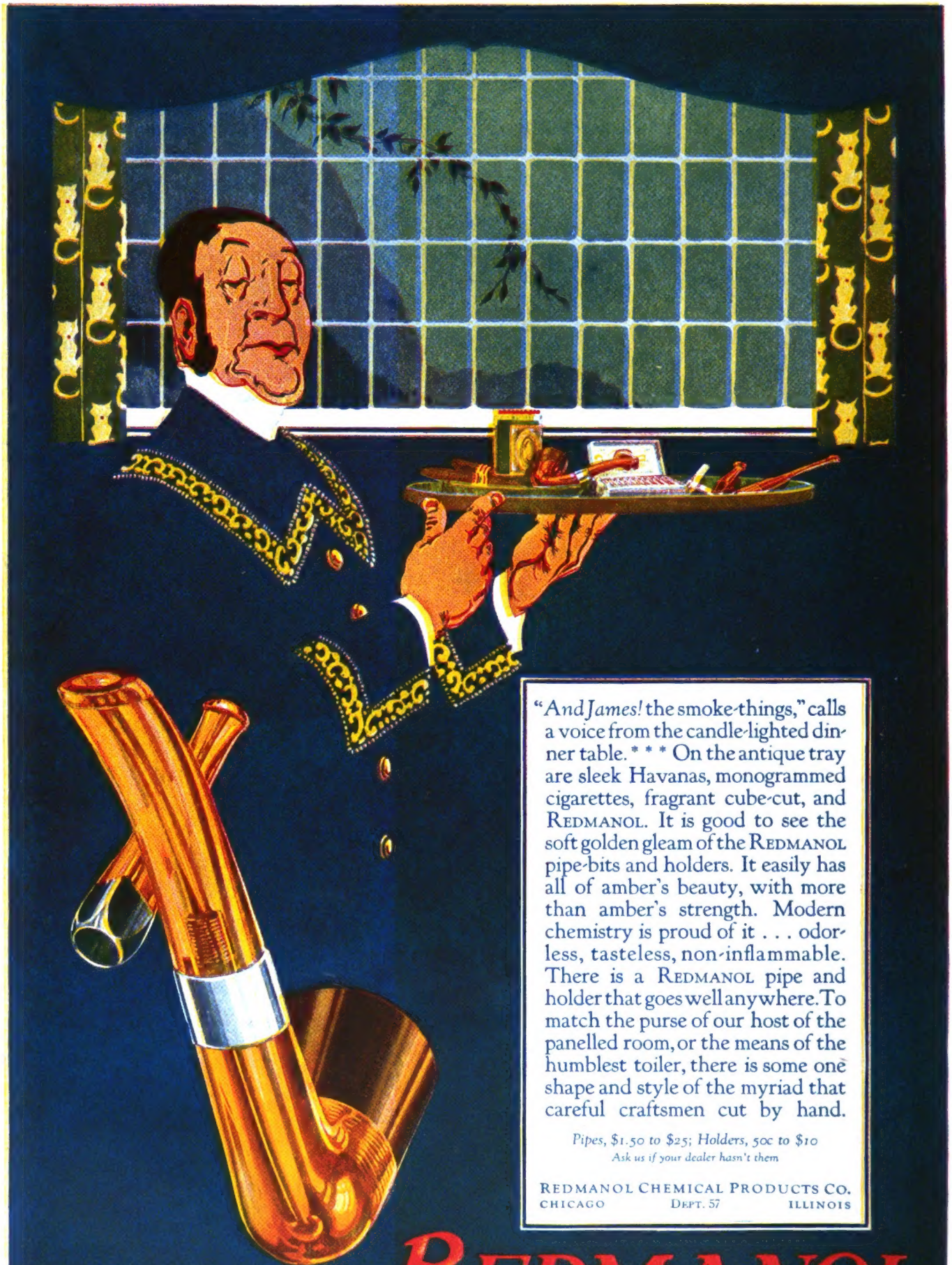
WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY
on Your Next President

VERNON KELLOGG'S
Story of Hoover

RUPERT HUGHES on F. P. A.



Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"*And James!* the smoke-things," calls a voice from the candle-lighted dinner table. * * * On the antique tray are sleek Havanas, monogrammed cigarettes, fragrant cube-cut, and REDMANOL. It is good to see the soft golden gleam of the REDMANOL pipe-bits and holders. It easily has all of amber's beauty, with more than amber's strength. Modern chemistry is proud of it . . . odorless, tasteless, non-inflammable. There is a REDMANOL pipe and holder that goes well anywhere. To match the purse of our host of the panelled room, or the means of the humblest toiler, there is some one shape and style of the myriad that careful craftsmen cut by hand.

Pipes, $1.50 to $25; Holders, 50c to $10
Ask us if your dealer hasn't them

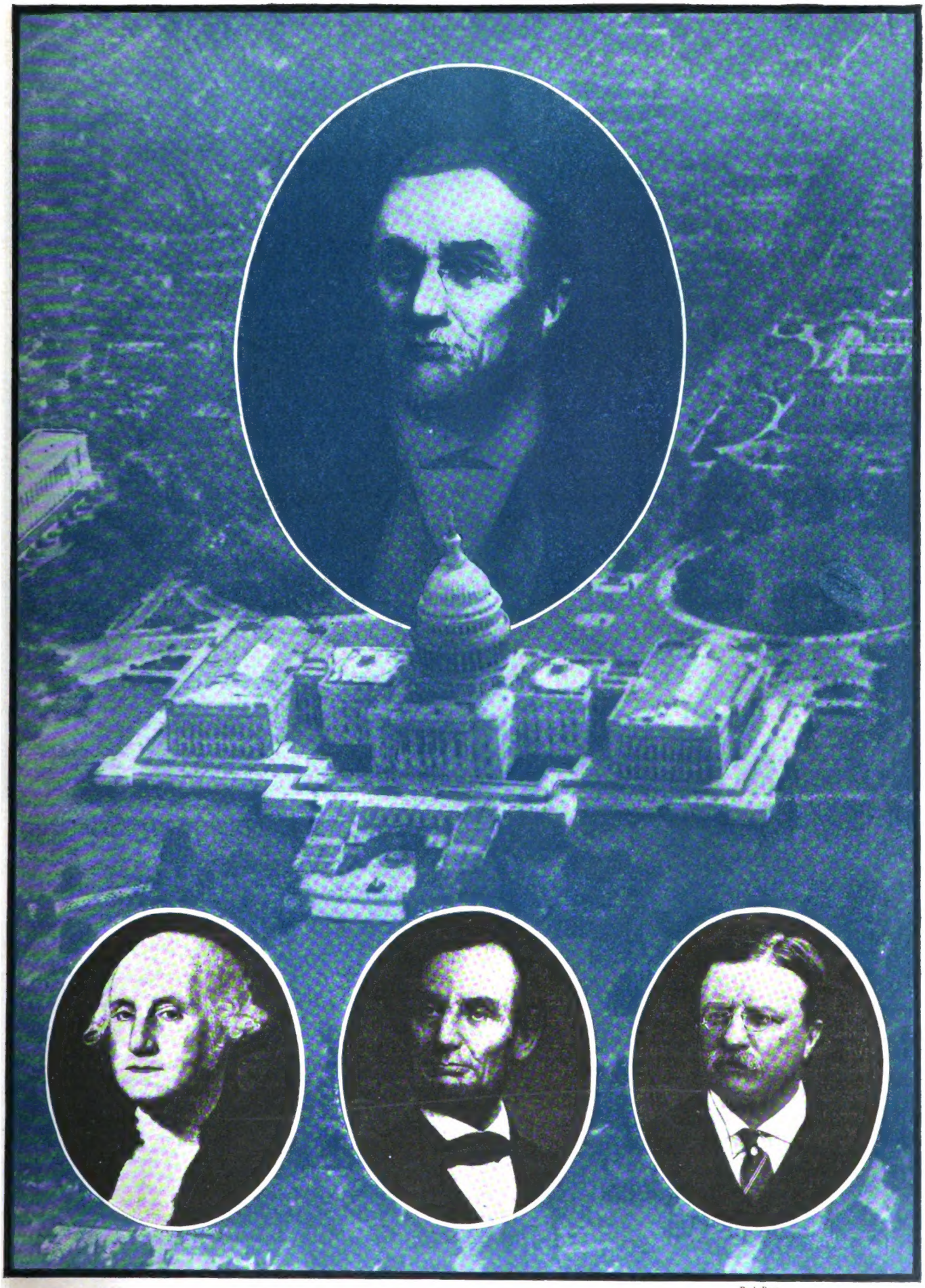
REDMANOL CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO.
CHICAGO DEPT. 57 ILLINOIS

REDMANOL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Perfect Mouthpiece

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

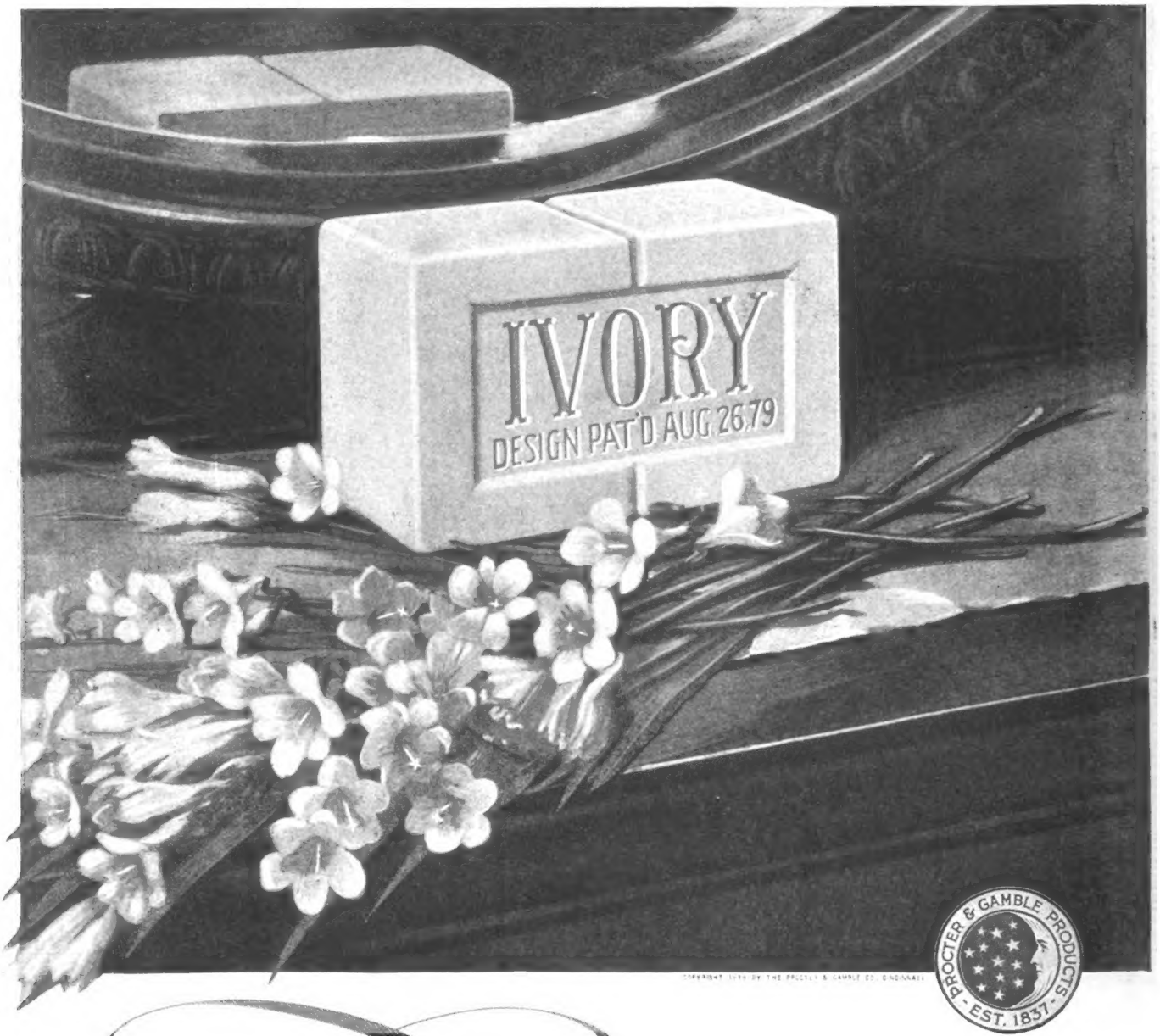


Pach Bros.

"The times call for a man for President as resolute as Washington, as patient as Lincoln, as modern as Roosevelt." Above is a composite picture of the three men.

—From "You're Going to be Handed Something," by William Brown Meloney. Page 15.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Fragrance

The unobtrusive fragrance of Ivory Soap is not the usual soap perfume. It is merely the pleasing, natural odor of Ivory's high-grade ingredients. Its delicacy and refinement are two of the reasons why you find Ivory Soap in so many homes where good taste and good sense prevail.

IVORY SOAP. . IVORY IT FLOATS . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine

NUMBER FOUR APRIL, 1920 VOLUME XLII

So Sheila Arundel left the garret where the stars pressed close, and went with Sylvester Hudson out into the world.

Hidden Creek

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Part One: The Good Old World

Here is the first instalment of a new serial by the author of "The Branding-Iron." Enough said—to the readers of that remarkably popular story, which appeared serially in EVERYBODY'S in 1918-1919, and has had an enthusiastic reception in book form. Like "The Branding-Iron," "Hidden Creek" is a story of the West, but a different West from that shown in the earlier novel. Here, besides the adventurous thrill of ranch life, Mrs. Burt pictures the life of a Far-Western town, centering about the most extraordinary barroom in literature. The heroine, in contrast with the primitive Joan, is a delicately bred Eastern girl transplanted to the wilds. Living half the year in the East, the other half on a Wyoming ranch, Mrs. Burt knows all her characters intimately—and more than almost any other young American novelist, she knows how to tell a story.—THE EDITORS.

CHAPTER ONE
Sheila's Legacy

JUST before his death Marcus Arundel, artist, and father of Sheila, bore witness to his faith in God and man. He had been lying apparently unconscious, his slow difficult breath drawn at longer and longer intervals. Sheila was huddled on the floor beside his bed, her hand pressing his urgently, in the pitiful attempt common to human love to hold back the resolute soul from the next step in its adventure. The nurse who came in by the day had left a paper of instructions on the table. Here a candle burned under a yellow shade, throwing a circle of warm, unsteady light on the head of the girl, on the two hands, on the rumpled coverlet, on the dying face. This circle of light seemed to collect these things, to choose them, as though for the expression of some meaning. The two hands were in the center of the glow—the long, pale, slack one, the small, desperate, clinging one. The conscious and the unconscious, life and death, humanity and God—all that is mysterious and tragic seemed to find expression there in the two hands.

So they had been for six hours, and it would soon be morning. The large bare room, however, was still possessed by night, and the city outside was at its

Copyright, 1920, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lowest ebb of life, almost soundless. Against the skylight the winter stars seemed to be pressing; the sky was laid across the panes of glass like a purple cloth in which sparks burned.

Suddenly, and with strength, Arundel sat up. Sheila rose with him, drawing up his hand in hers to her heart.

"Keep looking at the stars, Sheila," he said with thrilling emphasis, and widened his eyes at the visible host of them. Then he looked down at her; his eyes shone as though they had caught a reflection from the myriad lights. "It is a good old world," he said heartily in a warm and human voice, and he smiled his smile of every-day good-fellowship.

Sheila thanked God for his return, and on the very instant he was gone. He dropped back, and there were no more difficult breaths.

Sheila, alone there in the garret studio above the city, cried to her father and shook him, till in very terror of her own frenzy in the face of his stillness, she grew calm and laid herself down beside him, put his dead arm around her, nestled her head against his shoulder. She was seventeen years old, left alone and penniless in the old world that he had just pronounced so good. She lay there staring at the stars till they faded, and the cold clear eye of day looked down into the room.

CHAPTER TWO

Sylvester Hudson Comes for His Picture

BACK of his sallow, lantern-jawed face Sylvester Hudson hid successfully, though without intention, all that was in him whether of good or ill. Certainly he did not look his history. He was stoop-shouldered, pensive-eyed, with long hands on which he was always turning and twisting a big emerald. He dressed quietly, almost correctly; but there was always something a little wrong in the color or pattern of his tie, and he was too fond of brown-and-green mixtures which did not become his sallowness. He smiled very rarely, and when he did smile his long, unshaven upper lip unfastened itself with an effort, and showed a horizontal wrinkle half-way between the pointed end of his nose and the irregular nicked row of his teeth.

Altogether he was a gentle, bilious-looking sort of man, who might have been anything from a country gentleman to a moderately prosperous clerk. As a matter of fact, he was the owner of a dozen small, not too respectable, hotels through the West, and had an income of nearly half a million dollars. He lived in Millings, a town in a certain Far-Western state where flourished the most pretentious and respectable of his hotels.

It had a famous bar, to which rode the sheep-herders, the cowboys, the ranchers, the dry-farmers of the surrounding country—and sometimes, thirstiest of all, the workmen from more distant oil-fields, a dangerous crew. Millings at that time had not yielded to the generally increasing "dryness" of the West. It was wet, notwithstanding its choking alkali dust; and the deep pool of its wetness lay in Hudson's bar, the Aura. It was named for the woman who had become his wife.

When Hudson came to New York he looked up his Eastern patrons, and it was one of these who, knowing Arundel's need, encouraged the hotel-keeper in his desire to secure a "jim-dandy picture" for the lobby of the Aura and took him for the purpose to Marcus's studio. On that morning, hardly a fortnight before the artist's death, Sheila was not at home.

Marcus, in spite of himself, was managed into a sale. It was of an enormous canvas, covered weakly enough by a thin reproduction of a range of the Rockies and a sage-brush flat. Mr. Hudson in his hollow voice pronounced it "classy." "Say," he said, "put a little life into the foreground and that would please *me*. It's what I'm seekin'. Put in an auto*mo*bile meetin' one of these old-time prairie schooners—the old West saying howdy to the noo. That will tickle the trade." Mark, who was feeling weak and ill, consented wearily. He sketched in the proposed amendment, and Hudson approved with one of his wrinkled smiles. He offered a small price at which Arundel leapt like a famished hound.

When his visitors had gone, the painter went feverishly to work. The day before his death Sheila, under his whispered directions, put the last touches to the body of the "auto*mo*bile."

"It's ghastly," sighed the sick man, "but it will do—for Millings." He turned his back sadly enough to the canvas, which stood for him like a monument to fallen hope. Sheila praised it with a faltering voice, but he did not turn nor speak.

The next day at about eleven o'clock in the morning, Hudson called. He came with stiff angular motions of his long thin legs up the four steep shabby flights, and stopped at the top to get his breath.

"The picture ain't worth the climb," he thought, and then struck by the peculiar stillness of the garret floor, he frowned. "Damned if the feller isn't out!" He took a stride forward and knocked at Arundel's door. There was no answer. He turned the knob and stepped into the studio.

A SCREEN stood between him and one half of the room. The other half was empty. The place was very cold and still. It was deplorably bare and shabby in the wintry morning light. Some one had eaten a meager breakfast from a tray on the little table near the stove. Hudson's canvas stood against the wall facing him, and its presence gave him a feeling of ownership, of a right to be there. He put his long stiff hands into his pockets and strolled forward. He came round the corner of the screen, and found himself looking at the dead body of his host.

The nurse that morning had come and gone. With Sheila's help she had prepared Arundel for his burial. He lay in all the formal detachment of death, his eyelids drawn decently down over his eyes, his lips put carefully together, his hands, below their white cuffs and black sleeves, laid carefully upon the clean smooth sheet.

Hudson drew in a hissing breath, and at the sound Sheila, crumpled up in exhausted slumber on the floor beside the bed, awoke and lifted her face.

It was a heart-shaped face, a thin, white heart, the peak of her hair cutting into the center of her forehead. The mouth struck a note of life with its dull soft red. There was not lacking in this young face the slight exaggeration necessary to romantic beauty. Sheila had a strange arresting sort of jaw, a trifle over-accentuated and out of drawing. Her eyes were long, flattened, narrow, the color of bubbles filled with smoke, of a surface brilliance and an inner mistiness—indescribable eyes, clear, very melting, wistful and beautiful under sooty lashes and slender arched black brows.

SHEILA lifted this strange romantic face on its long romantic throat and looked at Hudson. Then she got to her feet. She was soft and silken, smooth and tender, gleaming white of skin. She had put on an old black dress, just a scrap of a flimsy little worn-out gown. A certain slim crushable quality of her body was accentuated by this flimsiness of covering. She looked as though she could be drawn through a ring; as though between your hands you could fold her to nothing. A thin little kitten of silky fur and small bones might have the same feel as Sheila.

She stood up now and looked tragically and helplessly at Hudson and tried to speak.

He backed away from the bed, beckoned to her, and met her in the other half of the room, so that the leather screen stood between them and the dead man. They spoke in hushed voices.

"I had no notion, Miss Arundel, that—that—of—this," Hudson began in a dry jerky whisper. "Believe *me*, I wouldn't 'a' thought of intruding. I ordered the picture there from your father a fortnight ago, and this was the day I was to come and give it a last looking-over before I came through with the cash, see? I hadn't heard he was sick even, much less—" he cleared his throat—"gone beyond," he ended, quoting from the *Millings Gazette* obituary column. "You get me?"

"Yes," said Sheila, in her voice that in some mysterious way was another expression of the clear mistiness of her eyes and the suppleness of her body. "You are Mr. Hudson." She twisted her hands together behind her back. She was shivering with cold and nervousness. "It's done, you see. Father finished it."

Hudson gave the canvas an absent glance, and motioned Sheila to a chair with a stiff gesture of his arm.

"You set down," he said.

She obeyed, and he walked to and fro before her.

"Say, now," he said, "I'll take the picture all right. But I'd like to know, Miss Arundel, if you'll excuse me, how you're fixed?"

"Fixed?" Sheila faltered.

"Why, yes ma'am—as to finances, I mean. You've got some funds, or some re-lations or some friends to call upon?"

Sheila drew up her head a trifle, lowered her eyes and began to plait her thin skirt across her knee with small delicate fingers. Hudson stopped in his walk to watch this mechanical occupation. She struggled dumbly with her emotion, and managed to answer him at last.

"No, Mr. Hudson. Father was very poor. I haven't any relations. We have no friends here nor anywhere near. We lived in Europe till quite lately—a fishing village in Normandy. I—I shall have to get some work."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The only car in sight was Hudson's own, which wriggled and slipped its way courageously along the rutted, dirty snow.

"Say!" It was an ejaculation of pity, but there was a note of triumph in it too; perhaps the joy of the gratified philanthropist.

"Now, look-a-here, little girl, the price of that picture will just about cover your expenses, eh?—board and—er—funeral?"

Sheila nodded, her throat working, her lids pressing down tears.

"Well now, look-a-here! I've got a missus at home."

Sheila looked up and the tears fell. She brushed them from her cheeks. "A missus?"

"Yes'm—my wife. And a couple of gels about your age. Well, say, we've got a job for you."

Sheila put her hand to her head as though she would stop a whirling sensation there.

"You mean you have some work for me in your home?"

"You've got it first time. Yes, *ma'am*. Sure thing. At Millings, finest city in the world. After you're through here, you pack up your duds and you come West with me. Make a fresh start, eh? Why, it'll make me plum' cheerful to have a gel with me on that journey—'d seem like I'd Girlie or Babe along."

"But, Mr. Hudson, my ticket! I'm sure I won't have the money——"

"Advance it to you on your pay, Miss Arundel."

"But what is the work?" Sheila still held her hand against her forehead.

Hudson laughed his short cracked cackle. "Jest old-fashioned housework, dish-washing and such. 'Help' can't be had in Millings, and Girlie and Babe kick like steers when Momma leads 'em to the dish-pan. Not that you'd have to do it all, you know, just lend a hand to Momma. Maybe you're too fine for that?"

"Oh, no. I have done all the work here. I'd be glad. Only——"

He came closer to her and held up a long threatening forefinger. It was a playful gesture, but Sheila had a distinct little tremor of fear. She looked up into his small, brown, pensive eyes, and her own were held as though their look had been fastened to his with rivets.

"Now look-a-here, Miss Arundel, don't you say 'only' to me. Nor 'but.' Nor 'if.' Nary one of those words, if you please. Say, I've got daughters of my own, and I can manage gels. I know *how*. Do you know my nickname? Well—say—it's 'Pap.' Pap Hudson. I'm the adopting kind. Sort of paternal, I guess. Kids and dogs follow me in the streets. You want a recommend? Just call up Mr. Hazeldean on the telephone. He's the man that fetched me here to buy that picture off Poppa."

"Oh," said Sheila, daughter of Mark who looked at stars, "of course I shouldn't think of asking for a recommendation. You've been only too kind——"

He put his hand on her shoulder in its thin covering and patted it, wondering at the silken, cool feeling against his palm. "Kind, Miss Arundel? Pshaw! My middle name's 'Kind,' and that's the truth. Why, how does the song go—' 'Tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round' —love's just another word for kindness, ain't it? And it's not such a bad old world either, eh?"

Without knowing it, with the sort of good luck that often attends the enterprises of such men, Hudson had used a spell. He had quoted almost literally her father's last words, and she felt that it was a message from the other side of death.

She twisted about in her chair, took his hand from her shoulder, and drew it, stiff and sallow, to her young lips.

"Oh," she sobbed, "you're kind. It *is* a good world if there are such men as you."

When Sylvester Hudson went down the stairs a minute or two after Sheila's impetuous outbreak, his sallow face was deeply flushed. He stopped to tell the Irishwoman who rented the garret-floor to the Arundels that Sheila's future was in his care. During this colloquy, pure business on his side and mixed business and sentiment on Mrs. Halligan's, Sylvester did not once look the landlady in the eye. There are some philanthropists who are overcome with such bashfulness in the face of their own good deeds. But, sitting back alone in his taxicab on his way to the station to buy Sheila's ticket to Millings, Sylvester turned his emerald rapidly about on his finger and whistled to himself. And cryptically he expressed his glow of gratified fatherliness.

"As smooth as silk," said Sylvester aloud.

CHAPTER THREE

The Finest City in the World

SO SHEILA ARUNDEL left the garret where the stars pressed close, and went with Sylvester Hudson out into the world. It was that morning a world of sawing wind and flying papers, a world to meet which people bent their shrinking faces, and drew their bodies together as though against the lashing of a whip. Sheila thought she had never seen New York so drab and soulless; it hurt her to leave it under so desolate an aspect.

"Cheery little old town, isn't it?" said Sylvester. "Gee! Millings is God's country all right."

On the journey he put Sheila into a compartment, supplied her with magazines, and left her for the most part to herself—for which isolation she was grateful. With her compartment door ajar she could see him in his section when he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was not in the smoking-car, or rather she could see his lean legs, his long dark hands and the top of his sleek head. The rest was an outspread newspaper. Occasionally he would come into the compartment to read aloud some bit of information which he thought might interest her. Once it was the prowess of a record-breaking hen; again it was a joke about a mother-in-law; another time it was the Hilliard murder case, a scandal of New York high life, the psychology of which intrigued Sylvester.

"Isn't it queer though, Miss Arundel, that such things happen in the slums and they happen in the smart set, but they don't happen near so often with just plain folks like you and me? Isn't this now a real tenderloin tale—South American wife and American husband and all their love-affairs, and then one day her up and shooting him? Money," quoth Sylvester, "sure makes love popular. Now for that little ro-mance poor folks hardly stop a day's work, but just because the Hilliards here have po-sition and spondulix, why, they'll run a couple of columns about 'em for a week. What's your opinion on the subject, Miss Arundel?"

He was continually asking this, and poor Sheila, strange, bewildered, oppressed by his intrusion into her uprooted life, would grope wildly through her odds and ends of thought and find that on most of the subjects that interested him she had no opinions at all.

"You must think I'm dreadfully stupid, Mr. Hudson," she faltered once after a particularly deplorable failure.

"Oh, you're a kid, Miss Sheila, that's all your trouble. And I reckon you're half-asleep, eh? Kind of brought up on pictures and country walks in—what's the name of the foreign part?—Normandy? No friends of your own age? No beaus?"

SHEILA shook her head, smiling. Her smile was as charming as a child's. It dawned on the gravity of her face with an effect of spring moonlight. In it there was some of the mischief of fairyland.

"What *you* need is—Millings," prescribed Sylvester. "Girlie and Babe will wake you up. Yes, and the boys. You'll make a hit in Millings." He contemplated her for an instant with his head on one side. "We ain't got anything like you in Millings."

Sheila, looking out at the wide Nebraskan prairies that slipped endlessly past her window hour by hour that day, felt that she would not make a hit at Millings. She was afraid of Millings. Her terror of Babe and Girlie was profound. She had lived and grown up, as it were, under her father's elbow. Her adoration of him had stood between her and experience. She knew nothing of humanity except Marcus Arundel. And he was hardly typical—a shy, proud, head-in-the-air sort of man, who would have been greatly loved if he had not shrunk morbidly from human contacts.

Sheila's Irish mother had wooed and won him and had made a midsummer madness in his life, as brief as a dream. Sheila was all that remained of it. But for all the shadow of his broken heart upon her spirit, she was a Puck. She could make laughter and mischief for him and for herself—not for any one else yet; she was too shy. But that might come. Only Puck-laughter is a little unearthly, a little delicate. The ear of Millings might not be attuned. Just now Sheila felt that she should never laugh again. Sylvester's humor certainly did not move her. She almost choked trying to swallow becomingly the mother-in-law anecdote.

But Sylvester's talk, his questions, even his jokes, were not what most oppressed her. Sometimes, looking up, she would find him staring at her over the top of his newspaper as though he were speculating about something, weighing her, judging her by some inner measurement. It was rather like the way her father had looked a model over to see if she would fit his dream. At such moments Sylvester's small brown eyes were the eyes of an artist, of a visionary. They embarrassed her painfully. What was it, after all, that he expected of her? For an expectation of some kind he most certainly had, and it could hardly have to do with her skill in washing dishes.

SHE asked him a few small questions as they drew near to Millings. The strangeness of the country they were now running through excited her and fired her courage—these orange-colored cliffs, these purple buttes, these strange twisting cañons with their fierce green streams.

"Please tell me about Mrs. Hudson and your daughters?" she asked.

This was a short time before they were to come to Millings. They had changed trains at a big bare glaring city several hours earlier, and were now in a small gritty car with imitation leather seats. They were running through a gorge, and below and ahead Sheila could see the brown plain with its patches of snow, and, like a large group of red toy houses, the town of Millings—far away, but astonishingly distinct in the clear air.

Sylvester, considering her question, turned his emerald slowly.

"The girls are all *right*, Miss Sheila. They're lookers. I guess I've spoiled 'em some. They'll be crazy over you, sort of a noo pet in the house, eh? I've wired to 'em. They must be hopping up and down like a popper full of corn."

"And Mrs. Hudson?"

Sylvester grinned—the wrinkle cutting long and deep across his lip. "Well, ma'am, she ain't the hopping kind."

A few minutes later, Sheila discovered that emphatically she was not the hopping kind. A great bony woman with a wide flat handsome face, she came along the station platform, kissed Sylvester with hard lips, and stared at Sheila—the stony stare of her kind.

"Babe ran the Ford down, Sylly," she said in the harshest voice Sheila had ever heard. "Where's the girl's trunk?"

Sylvester's sallow face reddened. He turned quickly to Sheila.

"Run over to the car yonder, Miss Sheila, and get used to Babe, while I kind of take the edge off Momma."

Sheila did not run. She walked in a peculiarly light-footed manner which gave her the look of a proud deer.

Momma was taken firmly to the baggage room, where it would seem the edge was removed with difficulty, for Sheila waited in the motor with Babe for half an hour.

Babe hopped. She hopped out of her seat at the wheel, and shook Sheila's hand and told her to "jump right in."

"Sit by me on the way home, Sheila." Babe had a tremendous voice. "And leave the old folks to gossip on the back seat. Gee, you're different from what I thought you'd be. Ain't you small, though? You've got no form. Say, Millings will do lots for you. Isn't Pap a character, though? Weren't you tickled the way he took you up? Your Poppa was a painter, wasn't he? Can you make a picture of me? I've got a steady that would be just wild if you could."

Sheila sat with hands clenched in her shabby muff and smiled her moonlight smile. She was giddy with the intoxicating heady air, with the brilliant sunset light, with Babe's loud cordiality. She wanted desperately to like Babe; she wanted even more desperately to be liked. She was in an unimaginable panic now.

Babe was a splendid young animal, handsome and round and rosy, her body crowded into a bright-blue braided fur-trimmed coat, her face crowded into a tight much-ornamented veil, her head with heavy chestnut hair crowded into a cherry-colored velvet turban, round which seemed to be wrapped the tail of some large wild beast. Her hands were ready to burst from yellow buckskin gloves, her feet with high thick insteps from their tight thin buttoned boots, even her legs shone pink and plump below her short skirt through silk stockings that were threatened at the seams.

The blue of her eyes, the red of her cheeks, the white of her teeth, had the look of being uncontainable, too full to stay where they belonged. Her voice was a riot of uncontrolled vitality, and as though to use up a little of all this superfluous energy, she was violently chewing gum. Except for an occasional slight smacking sound, it did not materially interfere with speech.

"There's Poppa now," she said at last. "Say, Poppa, you two sit in the back. Sheila and I are having a fine time. But Poppa, you old tin-horn, what did you mean by saying in your wire that she was a husky girl? Why, she's got the build of a sage-brush mosquito! Look-a-here, Sheila"—Babe by a miracle got her plump hand in and out of a pocket and handed a telegram to her new friend—"Read that and learn to know Poppa!"

SYLVESTER laughed rather sheepishly as Sheila read:

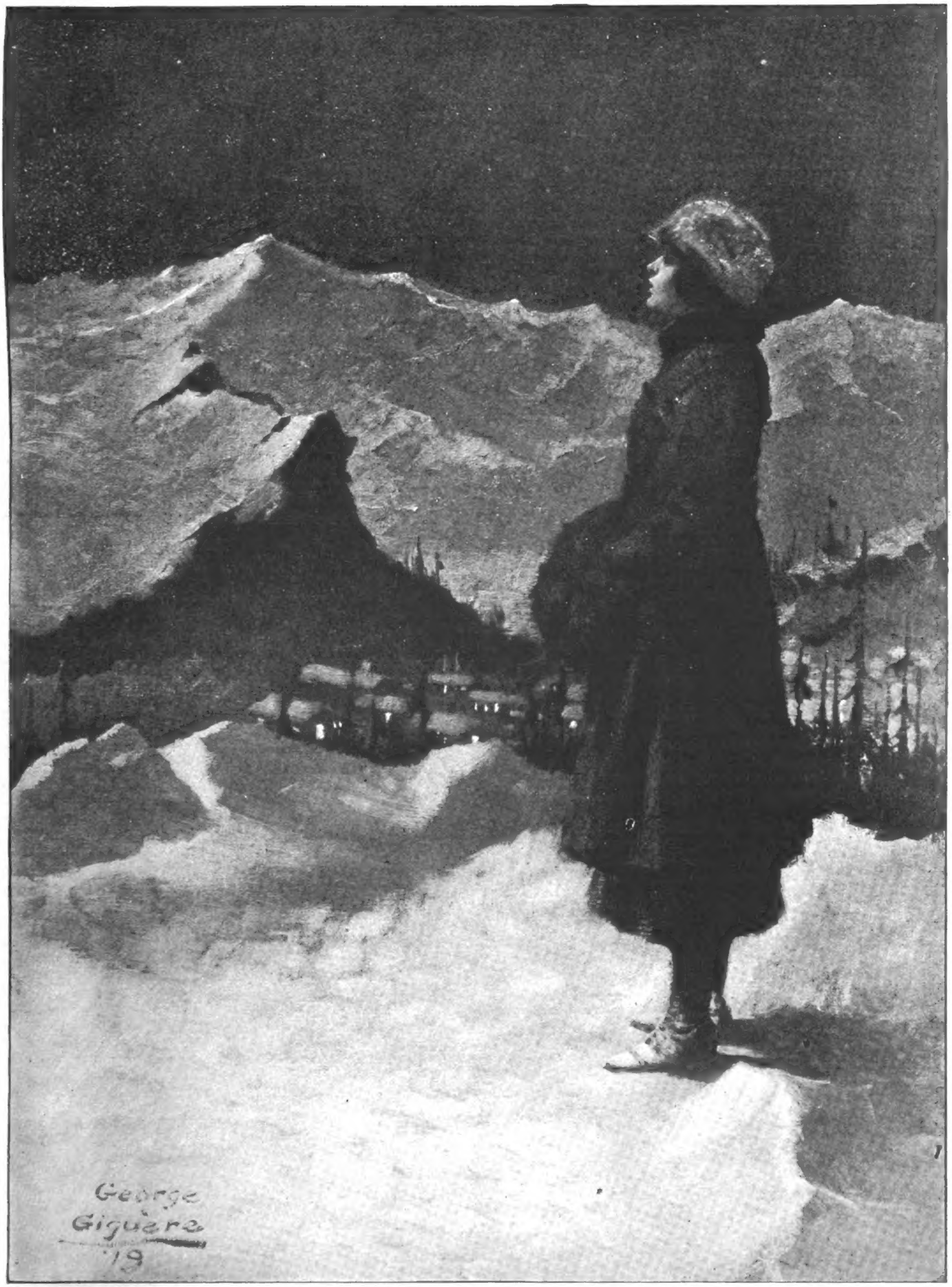
"Am bringing home artist's A1 picture for the Aura and artist's A1 daughter. Husky girl. Will help Momma."

"Well," said Sylvester apologetically, "she's one of the wiry kind, aren't you, Miss Sheila?"

Sheila was struggling with an attack of hysterical mirth. She nodded, and put her muff before her mouth to hide an uncontrollable quivering of her lips.

Momma had not spoken. Her face was red, her nostrils opened and shut, her lips were tight. Sylvester, however, was in a genial humor. He leaned forward with his arms folded along the back of the front seat and pointed out the beauties of Millings. He showed Sheila the Garage, the Post-Office and the Trading Company, and suddenly pressing her shoulder with his hand, he cracked out sharply—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Above the level top of the white hill, the peak that looked remote became immediate. It seemed to peer—to lean forward, bright as a silver helmet. The girl walked with her chin tilted back as though she were looking at the sky.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"There's the Aura, girl!"

His eyes were again those of the artist and the visionary. They glowed.

Sheila turned her head. They were passing the double door of the saloon and went slowly along the front of the hotel.

It stood on that corner where the Main Business Street intersects with the Best Residence Street. Its main entrance opened into the flattened corner of the building where the roof rose to a fantastic façade. For the rest the hotel was of yellowish brick, half surrounded by a wooden porch where at milder seasons of the year, in wicker chairs, men and women were always rocking with the air of people engaged in serious work.

At such friendlier seasons, by the curb was always a weary-looking Ford car, from which grotesquely arrayed travelers from near-by towns and cities were descending, covered with alkalidust: faces, chiffon veils, spotted silk dresses, high white kid boots, dangling purses and all; their men dust-powdered to a wrinkled sameness of aspect. At this time of the year the porch was deserted, and the only car in sight was Hudson's own, which wriggled and slipped its way courageously along the rutted dirty snow.

Around the corner next to the hotel stood Hudson's home. It was a large house of tortured architecture, cupolas and twisted supports and strange overlapping scallops of wood painted wavy green, pinkish red and yellow. Its windows were of every size and shape, and appeared in unreasonable, impossible places—opening enormous mouths on tiny balconies and wicked fan-shaped eyes in large areas of blank wall. The porch formed a sort of base for a diminishing pile of balconies with twisted posts and scalloped railings like embroidery patterns, one on top of the other, up to a last final absurdity of a bird-cage which found room for itself between two cupolas under the roof.

Up the steps of the porch Mrs. Hudson mounted grimly, followed by Babe. Sylvester stayed to tinker with the car, and Sheila, after a doubtful tremulous moment, went slowly up the icy path after the two women.

SHE stumbled a little on the lowest step, and in recovering herself, she happened to turn her head. And so, between two slender aspen trees that grew side by side like white captive nymphs in Hudson's yard, she saw a mountain-top.

The sun had set. There was a crystal turquoise translucency behind the exquisite snowy peak, which seemed to stand there facing God, forgetful of the world behind it, remote and reverent and most serene in the light of His glory. And just above where the turquoise faded to pure pale green, a big white star trembled as though it looked from God to man through tears. Sheila's heart stopped in her breast. She stood on the step and drew breath, throwing back her veil. A flush crept up into her face. She felt that she had been traveling all her life toward her meeting with this mountain and this star. She felt radiant and comforted.

"How beautiful!" she whispered.

Sylvester had joined her.

"Finest city in the world," he said.

CHAPTER FOUR
Moonshine

DICKIE HUDSON pushed from him to the full length of his arm the ledger of the Aura Hotel, tilted his chair back from the desk, and leaning far over to one side, set the needle on a phonograph record, pressed the starter and absorbed himself in rolling and lighting a cigaret. This accomplished, he put his hands behind his head and gave himself up to complete enjoyment of the music.

"There, dry your eyes,
I sympathize
Just as a mother would—
Give me your hand;
I understand, we're off to slumberland,
Like a father, like a mother, like a sister,
like a brother." . . .

Listening to this melody Dickie Hudson's face under the gaslight expressed a rapt and spiritual delight, tender, romantic, melancholy.

He was a slight, undersized youth, very pale, very fair, with the face of a delicate boy. He had large near-sighted blue eyes, in which lurked a wistful deprecatory smile, a small chin running from wide cheek-bones to a point. His lips were sensitive and undecided, his nose unformed, his hair soft and easily ruffled. There were hard blue marks under the long-lashed eyes, an unhealthy pallor in his cheeks, a slight unsteadiness of his fingers.

Dickie held a position of minor importance in the hotel, and his pale innocent face was almost as familiar to its patrons as to those of the saloon next door—more familiar to both than it was to Hudson's "residence." Sometimes for weeks Dickie did not strain the scant welcome of his "folks." To-night, however, he was resolved to tempt it. After listening to the record, he strolled over to the saloon.

Dickie was curious. He shared Millings' interest in the "young lady from Noo York." Shyness fought with a sense of adventure, until to-night, a night fully ten nights after Sheila's arrival, the courage he imbibed at the bar of the Aura gave him the necessary impetus. He pulled himself up from his elbow, removed his foot from the rail, straightened his spotted tie, and pushed through the swinging doors out into the night.

It was a moonlit night, as still and pure as an angel of Annunciation—a night that carried tall silver lilies in its hands. Above the small sleepy town were lifted the circling rim of mountains and the web of blazing stars. Sylvester's son, after a few crunching steps along the icy pavement, stopped with his hand against the wall and stood, not quite steadily, his face lifted. The whiteness sank through his tainted body and brain to the undefiled child-soul. The stars blazed awe-fully to Dickie, and the mountains were awefully white and high, and the air shattered against his spirit like a crystal sword. He stood for an instant as though on a single point of solid earth, and looked giddily beyond earthly barriers.

His lips began to move. He was trying to put that mystery, that emotion, into words. "It's white," he murmured, "and sharp—burning—like—like—" his fancy fumbled, "like the inside of a cold flame." He shook his head. That did not describe the marvelous quality of the night. And yet—if the world had gone up to heaven in a single streaming point of icy fire and a fellow stood in it, frozen, swept up out of a fellow's body. . . . Again he shook his head, and his eyes were possessed by the wistful, apologetic smile. He wished he were not tormented by this queer need of describing his sensations. He remembered very vividly one of the many occasions when it had roused his father's anger. Dickie, standing with his hand against the cold bricks of the Aura, smiled with his lips, not happily, but with a certain amusement, thinking of how Sylvester's hand had cracked against his cheek and sent all his thoughts flying like broken china. He had been apologizing for his slowness over an errand; something about leaves, it had been—the leaves of those aspens in the yard—he had told his father that they had been like little green flames—he had stopped to look at them. "You dam' fool!" Sylvester had said as he struck—"You dam' fool!" Once, when a stranger asked five-year-old Dickie his name, he had answered innocently—"Dickie—dam-fool!"

"They'll probably put it on my tombstone," Dickie concluded, and stung by the cold, he shrunk into his coat and stumbled round the corner of the street. The reek of spirits trailed behind him through the purity, like a soiled rag.

NO. 18 Cottonwood Avenue was brilliantly lighted. Girlie was playing the piano. Babe's voice, "sassing Poppa," was audible from one end to the other of the empty street. Her laughter slapped the air. Dickie hesitated. He was afraid of them all—of Sylvester's small brown eyes and hard long hands, of Babe's vigor, of Girlie's mild contemptuous look, of his mother's gloomy furtive tenderness.

Dickie felt a sort of aching and compassionate dread of the rough awkward caress of her big red hand against his cheek. As he hesitated the door opened—a blaze of light, yellow as old gold, streamed into the blue brilliance of the moon. It was blotted out, and a figure came quickly down the steps. It had an air of hurry and escape. After just an instant of hesitation, it turned away from Dickie and sped up the wide street.

Dickie named it at once. "That's the girl," he said, and possessed by his curiosity and by the sense of adventure which whisky had fortified, he began to walk rapidly in the same direction. Out there where the short street ended, began the steep side of a mesa. The snow on the road that was graded along its front was packed by the runners of sleighs, but it was rough. He could not believe the girl meant to go for a walk alone.

And yet would she be out visiting already, she, a stranger? At the end of the street the small determined figure did not stop; it went on a little more slowly, but as decidedly as ever, up the slope. Above the level top of the white hill, the peak that looked remote from Hudson's yard became immediate. It seemed to peer—to lean forward, bright as a silver helmet, against the purple sky. Dickie could see that "the girl" walked with her head tilted back as though she were looking at the sky. Perhaps it was the sheer beauty of the winter night that had brought her out. Following slowly up the hill he felt a sense of nearness,

(Continued on page 93)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

New York "Morning World."

The composite Republican candidate.

You're Going *to be* Handed Something

By William Brown Meloney

New York "Morning World."

The composite Democratic candidate.

THE United States for the thirty-fourth time faces the serious business of electing a President — the twenty-ninth since Washington.

It has always been a serious business, although betimes and too often it has been dealt with lightly.

But it is the most serious piece of business this generation has had to do. It involves a decision as momentous as the one which created the United States a republic rather than a monarchy, a democracy rather than an aristocracy, and named for the first national head a man who might have been, and who had spurned being, a king. It involves a decision as fateful as the one which, threescore-and-ten years afterward, elected Lincoln, and submitted to the red arbitrament of civil war the issue of whether the republic should go on or dissolve and pass as a dream.

An epoch in the progress of mankind took its date from what we did in 1787. Another began with what we did in 1860. A third bides its beginning according to what we shall do in this year 1920.

Throughout the world organized society is at grips with forces whose power it can not measure. Justice is suspected. Ancient institutions of order and law are flouted. Awards are questioned. Individual rights in life and property are denied. The doctrine of communal ownership, inclusive of women, is advanced. Organized groups, flaunting the crimson banners of anarchy and socialism, cry aloud their determination to impose their will on the majority of humanity.

A World Disturbed

GOVERNMENTS, good, bad and indifferent, old and new, stand challenged. Some totter. Some have fallen. Russia, these two years and more past, has been bathing in her own blood. The backwaters of the red tide lap at the shores of Denmark and Scandinavia. Holland builds barbed-wire fences against it, the while the currents of the Scheldt trace war between her and Belgium. Britain compromises and temporizes with minorities. There is martial law in Ireland. Germany, pretending to rear a republic, harkens for the thundering hoofbeats of a man on horseback. France fears to lay down her arms. Austria, with a plow and the power to man it, starves for the want of the turning of a furrow. She dreams of Hapsburgs. Her lost dominions forsake work to play at government-building. There is war in the Balkans. Egypt is a volcano. Turkey courts a Moslem rising to retain Constantinople. Everywhere in Europe labor stands with its hands in its pockets glowering at what it calls capital. Industry rusts. Such is the case across the Atlantic and in the Near East.

China, awakening from her long sleep, nurses her wrath against Japan and demands the return of Shantung. Korea squirms under Japanese domination. Siam wants her elephant out in the sun. Australia, apprehending the encroachment of Japan and rent by labor-unionism and strange economic doctrines, is in a night-sweat. There is war in India. Siberia, with its untold riches and helpless, excites the Mikado's imagination. But Bolshevism threatens to cross the Caucasus and the Himalayas. And Japan, for all of her Oriental stoicism, is in a state of nerves. As I write this she is settling the terms of a diplomatic engagement with the United States to prevent the transmission of the Red Plague. Such is the case across the Pacific and in the Far East.

In the United States our past, our experience, our most precious traditions, the policies through which we have preserved our national integrity and exercised power in international affairs, stand challenged by a school of thought as dominant of spirit, as reckless of consequences and as bent upon a decision as the forces which in the dark, red sixties asserted the right of secession. But not as in the sixties is this opposing school of thought confined to a section. It is spread over the entire nation, drawing inspiration from all classes of the population. It proposes abandonment of the great rule of conduct laid down by Washington which has kept us free of entangling alliances and foreign influences. It proposes instead participation in a super-sovereignty rule of the world, divesting the nation of its character of free agency. It proposes abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine. It proposes an internationalization of labor and nationalization of industry, or, in precise terms, the substitution of guild socialism. It proposes a new distribution of wealth, not according to or by operation of economic law, but by a process of legislative confiscation.

This school of thought in its relation to American affairs has a definite and easily traced history. It began on the sand-lots of San Francisco in the days of Dennis Kearney. Down the years since the seventies it has played a part in the schemes and machinations of all parties. It has fed on exploitation within and without, on personal ambitions, on the ambitions of ideas, on the selfishness of privileged interests, on every occasion of economic disturbance. The beginning of its cohesion may be dated in the nineties, when Coxey and his "army" marched on Washington.

"The Threshold of a Revolution"

DURING the next decade it entered upon the development of a universal consciousness. Under the tutelage of European revolutionaries, attracted by the possibilities of utilizing the leverage of its forces in the furtherance of their own various selfish, racial and national ambitions, the ills of all humanity were translated into American ills. From 1900 to 1910, with imported or fugitive revolutionaries now dominant, it stood in the gateways of the United States, welcoming and absorbing the hordes of immigrants fleeing from transatlantic repression and injustice and racial prejudice. It reported to them a land no better than those from which they were emigrants, and for the most part they believed the message to be true. The fires under the melting-pot went out, but the American people as a whole, intent upon their own affairs, failed to observe the fact. And suddenly, in 1913, a President of the United States, a former university president, bearing the reputation of an historian, asked:

"*Why are we in the presence, why are we at the threshold of a revolution?*"

And answering his own question he said:

"*America is not a place of which it can be said, as it used to be, that a man may choose his own calling and pursue it just as far as his abilities enable him to pursue it. . . . We are in a new world struggling under old laws.*"

The forces of which we have attempted no more than a sketch found themselves

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California.

Herbert Hoover.

Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama.

indorsed and justified by the highest authority in the land. Their vague longings, their spirit of unrest, their sense of injustice, stood forth embodied in a rhetoric which captured the imagination. "The New Freedom" became their gospel, their credo.

Since then this school of thought has been a Frankenstein in our midst. In the guise of organized minorities it has imposed legislation upon the masses of the people against their will.

It has obstructed govenment. It has menaced public officials or destroyed their careers and their usefulness. It has defied the courts. It has evaded their lawful orders and injunctions. It has throttled industry. It has destroyed industry. It has violated contracts. It has debauched organized labor. It has invaded the halls of the Congress and under the menace of starving the nation wrought its desires. It has set the expressed will of the majority at naught. It preaches sovietism. It preaches bolshevism. It preaches nullification of the Constitution. It classifies this government as one with all the rest. It imports the ills of all Europe for its texts and urges the isms of Germany for cures. Such is the case at home.

The Election Issues

That case translated into the primal domestic issues upon which a decision must be rendered next November stands:

1. Reaffirmation or denial of the fundamental principle of democracy, rule by majority.
2. Reaffirmation or denial of the principle of equality in law, equality in opportunity, equality in privilege, equality in duty, equality in responsibility.
3. Reaffirmation or denial of the rights of property.
4. Reaffirmation or denial that freemen inherit inalienable rights of self-defense, of choosing the form of labor which pleases them and of enjoying whatever rewards accrue from that labor.
5. Denial or affirmation of the right of any group or organized minority of the population to strike against the public safety or public comfort under any circumstances.
6. Denial or affirmation of the right of any individual or corporate employer to lock out workers as a means of penalization.
7. Denial or affirmation of the right of employer and employees, individually or collectively, to stand apart in disagreement, to the detriment of public interest.

The case translated into national and international issues stands:

1. Abandonment of or adherence to the policy of seeking and extending friendly relations with all recognized governments and entering into entangling relations with none.
2. Reaffirmation or abrogation of the doctrine of Monroe.
3. Affirmation or denial of the proposition that the United States must be untrammeled and self-sustaining if it is to serve the future as it has the past.

Those issues will crystallize in the man whom we are to elect President. No matter who he may be he must face them. He can not evade them. His party can not evade them. As the leader of his party he must give utterance to unequivocal affirmation or negation of each one of them. And as he answers he will compose or fail to compose his warrant as Chief Executive—the warrant which the nation will sign on November 4, 1920.

And what of this man who will be the twenty-ninth President of the United States? What of his character? What of his vision? What of his equipment? What of his ambition? What of his human qualities? What of his possible identity?

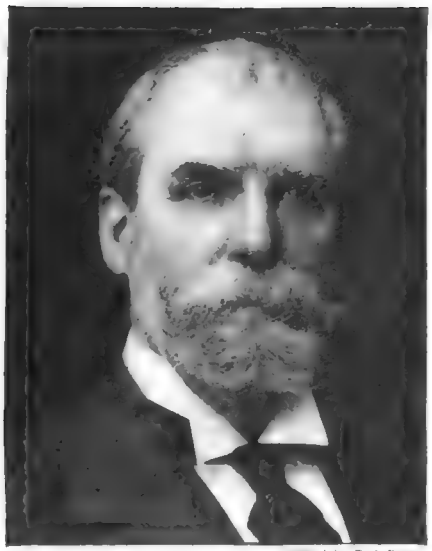
The times call for a man as resolute as Washington, as patient as Lincoln, as modern as Roosevelt—a man who knows the facts of history; a man not to be surprised; a man who believes in the destiny of democracy; a man who can get on with men; a man who can take counsel and give counsel; a man who knows for a truth that no man builds alone; a man who hates injustice; a man who understands that the weak can not be strengthened by destroying the strong; a man who knows that time is the essence of all human achievement; a man who knows that the distribution of wealth is a matter of economic and not statute law; a man who would risk being called a demagog and not be a demagog; a man who would risk being "as revolutionary as science" or "as reactionary as the multiplication table;" a man whose word is a bond; a man who believes that work is a blessing and not a curse; a man who knows that poverty can be as predatory as wealth; a man who can be as simple as a little child with the simple, and as guileful as the devil with forces which would undo his country; a man who would try to have his country right in the eyes of mankind, but who will stand by his country, right or wrong, against all the world; a man who believes that the United States has rendered humanity a large service and has larger services to render; a man who believes in American institutions and who would sacrifice himself and all he possesses to preserve them; a man who will obey the law and who will exact obedience to the law; a man who will not capitulate to clamor; a man without ears for the siren voices of special privilege and wilful minorities; a man who contemplates our past not as a guttering lamp of failure, but as a blazing torch lighting the way toward the future, renewing faith in the fair destiny of a government for all of the people, by all of the people!

The Man for the Job

A YEAR'S work, a year's listening, a year's going about the country in an endeavor to get at public opinion, is contained in that paragraph. I have tried to limn no superman. I have simply put in type the sort of man the great mass of sturdy American citizenship, regardless of party allegiance, yearns to see on the job. I found him by mingling with and listening to men and women in every walk of life and representing every section of the Union. He is the sort of man you, who happen to be reading this, if you think in American terms, frame in your vision. Analyze the elements of his composition. There is not a super-quality among them. *It is wholly of the stuff which has accomplished success in every notably large American business and enterprise.* But this man is not going to be the candidate of either political party unless public opinion during the next two months asserts itself in unmistakable tones. In the inelegant but forceful language of Tammany Hall, the American people are going to have something else "handed to 'em," if they don't get busy.

Your eye will have picked this up in EVERYBODY'S about the middle of March. About ten weeks after that the Republicans will have met and named their candidate. They meet on June eighth in Chicago. By about July fourth, the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Charles Evans Hughes of New York.

Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.

William Gibbs McAdoo.

Democrats will have named their candidate. They meet on June twenty-eighth in San Francisco. Time's short!

Mingle with the pundits of the Republican party and listen. They are not thinking of a man as resolute as Washington, as patient as Lincoln, as modern as Roosevelt. They are thinking in terms of the times which produced our Polks and Pierces and Fillmores. They are thinking in terms of 1884 and 1888 and 1896. They talk ponderously of social justice and reconstruction. They propose programs of platitudes, not solutions. The fact that the world has been at war for five years seems to enter into their calculations only to the extent of trying to guess the most plausible way to appeal to the so-called "soldier vote." They count on being able to please the "woman vote." They are thinking that the Republican nomination will be equivalent to election and that the candidate should be "a business man." Ask them to name him, and they hesitate, then whisper:

"It is our business to elect, not select."

Pressed, they answer:

"A President something of McKinley's type would be desirable. A man, of course, with an understanding of what Roosevelt meant by a square deal."

I heard that first in Washington among a group seated under a painting of the late Mark Hanna. As it fell from the pundit's lips, I happened to glance at the painting. I am given to few illusions, but I shall always carry the impression that the late Senator from Ohio smiled.

The Republican Candidates

THE men foremost in their thoughts and who would please their desires most are Governor Lowden, of Illinois, Senator Harding, of Ohio, and Senator Watson, of Indiana. Mark the geographical location. The candidates of whom they are *not* thinking are former President Taft, Charles Evans Hughes, General Wood, Coolidge, of Massachusetts, Poindexter, of Washington, Johnson, of California, Borah, of Idaho, Cummins, of Illinois, Lodge, of Massachusetts, Sproul and Knox, of Pennsylvania, Allen, of Kansas, and Nicholas Murray Butler. And for the sake of a curious group let it be said that they have Herbert Hoover card-indexed as a Democrat, and not a Republican.

Now for a moment mingle with the pundits of the Democratic party. They are saying a lot of things among themselves, about themselves, and particularly about those in the party who have brought it to its present pass, which are not printable. They are hopeless. They realize that this generation and not posterity votes this year. The shadow of Wilson is over all. When it shifts now and then, it is only to disclose Bryan.

So far as the important party manipulators are concerned they are dealing with present facts only in the light of what the situation may be in 1924. And a factor that they can't exclude from their calculations is that Woodrow Wilson will be President of the United States until midnight of March third, 1921. What he may say or do as the titular head of the Democratic party during that time no Democrat can predict. It is conceded to be a possibility, in view of his contemptuous opinion for precedent, that he may demand a third-term nomination, asserting that he holds a warrant from the "silent masses" of his party, after the fashion that he asserted that he held a warrant from the "silent masses" of the American people when he took himself to Paris to settle the affairs of mankind. And there are not a few Democratic chiefs who feel that it would be a happy solution to let him and not the party "take the count" next November. But in their partizanship these men forget that the party has a score to pay no matter who may lead it. It can not evade responsibility for the things it has done or the things it has permitted the President to do simply by nominating him and his covenant by acclamation. It can not, on the morning of November fifth, shrive itself by saying, "Wilson did it."

Despite these circumstances and despite the disintegrating uncertainty in the Democratic ranks occasioned by inability to make a guess as to where the White House cat will jump, those in direct charge of the party organization are going through the motions of their game and making pretense of playing politics. For public consumption they repeat the parrotism that it is not their business to select, but *elect* whom the party shall nominate. They utter it, too, without a smile, although the followers of McAdoo, Marshall and Daniels at the moment are questioning their good faith. The friends of this trio feel there is too much of a Palmer flavor to the organization handlers' activity.

As many booms, boomets and boomlets have developed in the Democratic party at this writing as in the Republican. Among the defined booms are William Jennings Bryan, the President's son-in-law, William Gibbs McAdoo, Vice-President Marshall, Josephus Daniels, Attorney-General Alexander Mitchell Palmer, James M. Cox, Ohio's governor, and James Watson Gerard, of New York. Among the boomets are United States Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, Champ Clark, of Missouri, and Robert Lansing, Secretary of State. Among the boomlets are Newton Diehl Baker, Secretary of War, United States Senator Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio, United States Senator Robert Latham Owen, of Oklahoma, United States Senator Gilbert Monnell Hitchcock, newspaper publisher, of Nebraska, and Edward M. House, statesman, of Texas.

The Democratic List

WE HAVE set down every name in that list in all seriousness. If some of those mentioned stir EVERYBODY'S readers to mirth, hold the facts which we are endeavoring to report responsible, and not any spirit of satire or irony on our part. To a man, every one of them and the friends of every one of them believe that he is of the stuff which is needed to get the feet of the United States firmly back on earth, and show Europe the way to walk, to help her to walk again without a crutch. Under the party circumstances, any one of the gentlemen may be struck by lightning. Anything may happen in a Democratic convention of the sort that June will see staged. But, and excluding the miraculous and Mr. Wilson from the calculation, and the possibility that Herbert Hoover may discover that he is a Democrat and provide the compromise of a Kilkenny ruction, what may be reasonably expected to happen is the nomination of one of the following: Palmer, Cox, McAdoo, Marshall, Bryan or Underwood.

We shall return to them, but meanwhile let the light be shifted to the opposite side of the stage, and on the potential Republican booms.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photo by Bachrach.

Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts.

International News Service.

William Jennings Bryan.

Copyright, Pach Bros.

Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall.

General Leonard Wood became a national political factor, *per se*, if not a presidential potentiality, when, in the fall of 1914, he took his official life and career in his hands and stood forth to awaken the nation to an understanding of its military helplessness. His indorsement by Roosevelt, his indorsement by the virile manhood of the United States, his persistence in truth-telling despite the opposition, the humiliations, the punishments and the menaces of a pacifist and cloud-rolling administration, set toward him a tide of public sentiment which events have increased and not lessened in volume.

General Leonard Wood

HE IS as much of a popular hero, as large a symbol of opposition to the Wilsonian idea of government, as in the dark days of 1914, 1915, 1916, and 1917, when Theodore Roosevelt, John Purroy Mitchel and he were the only antidotes for the poisonous doctrines that the deliberate and belligerent sinking of American merchantmen should occasion no excitement, that the limitation of American commerce by British orders in council and German manifestoes of proscription were things to be settled by frank and open discussion, that we were not affected in the slightest degree by the German dictum that supposedly sacred international agreements were only scraps of paper, that we were impregnable to attack or design, that we need not concern ourselves about the world war except in so far as making what we could out of it and taking advantage of the trade opportunities which would attend its cessation, that the American people were too proud to fight, that the wanton murder of American men and women and little children was a matter to be arbitrated!

Theodore Roosevelt is dead. John Purroy Mitchel is no more. Leonard Wood survives. And to him the living credit runs for having made the spirit of the country ready against the declaration of war, which finally was wrung from Woodrow Wilson in the eleventh hour of the world's travail.

The General's active and militant supporters have kept much of the Wood sentiment from hardening into conviction that he is the most available candidate. But they are shouting for universal military training. General Wood stands for nothing if he does not stand for universal service, and the adoption at the earliest possible moment of a sound and definite military policy. Again the powers shy at the General on account of his age. He will be sixty years old next October, and they are thinking in terms of a President to serve eight years and not four. Again they shy at his limp, but let any one of those who entertain concern on this score take the field with him, astride or afoot, and they will change their opinion. General Wood physically is a marvel, but on an actuarial basis this is discounted.

promulgating his personification of the Roosevelt tradition and stressing the latest phase of his career, they have practically ignored the fine record of public service which he had piled up prior to 1914. They have failed to exhibit him as the capable administrator who transformed Cuba into a functioning fact and contributed the Philippines to progress. They have failed to exhibit his tasks as a general, commanding in turn the Eastern, Southeastern and Central Departments, to have been administrative jobs rather than military ones.

They seem to have forgotten that he bears the approval not only of Roosevelt, but of McKinley and Cleveland as well. They have persisted in seeking to evoke interest by furthering the idea of martyrdom in connection with his being kept from the battle-line overseas, forgetting that those who wish to put an end to the existing un-American order of things are actuated by a somewhat larger motive than the satisfaction of a grudge against Woodrow Wilson or his party. Martyrs are interesting to read about a long while afterward, but it is a business that hardly pays a dividend in times when it is even questioned that Joan of Arc was burned at the stake.

However, as the year opened the Leonard Wood boom was by all odds the most substantial afloat in Republican waters—that is, substantial from the point of view of having a perfected organization to sustain it, and also from having assumed proportions of formidability sufficient to draw attack. In November the General won over Governor Lowden, of Illinois, in the South Dakota preferential primaries. New Hampshire, where he was born October 9, 1860, in all likelihood will present him to the convention as her favorite son.

The powers that be in the Republican party shy at General Wood's candidacy from three particular points of view. They fear that the four million of demobolized officers and men, fed up with their war experience and the Regular Army method of doing things, are not going to be any time this year in the mood to differentiate as between General Wood and his Regular Army uniform. Neither the two million who got across nor the two million who were in readiness to go when the débâcle loomed are

Senator William E. Borah of Idaho.

General Leonard Wood.

Attorney-General Alexander Mitchell Palmer.

professor of law in Northwestern University.

Above all things, Lowden has been *regular*. The party harness has never galled him. In 1900 McKinley offered him the first assistantship to the Postmaster-General. He declined it. He had his own ideas about playing second fiddle. He was a delegate to the national conventions of 1900 and 1904, a member of the Republican National Committee from 1904 to 1912 and a member of the executive committee which directed the campaigns of 1904 and 1908. In 1906 he was elected by the thirteenth Illinois district to succeed the late R. R. Hitt. In 1907 and 1909 he was reelected. In 1916 he was elected governor by a decisive majority of 139,881, restoring Illinois to the Republican column. But at that he polled 62,489 votes less than Hughes.

Senator Harding's Career

NEXT we come to Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio, who, like Lowden, fulfills the McKinley tradition. The powers that be, in November last, frankly nodded their approval when, after considerable backing and filling, the Senator announced his candidacy. His party REGULARITY must be spelled in capitals. He was a runner-up for the nomination in the corresponding period of 1916, but, with others, was overwhelmed by the Hughes wave, and Roosevelt's opposition. Before the convention met that year he had run his race and retired. But his party importance may be measured by the fact that he was chosen both as temporary and permanent chairman of the convention, and as the one to give utterance to the key-note speech of the campaign.

Senator Harding has been implicated in Ohio politics since 1884, when he went into the newspaper business in his home town of Marion. He will be fifty-five years old this year. He was born at Corsica, Morrow County, Ohio, November 2, 1865. His people were farmers. His boyhood was another hard scrabble. He wasn't above earning a quarter herding neighbors' cows. He negotiated his three R's in the "deestrict skule." From his fourteenth to his seventeenth year he was a student in Ohio Central College at Iberia, Ohio, an institution long since defunct. Thereafter he taught school for a year, then studied law for another year, making ends meet the while as a collector and insurance agent. At nineteen he found his *métier* in the newspaper game, playing in turn the rôle of reporter, editor and publisher of *The Evening News* or *The Star* at Marion. The late Senator Joseph B. Foraker was one of his political mentors. In 1891 Harding married Florence, a daughter of Amos H. Kling, a Marion County banker and citizen of parts.

He was in the Ohio Senate from 1900 to 1904. In 1903 he was elected lieutenant-governor on the ticket with Herrick. He makes friends for keeps. He remained true to Foraker until the Standard Oil blow-up of 1909 snuffed out the light of Foraker's star. The following year, running for governor, he lost Ohio to the Democrats by a plurality of 100,377 votes. The nomination went to him as a compromise between the Progressives and the Old Liners. Ever since, for some reason, he has been considered as a man in whom the two elements in the party can fuse. Nevertheless, he took sides with Taft against T. R. In 1912 he attacked Roosevelt bitterly and viciously in his newspaper, and carried his feeling against him on to the convention floor. But in 1914 he won his seat in the Senate by 100,000 majority. Still, two years later Ohio went Democratic by a presidential plurality of 89,503. California elected Wilson. Ohio defeated Hughes. Hence Ohio's importance.

Late in 1906 or early in 1907 Senator Harding went to Oyster Bay, and somewhere on Sagamore Hill he and T. R. buried the hatchet. This *rapprochement* was permanent. It was signally marked in February, 1917, when during the Senate debate on the revenue bill, Harding said: "If Theodore Roosevelt had been President, the *Lusitania* would never have been sunk. We would be living under guarantees of peace to-day, rather than trembling on the verge of war." It was he who, upon the declaration of war, having knowledge of the demoralization of the French, introduced a resolution providing for the creation of four volunteer infantry divisions which would have permitted T. R. to have gone to France as a division commander.

Harding's course in the Senate since he entered it in 1915 has been in keeping with sound American traditions. In Ohio and through the Central West he is rated as an orator. But he has had the wisdom since going to Washington not to try to live up to that reputation. Belasco would cast him as an approved American statesman type. Thus he speaks:

"In our mighty development we have added to the perils of which Washington warned. The danger has not been in party association, but in party appeal or surrender to faction—commercial, industrial, agricultural and professional—each seeking to promote the interest of its own.

"If popular government is to survive, it must grant exact justice to all men and fear none.

"If we must have anarchy on the one hand or hateful autocracy on the other, I choose autocracy.

"I do not believe it is going to break the heart of the world to make this covenant right, or at least free from perils which would endanger our own independence. But it were better to witness this rhetorical tragedy than destroy the soul of this great Republic.

"Nobody is going to shut up. Democracy does not demand such a surrender."

Indiana's Favorite Son

HE CAN say things about Wilsonism and other isms, a quarter of which uttered by Lodge or Borah or Johnson or Lenroot have made and make the Adminstration forces foam, and occasion no personal rancor. He can say such things as "The President's statement that America entered the war for democracy has been a lie since the beginning," or "The world to-day, trembling from the menace of Bolshevism, owes a good part of its difficulties to Woodrow Wilson," and then go out with Hitchcock, the minority leader, to play golf. More often he is to be found in Hitchcock's or some other Democratic crony's office than in his own.

The Southern elements in the Congress, admitting the strong likelihood of the next President being a Republican, would prefer Harding. They feel that he would make the paying of the score a little less hard. The South knows full well that it is not going to be forgotten that it saved cotton from a price and ordained through its Kitchins that the war taxes should for the most part come from north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, is a party potentiality in the same sense

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Brown Bros.

Ex-President William Howard Taft.

Baker Art Gallery.

Governor James M. Cox of Ohio.

Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio.

that Lowden and Harding are, and not because of any distinguishing public service. Indiana, like Illinois and Ohio, is a doubtful factor in the electoral college. He is a *regular* and a favorite son. He has no enemies and he gets on with men. From 1893 to 1909 he was the representative in the Congress of the sixth Indiana district. In 1908 he made the race for governor and was beaten by the small plurality of 14,453 votes. He returned to the practise of law in his home town of Rushville and in 1916 defeated Thomas Taggart, a Democratic war-horse, by a small majority, for the seat he has since occupied in the Senate. He is a De Pauw University man and was in Congress at the age of twenty-nine. He will be fifty-seven years old November second next.

Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," gives up the whole of Chapter VIII, Volume 1, to the subject, "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen Presidents." In the light of what is taking place and is likely to take place, that chapter is well worth reading or rereading. Men have changed, times have changed, since it was written, but party minds have not.

The biggest popular asset in the Republican party to-day is Calvin Coolidge, the governor of Massachusetts. And the party pundits carry him in the liability column! Because, forsooth, he is Governor of Republican Massachusetts and not of doubtful Illinois, or Ohio. Therefore, according to party strategy, his candidacy would have nothing to contribute. Statesmanship and the capacity of public service continue to be matters of geography.

Calvin Coolidge

HE STANDS in the shadow of his Bunker Hill as the single piece of presidential timber on whose qualities American public opinion has had an opportunity of registering its approval. And it is the popular judgment, beyond the borders of Massachusetts as well as within, that the stuff of which he is made is heart of oak. He could have ducked the issues presented to him in the situation produced by the Boston police strike in September last, just as for years other state executives and municipal officials had avoided them. He could have capitulated to Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor and the Boston police union with as much grace as the Congress of the United States capitulated to the Railway Brotherhoods in September, 1916. He could have salved his conscience by saying that he did it for the sake of the Grand Old Party, or a dozen other passably specious reasons. But he didn't. He proclaimed that government was not debatable, that its functions were not arbitrable outside a court of justice. He appealed directly to the people, whose warrant he held.

The whole nation looked on, breathless, stirred to its soul, over the event of the issue. Officials who had truckled to organized minorities, officials who had compromised with them, officials who were doing their bidding in fear of their political lives, shook their heads at what they considered Coolidge's foolhardiness. With the national election of this year in mind the party pundits trembled. This man would lose Massachusetts.

"Compromise," they counseled. "Give Gompers a chance to save his face."

They outlined a plan whereby "the labor vote" might not be entirely alienated. They still believe there is a labor vote and a Catholic vote and a Presbyterian vote and a soldier vote and a police vote and every other kind of unit vote under the sun, excepting an all-American vote.

When they had finished, Coolidge said: "It doesn't matter whether I'm elected governor or not. The only thing that matters is whether the people of Massachusetts want the government they have or some other kind. And it has been my experience that the working men of the United States are Americans first and last. Unit votes are superstitions, not facts."

And at the sound of Massachusetts' voice on November 4, 1919, the nation straightened up and breathed deep of the promise of a new day. Through Calvin Coolidge it challenged its officials and lawmakers to discover their backbones, and give answer to the forces assailing it. The Congress by practically a unanimous vote proscribed the formation of a policemen's union in the District of Columbia. It was a message to the legislatures of all the states. Unions of government and municipal employees throughout the country dissolved of their own motion. The Federation of Labor repudiated them. It "denounced" radicalism, but retained its Reds. The steel strike collapsed. The Governor of Kansas dared to direct the mining of coal in defiance of the coal-miners' union. Industry dared to claim the right to be heard. A judge dared to issue an injunction against organized-labor leaders. The Administration found there was law to prevent a coal famine. The Administration discovered, too, that government holds in common fee with the individual the inheritance of the right of self-preservation. It dared to lay its hands on those who would undo it. It dared to deport them. History is not done with writing of the consequences of the forces set in motion by Calvin Coolidge's faith in the American people.

Will Hughes Run Again?

AND incidentally the Lowden politicians in Illinois have unofficially nominated him for Vice-President. And the politicians who invaded South Dakota in November saw to it that he was nominated as the running mate of General Wood. Who runs may read the meaning of those indorsements.

One thing, however, is certain, no matter what the future may hold: Calvin Coolidge will not wade through blood to obtain the nomination for the presidency. In the twenty years he has been elected and reelected by a constant ascension of votes he has depended upon service rendered, and service alone, to win the unbroken series of nominations which have gone to him. And as we wrote of him in the December EVERYBODY'S, he is a brook grown into a river—a river broad and deep enough to float big cargoes.

Charles Evans Hughes is as big and fine an American as he was in 1916. Even if the defeat of four years ago may preclude his being a candidate under existing circumstances, he will be a factor at Chicago. He is now only fifty-eight years old.

The boom of Hiram Johnson of California, will grow up to June, but in order to win the nomination he will have to go to Chicago with a majority of the delegates handcuffed. It is not going to be forgotten for the longest time, no matter what the facts may be, that he was elected to the Senate by over 296,815, and that Hughes lost California by 3,773.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mary Lou *and the* Hall-Room Tradition

By Dorothy De Jagers

Do you remember the stories that ran in EVERYBODY'S a few years ago about Maizie—the plump, slangy, kind-hearted lady from the burlesques who was always butting in helpfully on other folks's troubles? Dorothy De Jagers wrote those stories, and now, after a period of doing other things, she is writing again. This story, humorous and human, is the first of a series that she is doing for EVERYBODY'S. Miss De Jagers has a humor and a manner all her own—we venture the claim that no one to-day is writing more original stories for any magazine.

THERE has grown up a generally accepted theory that it is the electric lights that lure the Young Man out of the West to New York, but Jimmy Brainerd would have reported electric irons—electric irons and Aunt Fan. The offer, you see, of a position on the advertising staff of the Velco Electric Company made New York possible; but it was the rumor of Aunt Fan's presence there that made New York inevitable. For Jimmy's destiny, let it be known at once, was inextricably tied up in the finding of Aunt Fan.

Jimmy, himself, was a good-looking, likable young product of small-town gregariousness, with a hand-clasp like a tourniquet, and the most beautiful blue-white teeth in the world. Since prohibition has given singleness of significance to the term, I think you would call him primarily a "good mixer." At all events he found an amazing number of things in life worth laughing about, an astonishing number of people to care about, and considered the cosmic scheme, on the whole, fairly satisfactory.

New York he found disappointingly impersonal and ennuied, but was too busy to bother about it at first. For his job defined itself in an advertising insistence that the Velco Electric Iron be parked on every ironing-board in the country. This ambition seemed an obsession with the company. Jimmy even divined an absence of genteel decency in not caring how many of our best families washed their dirty linen in public, so long as that d. l. was subsequently pressed with the Velco iron. And so, seeing the conspicuous relation between the earning capacity of one James Brainerd, and the yearning capacity of the Housewives' League for the Velco product, our hero toiled late and early over convincing copy. And really, some of it was sizzling stuff.

In "Intimate Chats with Modern Home-Makers," for instance, this was the suggestive psychology! He scorchingly referred to obsolescent household utensils, the time-wastage of the gas-iron, time better spent in massage or assimilation of a foot or two of Doctor Eliot's five-foot shelf. Then came a report of the penalty of non-progressiveness, phrased with such adroitness as to give you a new slant on the subject of marital unrest. It became clear that the average husband's neglect is due to wifely indifference to crow's-feet and culture—an indifference, mind you, all attributable to the dearth of leisure imposed by antiquated laundry apparatus.

Having established *the* electric iron as a medium for insuring uxoriousness, Jimmy then pointed out the superiority of the Velco over all others on the market. Naturally, in the end, you saw you could not afford to turn down such a commodity lest domestic complications turn up, and overcome the reluctance. Still, he was this foresight meant a big increase in the turnover.

As I have said, this kept Jimmy busy in the day; and any idle moments that gaped, he used in telephone inquiries to the detective agencies about Aunt Fan. His evenings at first were aimless, but began to be absorbed in the meanderings of a young chap in the office whom everybody called T. P., who was such a low-brow that his hair began just a quarter of an inch north of his eyebrows. His philosophy of life had been culled between Twenty-third and Forty-second streets, and there was nothing this ribboning road offered for an escape from self that T. P. didn't know about. So, with him, Jimmy pokered and pooled, theatred and taxied, roof-gardened and rathskellered.

For a while these amusements served; but after a time Jimmy began missing girls. Back in Zanesville, Columbine had had a star part in his program of enjoying life, and now his honest Zanesville soul began demanding her presence in the *dramatis personae*.

"T. P.," he said one evening, "isn't the feminine contingent featured in night life up here at all? Back in Ohio, we specialize in nice girls who live out in the guest-towel district. You skid around about eight-thirty with a consignment of candy, slide down in one of those lush chairs that have no road-clearance to speak of; she plays a few typical, topical songs, drags out a chafing-dish about ten, and then about eleven dad begins shaking the furnace with deadly suggestiveness."

"WELL, certainly I'm not clubby with any janitor's daughter," T. P. had flung at this canvass of provincial pleasure, "but we can drop into Healy's and pick up a feminine contingent, if that's your idea of a good time."

And before Jimmy could demur, he found himself buying poisonous tin-green drinks for a lady who had forgotten to wipe the cold-cream out of the corners of her eyes. His first appraisal was that she had been "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet" some twenty years previously, but—judging from her toilette—had never been able to

Digitized by Google

game, and it was not until after the seventh or eighth emerald potable that his guest withdrew. Whereupon Jimmy turned to T. P. wrathfully.

"See here," he blazed, "that's not the kind of a Jane I mean, and you know it. Good Lord! Aren't there any girls in this town who can talk about something besides how they mix a stinger cocktail at the Claridge?"

"Gawd! He means a high-brow!" T. P. breathed into the tungsten-studded night. And the following evening Jimmy found himself in a hot, dingy room where a little group of spurious thinkers discussed syndicalism with an eloquence more perspirational than inspirational. Ten o'clock discovered him escorting home the arch authority on the subject. She was a tall girl with orthopedic shoes, and a strong conviction that Browning was either a liar or a psychopath, in his deductions on the universe. "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world!" she quoted scornfully. "Pouf!" And Jimmy, feeling the reputation of Providence at stake, had rushed so impetuously to the defense that when her door was reached she flung him a "Good night, Mr. Pollyanna," in the tone that ought to be reserved for profiteers and well-poisoners.

THIS ended all excursions with T. P. After that, Jimmy kept to himself. The evenings he managed to get through without acid letters to the *Times* about city life. Sundays, however, were horrors. Sunday, the day set aside by the covenant, and the trades' union laws, for fussing! The day when every knight should ride forth on charging subway or panting trolley to pay homage to his lady fair! Several Sabbaths he tried to kill in orthodox sightseeing. In Grant's Tomb, however, he saw only a granite reminder of the uncertainty of life, and the imperativeness of gathering one's Rosy or May while one can. Cleopatra's needle brought only the cold comfort of remembering that even wild women had been essential in the lives of greater men than he. In the end, he found these tours so unsatisfactory that he resolved to spend future Sundays in his room.

He had found lodgings in a house near Washington Square. His cubicle was a narrow, niggardly furnished affair with four stained walls, and a cracked ceiling—an adequate enough havenage for those unconscious hours that bridge the vespers toothbrush and the matutinal razor-strop, but as a setting for Sabbath solitudes, unthinkable. Still, Jimmy was a sport to the extent of choosing a rainy Sunday to remain at home. So all through a misty morning he wrote letters, stepped out into a dripping noon for a bite to eat, and about three dragged a hard chair to his one window and started blowing wavy feathers of smoke into a murky court.

All at once his attention was attracted

Generated on 2025-03-27 19:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.$b242515
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Listen. I'm really an awfully nice he-person."

to a window opposite. From its sill rose a nice arm attached to a nice hand in which was burrowed a little pointed chin belonging to a nice little face. It was heart-shaped, sweet and serious, that of a girl visibly neither an authority on syndicalism nor a connoisseur of stinger cocktails, and at this discovery Jimmy leaned recklessly from his window-ledge, and caught himself only by a noisy maneuver. His neighbor looked up and an involuntary "Oh!" escaped her. Jimmy grinned, exposing the beautiful blue-white teeth. It was not at all a smirk of familiarity, merely an engaging dental indication of small-town friendliness and big-town loneliness. And wonder of wonders! The face across smiled back—a fugitive, phantom smile, true, but a smile nevertheless.

ENCHANTED, the boy searched his brain wildly for a subject of conversation that would legitimatize the situation. What he wanted was something snappy but snub-proof. Behind him, however, centuries of ancestors who have ordained that the initial speech 'twixt man and maid be relevant to the weather, whispered insistently in his ear. And after all, heredity is a pretty potent power; at least Jimmy succumbed.

"Gee! Isn't it a rotten day!" was his opening. "I'll bet this was the kind of Sabbath the confectioners named the nut sundae after!"

A hesitant smile dimpled the smooth seriousness of the face across and, encouraged, the boy went on: "Listen. I'm really an awfully nice he-person. I used to be one of the most highly respected citizens of Zanesville, Ohio, and now I'm the loneliest devil in New York. Please, ma'am, mayn't I come over to your vestibule and chat just a few minutes?"

The girl across leaned forward. The spirit of April, the instinctive response of youth, parted her lips for speech; almost immediately they closed, sealed, no doubt, by the admonishing finger of Mrs. Grundy. Yet into the gesture Jimmy read encouragement. He reached for his hat and coat; an umbrella was snatched up. Two minutes later he was around the corner. Within a few yards of the girl's presumable dwelling, his progress was blocked by the girl herself, in a brown corduroy suit and a green tam. The boy halted uncertainly. For one insane instant he construed her presence as an advance movement to meet friendly negotiations; then his modesty operated to the extent of seeing it as a retreat from his threatened invasion. Before this interpretation he fell back, flushed and embarrassed. Then, impetuously, he confronted her.

"See here," was what he managed to get out, "I'm not one of those Reasons-Why-Girls-Leave-Home. You run right back up-stairs, and I promise to cut out this in-and-out-the-window game. It was pretty fresh, I suppose. I'm sorry. I apologize."

Now Jimmy had never traveled fifty miles in his life without some mother asking him to hold the baby while she got a drink. More than once had he been called in to umpire a ball game for shrewd cynics from twelve to fourteen. And of course if you're that kind of a person you can get away with anything. Sure enough, the face under the green tam melted.

"Oh, I d-didn't think you were f-fresh," she offered. "Only it was *sort* of irregular, you know."

"But Gee! I was as blue as the blood of the oldest Knickerbocker families," came out plaintively. "Of course it *was* irregular, but still if you're a regular girl you're going to take pity on my loneliness. Do you know—" he leaned forward confidentially on the handle of the umbrella—"I've been in this hamlet four months, and the only member of your sex I really feel acquainted with is the Goddess of Liberty! But even she failed to take my case to heart, because, like most New Yorkers, she hasn't any."

"How d-do you know?" came out with the little stammer which Jimmy had already delightedly cataloged as a "shimmy in her speech."

"I took steps to find out."

They had reached the avenue by this time, and the girl paused uncertainly.

"Listen," Jimmy enjoined, "my name is James Harrow Brainerd, Jimmy for short. I used to be a Scout Master, am still a Kappa Sig, and hope to be president of the Velco Electric Supply Company some day. The most scarlet moments of my past are smeared with pilfered currant jam, and there isn't any reason in the world why you shouldn't skip up to the Brevoort with me for a tea."

SHE hesitated a moment, then breathed a shy acquiescence, and off they swung up the avenue. The sun had begun to shine furtively in a sky that shimmered with opaline regrets for the misty misdemeanors of the morning, and responsively the streets were peopled with groups of aimless saunterers. Through these Jimmy armed his neighbor deftly—with head bent for the brief identification of herself she was offering. Her name was Mary Lou Tuttle; she was a Californian, with a l-lamb of a father and a d-duck of a brother (also fortunately a Kappa Sig). This brought them to the Brevoort steps, and it was not until the waiter had departed that Jimmy petitioned supplementary details.

"But you haven't told me why you came to New York?"

"Why, one of my mother's best f-friends was editor on a woman's magazine here. I'd always w-wanted to come to New York, so when she offered me a position on the staff, I came." She gave her green tam a little tilt over the blur of brown hair: then, "I'm on the *Gentlewoman's Journal*. And you?"

Jimmy grinned. "I dope out arguments that make the gentlewoman swap seven-fifty for an electric iron." He extended a card, which, after study, evoked: "So you came to New York to l-learn the advertising business?"

"Not exactly." The boy leaned back for the ministrations of the waiter. "It was partly on account of an Aunt Fan—to try and find her."

"Oh! S-she's been lost?"

The boy's laughter splashed over the curve of his cup. "Yes. Sounds like carelessness, doesn't it?" This brought other inquiries from the girl; and at length the story of Aunt Fan was published.

JOHN HARROW, Jimmy's grandfather, a man of considerable wealth, had two daughters, Karen, Jimmy's mother, and Fannie. This latter was evidently a queer fish. (The raconteur's term.) A roistering, resourceful female who had insisted on thinking for herself, when that wasn't being done by gentlewomen. She and the father had quarreled riotously from the first, and at the age of twenty-eight, with a splendid disregard of all dramatic traditions, she had banged the heavy-paneled door of the rose-brick house and gone out into the afternoon, *sans* shawl or snow-storm. The father, however, in his subsequent reaction, had played so true to theatric orthodoxy as to make up for his daughter's defections. He proceeded to cut her off with the conventional farthing, declared her dramatically dead, and forbade all mention of her in his presence.

Now between Karen, the gentle, and Fan, the fearless, there had grown up that passionate devotion temperamental dissimilarity so often breeds. Karen's sense of justice revolted at the father's iron-and-strychnin policy. Through every means to which fair-mindedness can subscribe, she sought to establish her partisanship for the runaway. Naturally there ensued more and more ferment, until at length one day she, too, ran away—into the arms of Jimmy's father, a penniless but personable young minister.

Then she, in turn, was cast off; and for ten years no word came from the rose-brick house on the hill. The death of the minister, the birth of Jimmy evoked no sign. It was not until Karen herself lay cold and quiet that the spirit of John Harrow broke, and over the cheap coffin in the shabby parlor was poured forth all the frozen anguish of those ice-bound years. Jimmy was seventeen then, and in the subsequent season became the object of every indulgence and extravagance which should compensate for seventeen years of deprivation, but doesn't. He was sent to college—and——

"But Aunt Fan"—Mary Lou interrupted with the knitted-brow interest of a child in the fortunes of a fearless fairy princess.

"Didn't your grandfather look for her?"

"Look for her!" Jimmy's inflection achieved dramatic heights. "Say, Aunt Fan ought to have been wearing a hunted look for the last twenty years. Granddad spent all his substance in riotous

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

advertising, and the only sleuths we didn't put on the job were Liza's blood-hounds."

"But hadn't your m-mother heard from her in those years?"

"Twice. Once a postal from Guam reporting good health but mentioning having recently lost three fingers in a banana-packing machine. Once, when I was born (Lord knows how she knew about me), a note came from Alaska asking Mother to name me Jimmy after a cook up there who made the best cheese dumplings this side of Vienna. Jimmy laughed as he pushed back his cup, and lit a cigaret. "She must be a corker! I'd never rest till I ran her down, even if it wasn't for the money."

"The money?"

"Oh! I forgot the fiscal report, didn't I? Well, you see when Grandfather died a year ago, he left the house to the city as a home for wayward girls, and his fortune to Aunt Fan and me, to be divided upon the finding of Aunt Fan. The search must go on for twenty years, if necessary, and not a penny touched in that time. If, in the end, she doesn't turn up, I get everything."

"Then you c-came to New York because of her?"

"In a way," the boy answered. "The last report, you see, located a woman answering to Aunt Fan's description here. The idea of sleuthing a little myself made me snap up the Velco offer."

Mary Lou fingered a fork reflectively. "I suppose you're anxious to g-get the estate settled," she murmured. But Jimmy shrugged.

"Oh, in a way." The admission came with a jet of smoke. "It would be nice to reach a point where the saddest words of tongue or pen were something else besides 'Please remit.' But, still, why worry about mere money when—" eight flawless teeth collaborated in a friendly smile—"one can be insolvent and still in luck like this."

Mary Lou colored up like a California sunset, and for several moments Jimmy, who was something of a nature lover, studied the effect with observable approval.

THE girl was one of those soft, sweet, serious little things whom a large percentage of people in the world will always find it pleasant to look at—and after. Not beautiful, understand, but if one is a Mary Lou person that isn't necessary, since all the privileges without any of the obligations of beauty are hers, anyway.

And now you are wondering just what constitutes a Mary Lou person. Very well. Remember the soft-voiced little girl who used to live next door—who was always bringing in lame dogs and maimed birds, and crooning them back into a life of activity? The gentle little girl who always went to all the wrong shows, and wept so softly at all the right places? The little serious girl so irresistible to tease that not even the certitude of a final dissolution in tears could turn away temptation—tears that stirred you with vague yearnings for a relationship reconcilable with the privilege of drying them on your shoulder? Well, that undoubtedly was a Mary Lou person, particularly if her hands were warm. No Mary Lou has ever had cold hands.

Organically, esthetically, she is a distinct type, but it was the individual Mary Lou that Jimmy was reveling in that afternoon.

"Honest, you don't know how much I've enjoyed this," the boy expanded as they gained the sidewalk. "Believing as I do that the essential business of a human being is being human, it's been a treat to meet a regular girl in this borough of bluffers."

Yet the civic aspersion lacked any genuine quality of bitterness, for somehow the little social session seemed to have mellowed his feelings toward New York appreciably, to have tempered the wind, so to speak, to the jam, meaning the subway jam, of course. And the mood was further enriched at the little Californian's door by her wonder if he wouldn't come up and see a picture of her folks in San Diego. He would!

Up-stairs Jimmy was ushered into one of those funny little apartments in which New York specializes: a tiny bath off a large room where all the intimacies of living are formalized in the most noncommittal way. Usually a bolt of cretonne drapes the machinery of household realism so successfully that all the significance of comb, kettle, wash-board and pillow-case is lost in its folds; and the only piece of furniture guiltless of a *double entendre* is the alarm-clock.

To Jimmy, therefore, accustomed to the roominess of Ohio hospitality, where all furniture retains its functional integrity, where the music cabinet stoutly rejects the *devoirs* of dressing-table, china-closet and ice-box—the nook was profoundly fascinating.

ZESTFULLY he sank into a rattan chair by a rattan table, gala with a little yellow lamp, a basket of apples and a pile of magazines. "Gee! What a larky place!" was his tribute, and he promptly sank two beautiful white teeth into a beautiful red apple. Mary Lou removed the green tam, fluffed out the blur of brown hair and seated herself on a rattan stool near the window.

"Oh, I forgot," she murmured suddenly, and reached for a framed picture over the radiator. This she brought to the boy, who silently studied the photograph of a dressy little bungalow smothered in roses.

"By Jove, how lovely!" Then a closer inspection prefaced: "And is this my fraternity brother?" thumb-nailing a genial face among the vines.

Mary Lou nodded. "Yes, that's Don, and here's my d-dad back here in the shadows, and this is our collie. Isn't he a l-lamb?"

And the boy's fervid "You bet!" put his O. K. on the entire family circle. After which Mary Lou replaced the picture and took one of the magazines from the table. It was *The Gentlewoman's Journal*. She leafed through it quickly, finally folding it through the middle with a proud: "This is the c-column I run."

Jimmy accepted it interestedly, but rested it on his knees for a moment. This was the first time New York had extended aught save a commercialized hospitality to him, and one moment he demanded to luxuriate in this apple-scented, wholesome intimacy. Then, melting down in his chair, he opened the periodical with a chuckle.

"'The Gentlewoman's Journal. One of

The face across smiled back—a fugitive, phantom smile.

those magazines of makeshifts, I'll bet, where resourcefulness *vs.* resources is the watchword. Gee!" A flash of amusement. "We used to take one when I was a kid. I remember one article that put us wise to seventeen different uses for an old umbrella. Let's see: you took the knob off for a sewing egg; then you darned Willie's pants and made little Jessamine a night-cap out of the covering, using the scraps for pen-wipers. The stick proper could serve as a curtain-rod; and the wire frame to train the morning-glories over. Then around the ring on the strap you crocheted some pink zephyr, and it became a pretty little thing to park one's safety-pins on." His voice had thickened with laughter, to which, however, Mary Lou contributed nothing. So presently he resumed: "But the best bet, though, of these magazines, is the Hall-Room Tradition."

"And what—" came from the rattan stool rather crisply—"is the Hall-R-Room Tradition?"

"Surely you know—" Jimmy gleamed at her. "It's the hint about laundering one's handkerchiefs to creaseless perfection by pasting them over a mirror or a window-pane."

A SIGNIFICANT tightening of the mouth over the little pointed chin and a widening of the eyes under the blur of brown hair should have warned the boy, but he was too preoccupied, for he had picked up the magazine now and was running through a column headed: "Helpful Hints for the Home"—M. L. T.—a column juicy with suggestions for tightening up the efficiency all over the house from kitchen to conservatory. Down near the bottom appeared the following:

> For the woman living in small quarters, it is well to know that handkerchiefs may be quickly and satisfactorily laundered by washing in lukewarm water and pasting on a mirror or window-pane. When dry, no ironing is necessary. Simply smooth and fold.

The last two sentences he read aloud; then a groan broke from him. "The Hall-Room Tradition! Oh Mary Lou Tuttle, how could you?"

"How could I wh-what?" bewilderedly.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"How could you be party to such propaganda?"

"But g-goodness gracious, isn't it a v-valuable thing to know?"

"Maybe." Jimmy's acknowledgment seemed grudged. "But this is what's putting the sad in the sad-iron business. Here I am trying to earn my daily waffles kidding Sis Ultimate Consumer into blowing herself for a Velco iron, and you sit up nights doping out devices so she can worry along without any at all."

Astonishment, embarrassment, indignation battled for primacy in the little heart-shaped face. "Well, I am s-sorry," at length came out, "if I have interfered with your b-business progress."

Here the reader is referred back to the card index of the Mary Lou person, to that part about teasing, and the reaction of the teaser thereof. This will serve to justify, partially at least, Jimmy's propulsion now toward conduct which would have rendered his hostess' blouse an immediate subject for the Velco iron. It gives me great pleasure, however, to report the conclusive victory of inhibition. Then came the grinning:

"Oh, well, it's the *irony* of Fate, I suppose." And an arm was lifted to ward off imaginary chastisement for this vaudevillian atrocity.

MARY LOU rose to press a button that honeyed the little yellow lamp into brightness. Then she offered comfortingly: "And, anyway, Mr. Brainerd, handkerchiefs are such a small p-part of—of——"

"True," the boy conceded, "but you know the insidiousness of habit. You start with hankies, but soon your moral sensibilities become dulled and you are making free with the whole laundry list. Before you know it, you are suggesting to the kitchenetters that petticoats may be renovated by dipping in the gold-fish bowl and stretching tautly around the trash-barrel."

"But, s-silly—" Mary Lou's first response to the spirit of raillery—"how could you—you get one—over a b-barrel?"

Thus was Jimmy reminded of the narrowing trend of feminine fashions which makes hiding behind a woman's petticoats more and more difficult each year. Rather than admit technical defeat, however, he dodged with: "Oh, I owe it to big business not to tell. With this window-paning of hankies and pressing of trousers under the mattress, the electric-iron industry has been gummed up enough as it is."

Then followed more elaborate nonsense, until Mary Lou's adroit mention of a dinner engagement with Mrs. Bertrand, the editor of her magazine, guided the bubbly young advertising man out into the night air. Over in his own abode he found a subtle change. The shabby, dingy room seemed entirely different now. The advertisement, he remembered, had read: "The choicest location in New York," though subsequent explorations had sown doubt of the statement.

But the events of the afternoon had shifted his whole view-point, established a new faith in the increasing honesty of advertising. Even the mission furniture, the stained walls, the cracked ceiling, were so sublimated as to justify future references to his "chambers." The next morning, too, he hopped from bed with at new tenderness toward New York. And before the taste of tooth-paste was out of his mouth, he had sat down by the window and written the following:

MISS MARY LOU TUTTLE,
New York City.

DEAR MISS HANKY-PANKY:

If you have no pressing engagement to-night, suppose we have dinner together and then take in one of those Painless Plays where the Rough but Reliable Westerner uncovers the effete Easterner's real serial number in the last act.

If you'll put the yellow lamp in your casement, I'll take it as good tidings, and will shuffle around about 6:30.

Hopefully,
JIMMY BRAINERD.

This he dropped in her letter slot on the way to the office, and spent the rest of the day wondering about the lamp. The hope that it would burn in her window fired his brain all afternoon, and brought to view Velco arguments so shining and luminous that even T. P. was impressed. He rushed home impetuously and sure enough there it stood, glowing goldenly under the rim of the shade. Joyously he dressed, whistling arpeggios of pagan glee into a Moody and Sankey hymn of Sunday-school days. At 6.23, garmented in a mixed-blue suit of expensive restraint, he knocked at Mary Lou's door. It was opened promptly on a vision in brown, from bonnet to boots.

"GEE, child, you look gorgeous!" the boy approved after the salutation. "That get-up, I claim, is all the Paquin."

"Paquin!" Mary Lou gave a thrill of delight. "I m-made this myself, copied one of our models in l-last month's fashion section."

Astonishment, awe. Then a low bow. "Lady, a guy what can't sew a button on without shattering his morale for a month, salutes you. And now, where do we eat?"

Under the girl's direction they found a quaint little table-d'hôte place near the Square, and over the sacred sequence of ravioli, spaghetti and mouldy cheese unraveled all the threads that make up the fabric of our personalities; to find, when they had knitted loose ends together—preferences and prejudices, ambitions and opinions—quite a substantial little skein of congeniality. Indeed, you would have been surprised how similarly they felt on the League of Nations, chocolate pie, rubber heels and Spanish architecture.

Mary Lou talked more to-night. There was nothing profound or original in her discourse, true; yet every word stood as a real authentic expression of her individuality. In her sincerity, in fact, lay her chief charm—this and her simplicity. Even to Jimmy she seemed, in a city poisoned with pose, the one genuine thing; in a world complex with nervous unbalance the spirit itself of serenity and beautiful, indestructible simplicity.

Jimmy had left the choice of entertainment to his guest, who promptly chose a sentimental comedy modestly heralded as "The greatest success of the decade." So up they bussed, to find two tickets in the balcony. The author of the piece had trapped the comic spirit by devices popular about the time night air began to lose its opprobrium. Still, when one is young, healthy, and happily companioned—well, you know how it is! Accordingly, Jimmy and Mary Lou paid chuckling tribute to every moth-eaten *mot*; responsive applause to every senescent situation; and when the final curtain fell, both rose to acclaim it an enjoyable proof that American drama can be uplifted without resorting to levitation.

On the way home (they decided to walk) Jimmy remarked suddenly: "Gosh! I got a case of goose-flesh to-night. Did you notice the woman who sat behind us?"

No; Mary Lou had not.

"Well, she looked like Mother a little; had the Harrow long upper lip, and seemed to be about Aunt Fan's age."

"Oh."

"When she took off her gloves, though," Jimmy sighed, "I saw both hands had the pro rata of digits. Foiled again!"

"Goodness gracious!" was Mary Lou's contribution, after which they walked along in a continued but comfortable silence. Then gradually they talked of other things. Mary Lou rendered report on a mouse which had come into her life the night previously. Its nibbling innuendoes, Jimmy saw, had occasioned considerable tension; so bravely he came to the rescue.

"Well, I'll set a trap to-morrow for the little beggar," he promised, "and listen, child. Whenever you have any jobs of that sort, anything that comes in between pasting hankies on the window-pane and assembling a grand piano, call on me. Just station the yellow lamp in the window, and the little Aladdin will jazz right over."

It goes without saying that the life of B'rer Mouse came to a snappy end the next day; and from that time on the little lamp blazoned its S. O. S. across the murky court more and more frequently. Once it was a shelf that unaccountably unbracketed itself; once a faucet that leaked piteously for help; again a lemon-squeezer that repudiated its juicy offices. You would have been astounded at the multiplicity of things around a house that can develop a mechanical perversity; Jimmy was delighted. For in between the ministries of tweezer and screw-driver, hammer and saw, of course, there were talks and tea, dancing and dining, movies and wanderings through the quainter parts of the city.

THEY were all sensibly priced pleasures during the week, for remember, Spring's first violet and the boy's income stood in approximately the same relation to modesty. Sunday, however, with its fiscal proximity to Saturday night, became a fête-day. They took long walks in the morning, attended concerts (preferably John McCormack) in the afternoon; dining at night in one of those sumptuous refectories of a thousand and one sauces.

It was after one of these feasts one Sunday that Mary Lou mentioned a sudden manifestation of temperament on the part of the little yellow lamp. Early that morning it had refused to brighten up the corner where it was, and no amount of jiggling could move it. Unsettling tidings for Jimmy! To be sure, there was a wall light, but the lamp hadn't functioned primarily as a gilder of gloom anyway; it stood, instead, as a symbol of service, a honeyed, hallowed symbol of woman's need for man, and Mary Lou's need for him. So resolutely he hurried her home.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Before, you see, that money just meant a wicked French car, but now—! Now it means YOU!"

Mary Lou had left the light burning in the bathroom—(No, reader, separate meters for every apartment) and this poured out a feeble radiance into the living-room. The boy removed his topcoat, and Mary Lou started to the lamp. On her way she stumbled over the rattan stool, retreating hastily to collide with Jimmy. There was a breathy pause; and then suddenly his arm had buckled her tight, and his mouth found hers. A gaspy second she struggled. Then she melted into soft, tremulous surrender. Tableaux of this nature have been covered so esthetically and artistically by Sudermann and Mr. Chambers that a merely journalistic pen scrawls off the page discouragedly. So details are here to be sacrificed to the statement that after a few moments speech was born. To be sure, it could hardly be termed recondite, or a real contribution to world knowledge. For what the boy murmured was "Oh, my blessedest!" in answer to which the lady had offered: "My d-d-dearest." Still, these led to subsequent statements, and out of them was established a pretty definite picture of their future together.

It was a future built in a sturdy little house out on Long Island somewhere, with trees that stenciled arabesques on a crisp lawn, a gracious, spacious living-room blessed with a fireplace, books, flowers and yellow lamps on pie-crust tables. There would be a laundry below, where handkerchiefs might at last come into their rightful heritage of suds and sun and the Velco iron, under the auspices of a local expert. Above, there would be a foolish, fairy boudoir with a bow window, where a sweet little thing from California might watch for her man.

By the time the bow window had been paned, Mary Lou had drawn Jimmy on to the divan and was braiding his fingers raptly. When she reached the point where further progression was impossible he murmured: "But goodness gracious! d-d-dearest, wouldn't all this be f-frightfully expensive?"

"Maybe. But as soon as I run down Aunt Fan, and the estate's settled, I'll buy a hunk of Velco stock, and with the rest of the coin we can splurge nicely."

"But when do you expect to f-find Aunt Fan, d-dearest?" Mary Lou's practical mind dictated.

"P. D. Q. Oh, I'll nab the old girl now." His voice rang with confidence. "Funny thing, honey, about incentive. Our psychology prof. used to beef about the value, but I never really got him till now." He bent to kiss a tender tract from the corner of her eye to the left ear lobe. "Before, you see, that money just meant a wicked French car, attar of roses in my shaving water, a meal-ticket at Delmonico's, maybe, but now—! Now it means YOU! And I'll find that slippery aunt of mine, if I have to page her from Brooklyn to Berdoo."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"But, Jimmy, lots of people get m-married on twenty-two a week."

The boy's mouth thinned into a startlingly grim line. "Yes, the people who have twenty-two-dollar souls and twenty-two dollar ambitions." He paused then, and the bitterness fused into a tender: "Anyway, those folks have no hopes, you see, honey, of a legacy that will turn marriage into a silky, sumptuous dream. We have. And besides we have each other. So let's be patient for a while."

To which, Mary Lou sighed such a docile little "All right" that there ensued business of negligible plot value, concluding as it did in such dialogue as:

Muffled Masculine Voice: "And you do love me, precious?"

Muffled Feminine Voice: "Oceans, d-d-dearest."

Manifestations of perfect satisfaction, establishing male character as a good sailor.

And thus they became engaged. Then followed shining, shimmering weeks when the girl stitched all the sheer joy of being in love into sheer, white things that foamed in her hands like spindrift; and the boy conducted all the electricity of being engaged into dynamic efforts to find Aunt Fan.

And in between times there were the foolishly happy hours together; studded with kisses, and the kind of conversation in which the common pronoun "we" takes on a new nectary significance. And Jimmy had rigged up a line of communication, a stout cord stretched from her sill to his on a pull, with a match-box in pink tissue attached. In those brief intervals of separation, this went scurrying across with the most amazing fooleries: newspaper clippings, some idiotic offering of a rose or a peanut or a postage-stamp.

Silly? Undoubtedly; and yet to the boy and girl, they were magic months; in which all values became be-valued; in which the trivial became the momentous, the commonplace, the memorable. Yet by and by, as the pile of sheer white things frothed higher and higher, after Jimmy had been endorsed through discreet investigation by the family in California and the editor of *The Gentlewoman's Journal*, when, in short, the royal road to the altar grew more and more invitational, there crept into the atmosphere disquieting questions. Why c-couldn't Aunt Fan be found? How d-did one know she wasn't dead? Weren't wills sometimes b-broken?

TO ALL these, the boy gave answers technically sound, but emotionally unsatisfactory; and day by day the ghost of the First Quarrel loomed larger, until at last there came that fatal moment when his chains clanked audibly.

It had begun with Mary Lou's report on an office discussion of long engagements. Manifestly none of the gathering had subscribed to the theory that everything comes to him or her who waits. The caucus seemed, in fact, lavish with examples where time had crows'-feeted and double-chinned the lady-in-waiting until she lost her desirability, not only for the original fiancé, but for all other possible ones.

These ominous instances had amused Jimmy inordinately, and drawing California's fair daughter to the mirror, he stood with his chin on her shoulder.

"Now, please show me," he grinned, "all those wrinkles and extra editions of chin you've got, waiting for James Brainerd, little Hanky-Panky."

It was the wrong note, of course; and responsively, Mary Lou had disengaged herself firmly. "This is no laughing m-matter," was the rebuke from the rattan chair. "Please do not misunderstand me. I am not dying to m-marry you or anybody else, but the story about Aunt Fan sometimes seems l-like a-a ruse." Some expression on the boy's face halted her, then drew forth the apologetic addendum: "I m-mean, of course, it's so silly to wait until you have oceans of money to marry."

"I know, precious—" Jimmy found a seat on the arm of the rattan chair—"but years ago I made up my mind I'd never marry without enough to live on—with dignity. It's too hard on the woman." And then he drew the picture of his own pinched life. His tenderness for his mother had possibly sharpened the outlines, yet what he blocked in was a very realistic sketch of a delicately nurtured, sensitized soul baffled and beaten by the makeshifts and ignominies of economic pressure; a woman whose life had been grooved into a dingy narrowness where there was neither room nor time for romance or adventure.

"OF COURSE you're going to say," he finished, "as long as the money's due eventually, we could worry along the first few years anyway. But even a jazz nature like mine has its esthetic gropings, and being the kind of person who only marries once, I'd like to do the thing up—well—tastefully." He bent to brush his cheek against the blur of brown hair. "I'd planned we'd go to California and then hula down to the Hawaiian Islands. All—when we locate Aunt Fan, of course."

Mary Lou sighed. "But, J-Jimmy, suppose she never turns up, and we have to wait ten y-years. Oh!"

"Nonsense," with a reassuring pat. "She's here in New York somewhere."

"So are f-five million other people." A pause. Then timidly: "Listen, d-dear, maybe it would be hard to get along comfortably on your salary now, but with m-mine— Why couldn't I just keep on working for a while? Clara Rigbee at the office says——"

The suggestion swept the boy to his feet. "I don't give a hang what Clara Rigbee says." He pocketed one hand fiercely. "Do you think a big husky like me would marry, and let a girl go on grinding out damnable advice on the laundering of handkerchiefs——"

Mary Lou rose quickly, facing him with as much hauteur as is possible to generate in a Mary Lou nature. "So, Mr. B-Brainerd! Writing advice on the l-laundering of handkerchiefs is utterly beneath the n-no-tice of one who writes advertising for electric irons! Which isn't a very g-good iron, either." Triumphantly: "Miss Phipps at the office bought one, and she says it t-takes seventeen hours to get h-hot."

Jimmy grew red. "You tell that person, whoever she is—" professional pride was up—"that the heating element in every iron turned out by our factory is thoroughly tested and——"

"That's right. Call her a l-l-liar!"

"I'm not," the denial shot forth. "But she's plainly a female with about enough brains not to counsel shelter during the rainy season."

Mary Lou stiffened and mustered up a tone of competitive irony: "Naturally. Being employed on a m-magazine that g-g-ives advice on the laundering of h-handkerchiefs."

"Oh, see here, honey," the boy took a conciliatory step forward, "what I mean was that when I married——"

"When you married—" The girl drew back, unrelentingly. "But are you sure you're g-going t-to?"

JIMMY'S hand caught the back of the rattan chair in a grip that whitened the knuckles. "What do you mean, Mary Lou? Aunt Fan——"

"Aunt Fan!" A laugh graty with the threat of tears spilled out. "I'm sick of h-hearing of Aunt F-Fan! I don't believe there is such a p-person!"

"Are you saying," after a long silence, "you do not believe in the existence of Aunt Fan—that you think the whole story is a myth?"

Under the blur of brown hair the eyes wavered; but the little pointed chin shot forward. "Yes," was all she said, but this was enough, enough to uncork all those reckless phrases, those stinging sentences, with which two people who care for each other can authoritatively establish the Chinese cruelty of love. In the end Jimmy stood, very straight and white, his hat crushed in the tourniquet grip, his under lip tight in the arc of flawless teeth. And across the room, Mary Lou faced him, equally straight, with a crimson pool of color in each cheek, and a bosom that rose and fell under the guimpe of the frock modeled after 1789 in the fashion section.

"Very well, I shall go." It was the thinned voice of the boy, "And I shall come back only when you fly from that window some flag of truce, some sign——"

Words failed him then; but Mary Lou bowed her head, perhaps in acquiescence, perhaps to hide the twin tears threatening extinguishment to the fire in her cheeks. Then the door slammed.

The next morning there hung from Jimmy's window a cord with a silly pink box dangling into the courtyard below. So Mary Lou had cut the last tie that bound!

This discovery flung into the streets a boy whose opinion of women has been corroborated by Schopenhauer, Samson and practically all our men dressmakers. By evening, however, there remained no room in his heart for aught save the burning hope that the window across might frame some signal of surrender. But when he reached his room, the shade was drawn forbiddingly to the sill.

Then began weeks of misery, misery of chill nights and fevered days, when only the possibilities of the casement across made life tolerable. But gradually, when no sign appeared, this hope faded, leaving a numb, heart-breaking emptiness. Weeks passed. Then this emptiness began swarming with warm, beating desires—desire to rush to her and whisper reconstructed views on the matrimonial controversy, to serve up that logic which must be so diverting to the real-estate board and the pure-food commission—logic promulgating the superiority of crusts flavored with kisses and the havenage of each other's arms to terrapin and marble halls.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Or instead, came the resolve to write her of breaking the will or borrowing on the legacy; anything to end the silence.

But in every case, pride always shackled his feet and halted his pen. Aunt Fan a fake! This memory never failed, one might say, in letting the iron enter his soul. Until the importance of unsphering the missing legatee from mythology loomed so large that another search party was inaugurated.

This time it was a personally conducted quest whose orbit extended from the Bronx to the Battery, and took in all the probable places frequented by improbable, elderly women with long upper lips and three missing fingers. Of course in his meanderings he found several long upper lips, incomplete hands, and faces owning up to fifty birthdays; but never—alas! the parts assembled in one body. Still he persisted.

All through the summer, he lived with one eye out for Aunt Fan, so to speak, and the other on the window across. And maybe this division of attention was accountable for the fact that when queer, Oriental drapes supplanted the dear, familiar cretonne curtains, his brain failed to register the change. True, he noted a reckless fluctuation in the length of the shade from the sill, but since no other sign contributed any significance to this, he fell back into his old despair.

The strain began telling on him. He began waking with temples as searing as the hot point on the Velco iron; with nerves as taut as the handkerchief on the window-pane in the Hall-Room Tradition. Once he talked loudly to T. P. of the little blonde who had winked at him on Thirty-eighth Street, and South America, that ultimate, geographical gage of desperation, appeared frequently in his conversations.

THEN one night, when he decided he could stand the misery no longer, he came home, started to fling himself across the bed, when his eye automatically turned to the window across. Excitedly, he leaned out. It was dusk, but he could see something white floating. The flag of truce at last! Thank God! Thank God! Groping blindly for his hat, he rushed out, his feet panting time with his heart, until he reached the familiar door.

A knock evoked a muffled: "Just a moment, please," followed by a thin *hand with three fingers missing* thrust out a slit of opening.

Jimmy fell back aghast. "Isn't it the grocer-boy?" was the impatient query he heard; and his dry-throated silence opened the door upon a face with shrewd, gray eyes and a *long upper lip*—the face of a woman about fifty.

Jimmy fell back aghast. A moment of silence ensued, then the tense: "What—is—your—name—please?"

The woman stared. "May I ask what business that is of yours?" crisply. Ignoring her, the boy continued: "Is—or—was—your—name—Frances Harrow?"

The question brought the other into the hall. She was a small, wiry woman, with straggly, gray hair and an interesting, humorous, *historied* face. Two faded gray eyes narrowed into probing slits. "If I remember rightly," she remarked, "that was the name I started life with. And now, young man, who in the devil are you?"

"I'm Jimmy, Karen's son," the boy stated dully, not in the least as they do in the big scene in Act III. But Aunt Fan's reaction was highly dramatic. She dragged the hero into the window, and there studied the family betrayals of his nice young face, unbelievingly but hungrily. Recognition was sealed with a businesslike kiss—smack—on the mouth; and a husky "Little Jimmy!"

A WILD orgy of conversation ensued, in which flared forth the fact that Aunt Fan, having changed her name three times, and her habitat thirty times three, had had no tidings whatever of John Harrow's death or the testamentary complication. Though no power on earth, she protested, could ever sneak a cent into her own purse, she'd endow a home for damn fools, having always had, like Charles Lamb, a special fondness for the species, and untie in that way, the legal tangle, so that Jimmy might splurge. Interspersed in this was something of her own colorful, incredible life—a history that took in three husbands and all the one-night stands, Jimmy judged, from her casual mention of Afghanistan, Beloochistan and Turkestan. She had been, she averred, to every freak place in the world, and done every freak thing. And the boy believed her. Her zest for life had written itself into her fearless, ageless individuality.

Then she began asking questions which filled in Jimmy's background to the advent of Mary Lou. Here he was stopped by the intrusion of a giddying thought which the excitement of the situation had stifled. His little Hanky-Panky—where was she? Inquiry brought the fact of a fortnight's tenancy from Aunt Fan; and his heart grew sick with fear. So many things can happen in fourteen days. One can die or get married or return to California! Distress published itself in his face so legibly that the wiry woman forsook her chair.

"Steady now, son, steady. Here's your hat. Chase down-stairs and get this Mary Lou party's address from the janitor. Taxi out (all bills are on me), and bring her back with you. I'd join the chase, only I've got to wait for a registered letter." She pushed her nephew out of the door, and he stumbled down the stairs.

Below, a rotund person of negligible grace but a Spinoza-like brain informed Jimmy that he had reason to believe Miss Tuttle had moved to 453 West One-Hundred and Twenty-first Street, since her trunks had gone to that address and the card she left for the postman duplicated the number.

Jimmy found the place easily. It was an apartment building, and in the vestibule under an engraved card of Mrs. Helen Bertrand was inked: Mary Lou Tuttle. Jimmy rang the bell with a finger significantly wabbly, and this wabble communicated itself to his knees when the click of the lock invited him in. Up three flights he climbed weakly, and there, standing at an open door, stood—Mary Lou.

"Oh!" she breathed when she saw him, and took a step backward.

"Mary Lou!" All the unhappiness and hunger, ache and emptiness of those long months trembled in that vocable, sweeping, at last, the girl into the outstretched arms. And oh! The unforgettable felicity of reconciliation! The next half-hour grew rich in acuities of joy that made up for every pang that had gone before. Then Jimmy came to Aunt Fan.

"And, honey," he said, "you'll love her. She's a funny little thing, so short-waisted you think her belt's going to choke her to death; awfully queer clothes, and a little bark of a laugh. But a real human being, the best sport in the world. Come on, now, we'll have to beat it."

They decided to trolley down. The subway would have been quicker, of course, but there come seasons in every life in which time means nothing as compared with facility for holding hands. It was at Seventy-third Street that Mary Lou whispered:

"D-Dear, I never meant that about not b-believing in Aunt Fan at all; and I fibbed about Miss Phipps, too. She f-found the reason her Velco iron didn't work was because she had forgotten to switch the c-current on."

And then Jimmy laughed riotously, and gave the hand he was holding a tourniquet squeeze that lasted down to Washington Square.

Aunt Fan was reading her letter when they entered, but immediately she rose and folded the girl into her arms.

"Bless my heart," she said, "it's nice to know you, child." Holding her off for inspection, she mused: "Mary Lou Tuttle, eh? I ran across a Horace Tuttle once in Riga, Russia." A pause. "No. It was in Bombay, now that I come to think of it." She took off Mary Lou's hat then, and led her to a couch. "Well, what do you think of the events of the evening? Proves now that Providence has a pretty sense of dramatic values, doesn't it?"

THE query moved Mary Lou to speech. "Oh, but J-Jimmy," she murmured, "how did you h-happen to come over here? I m-mean did you—just get—l-lonesome?"

Jimmy blushed. "No. I thought you'd sent for me. I thought"—he halted questioningly—"I saw a flag of truce in the window." With brows knitted perplexedly he walked to the window, then a spurt of laughter burst from him. He wheeled. "Mary Lou!" summoned the puzzled girl to his side.

"G-goodness gracious!" Awe was in her expletive. "The Hall-Room Tradition!" and she pulled from the pane a handkerchief, one end of which unloosened, flapped flippantly in the breeze.

"THE Tourist's Battlefield Trail," by William G. Shepherd, war correspondent, will appear in the May EVERYBODY'S. Mr. Shepherd, who covered the Western front thoroughly, both during and after the World War, shows how it is possible, in a week's time, to see every important place ever mentioned in a communiqué. His advice on what to see, and how to go about it intelligently with the least waste of time and money, is invaluable to the prospective tourist, and the stay-at-home will find his illustrated article a compact guide to the high-spots of the war that mean most to Americans.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Dictated—But Not Red

A Three-Part Story

By Leavitt Ashley Knight

XIV

The Second Mount Vernon Arises, with a Few Passing Pangs.

A ROBIN twittering awoke Ira. He rolled out of bed and looked out upon long peaceful billows of rich black land.

"My country estate!" the orator intoned passionately. "The Mount Vernon of the Second American Revolution! Ah! What history is about to be made beneath this ancestral roof! What——"

A fearful clatter outside his door upset his reflections. Ira hastened into his clothes and ran out, to collide with a pail of paste. The paper-hangers were already on the job! Youths scrubbing the dingy walls. A smell of soap and glue.

Ira rubbed his hands as he went downstairs. Things were moving! Good old Uncle Ezra was the right man for the job. At the foot of the stairs he came upon a boy lugging in rugs. Out on the lawn three citizens were knee deep in a trench. Martha, a white cloth knotted around her head, was singing as she pulled out the tacks that held in place those abominable burlap bags over the parlor windows.

As she spied him, she dropped her tack hammer. "My! You must have been tired last night! It's eight o'clock! But I've got a bite for your breakfast."

"I usually get up a little before eight," Ira said stiffly. He mustn't allow his servants to criticize his acts. He stepped out into the atrocious dining-room. The table was gone, and two men were strenuously scraping away the last vestiges of the eye-racking wall-paper. Martha motioned him out into the kitchen and set before him the "bite" she had been saving: a mere matter of three fat mutton chops, half a dozen fried potatoes, a sadly dented pewter coffee-pot with barely four cups of coffee in it, half a comb of dark honey, and a loaf of her wonderful bread.

"If that isn't enough, you can fish something or other out of the ice-box," said she. "I've got to get that parlor cleared before Ezra gets here with the furniture man——"

"He's gone to town already?" Ira gaped.

"Already?" Martha laughed roundly. "Aren't you New-Yorkers funny though! He left after breakfast—about six o'clock. You ought to see what he got done last night. You've done him good, Ira. He's chipperer than I've seen him for years. Goes around whistling and laughing to himself."

Off she flitted, humming happily, while Ira assailed the chops. Wonderful chops! Amazing coffee! She certainly knew her business, Martha did! And happy with her lot. No yearning for Higher Things. She had hitched her wagon to a broom.

Ira laid down his fork and carefully jotted this happy phrase in his red book.

A terrific howling of dogs again

THE STORY SO FAR

THE story opens with a Bolshevist meeting in Union Square to celebrate the release from arrest of Ira M. Cummins, the brilliant young Red orator, Man of Mystery. Nothing is known of Cummins, whose dress and bearing have gained him the reputation of a man of wealth. He is really a farm boy who came to town with a capital of three hundred dollars, lent him by little Martha Mattison, to found a school of oratory. He is now a haberdasher's salesman.

The Reds, Ivan Morgolsky, Georg Burin and the beautiful Sophie Delatour, are trying to get Cummins into their clutches, capitalize his free advertising, and make him leader of the Revolution. They plan to meet him at a cheap café, but he avoids them, and goes secretly to his boarding-house, where he receives at the same time "notice" from his landlady and a letter from his uncle making him a present of the farm.

Before leaving town to take possession, Cummins holds a consultation with his "arrangements committee" Sophie, Burin and Morgolsky, and asks them to visit him at his "estate" in a week to discuss their plans. He takes Sophie to lunch and she, now quite convinced of his wealth, makes violent love to him and tries to persuade him to marry her at once. They are joined by Cummins's rich young friend Trevison, "The Bituminous Boob," who has given and collected considerable money for the Cause, and who is greatly attracted by Sophie.

Cummins then leaves for the farm, which he has planned to make the "Mount Vernon of the Second American Revolution," and is appalled to find how much has to be done to make it live up to the word "estate." Martha Mattison is acting as his Uncle Ezra's housekeeper, and Ezra himself, who is comfortably off as the owner of "Little Marvel" Spavin Cure, proves to be shrewd and capable. Ira appoints him Business Manager to the Cause.

Thump! Thump! And in swooped Ezra, his arms loaded with bundles, and a fat, pie-faced Pillsburger hard on his heels. Old Miffins the furniture dealer! The same old Miffins who, five years ago, laughed scornfully at the then unknown Ira M. Cummins when he applied for a job as clerk. The same Miffins who had said: "We don't need a bellows in our business, boy."

IRA'S gorge rose. The Lord had delivered Miffins into his hands. He would give the fellow a jolt. He'd teach him the danger of scoffing at the Rising Generation.

"Here he is, Miffins!" Ezra roared. "The first great man in the Cummins tribe! He's chosen this old homestead as National Headquarters for his big political campaign. He's made me Business Manager, ain't you?"

Ira bowed gravely, one eye on the contemptible Miffins, who blinked with awe.

"Now, we've got some mighty big people coming here in a couple of days," Ezra ran on. "And we've got to fix the house up slick. Now, my nephew's got some ideas about how the rooms ought to be furnished. I want you to get them straight from him. You know, Ira, all about making this a sort of second Mount Vernon."

Ira ate on in meditative silence while Miffins shifted his stance and tried to look pleasant and salesmanlike.

"I've got some dandy curly maple veneer bedroom sets," he ventured. "And I've got an imitation walnut——"

"Are you familiar with the furniture of Mount Vernon?" Ira asked casually.

"N-no," Miffins stammered.

"I'm afraid we can not talk business then." Ira pressed his lips. "Nothing but Mount Vernon furnishings would be appropriate here. I dare say I can telephone to New York for them, though——"

"Now, Mr. Cummins," Miffins grew afraid. "If you'll just tell me what this Mount Vernon style is like, I'll look it up right away."

"But you can not deliver it within forty-eight hours, my good fellow." Ira smiled sorrowfully and stripped the last shred of succulence from chop No. 3.

"Now just give me a chance," begged Miffins. "Once I know what's wanted, I can tell you——"

"It's quite impossible that a third-rate country store could fill the order." Ira stabbed another potato. "Really, I should have told my uncle to wire New York——"

"There's a chance, I think," Miffins pulled out a pencil, "that I can pick it up somehow. And I'll give you a special rock-bottom price——"

"The price doesn't interest me, if the furniture is right." Ira waved a petulant hand. "I don't see why I should waste time, though, with you, sir. I——"

"Now, see here, Mr. Cummins," Miffins cried, "I'll let you know inside of three hours if I can pick them up for you——"

"And deliver them inside of forty-eight hours?" Ira added.

"And deliver inside of forty-eight hours—or not at all," Miffins agreed.

Ira smiled. His hour of revenge had arrived. He would set his insulter at work to achieve the impossible. Miffins would chase after Mount Vernon goods; he might even be fool enough to take a train to Albany. If he would only be idiot enough to think he'd found something right and then try to deliver within the time limit! He'd lose a pretty penny.

"Very well, take your three hours," Ira conceded. "As for a list of the furniture, you'd better see my housekeeper."

"Oh!" Miffins's awe deepened. "Now, where is she?"

"IN THE parlor. Step right through."

"Now, Ira," said Ezra, as Ira laughed at the back of the disappearing Miffins. "I ought to report to you about what I'm doing. I don't want to make any fool blunders. Got time to hear me now?"

"Proceed," Ira gestured magnificently.

Ezra produced a closely scribbled paper. "Now, first thing I got at last night was the bathroom, and running water upstairs and down——"

"Excellent," Ira declared.

"Now, I had to get Murphy the plumber to take his five men off another job, and that'll cost a leetle extra—but we've got to pay the price of a rush job, ain't we?"

"My dear uncle, that's understood

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Between you and me, boy, there's a peck of money in it. I can make a large-size bottle for eight cents and sell it wholesale for a dollar-ten, and retail for two dollars net!"

Anything to get things ready by Saturday noon before my Committee arrives."

"You're in luck, boy! I found a new gas-engine right in town, all ready to set up and pump water into the new bathroom. Then I grabbed the last two hundred feet of galvanized iron pipe in town. It's fierce getting it on order these days—have to wait three and four months for delivery. So I didn't mind paying a leetle premium for the lot. Then I dropped in on Pete Larkinson—remember him? He's editor of the Pillsburg *Advance*——"

Ira stiffened. How could he forget that low scribe who, five years ago, had thrown into the waste-basket that summary Ira had so carefully drawn of his valedictory on The Duties of the Rising Generation? Pete must be taught a lesson.

"WELL, I told him what you were doing, and that probably we'd have a lot of campaign printing. And if he wanted a whack at it, he'd better give you a rousing fine write-up in the *Advance* to-morrow. And he's going to."

"That's good," Ira had to assent. Maybe, after all, he could use this fellow Larkinson.

"Now Pete says I should fetch him down a copy of your platform."

"Platform?" Ira opened his eyes.

"Yes. He says he'll print it entire on the front page."

"Why—er—" Ira hesitated. "As to my platform, I—er—have been far too busy to draw it up as yet——"

"What?" Ezra meditatively snapped dust out of his spotted gray hat. "You've got some sort of statement of principles pressing, and you have much still to do. ciples and aims and all that put together?"

"Only my public speeches," Ira insisted.

"But those that I read in the newspapers," Ezra went on, "weren't what you'd call a platform. You just sailed in and cussed the plutocrats and said the common people would have to get together, didn't you?"

"Yes, I was attempting to rouse the public from its apathy." Ira didn't like the way his uncle's blue eye and mottled right eye were inspecting him. And the ghost of a smile that haunted those tight poker-face lips gave him an inexplicable chill. "It seems to me, Uncle, that the platform can wait a while."

"H'm. Why, so it can, boy. All things can wait in this world, except foolishness." Ezra chafed his knobby chin. "But—well, what gets me is this: how the dickens did those rich folks down in New York ever come to give you so much money before they knew your platform?"

"But, my dear uncle," Ira smiled. "They know what I propose to do. I propose to abolish the horrible inequalities under which the mass of mankind have been groaning for ages. I propose to arrange matters so that every honorable man in the country shall have his own vine and fig-tree."

His uncle scratched his curly hair. "But, darn it all, how are you going to do it? There's ways and ways of turning the trick. Now we old Populists figured that we'd do it by——"

"Excuse me, uncle." Ira spoke sternly. "But we'd better run through the rest of your report. The work around the house; We'll take up this platform when my friends get here Saturday."

"I guess you're right, boy." Ezra yielded. "There is a heap to do. But I just want to say this. You're a lot smarter man than I gave you credit for being, boy, if you talked those rich folks into handing over sixty-five hundred dollars on sight unseen."

HE TOOK up his sheet of paper again and told about the wall-paper he had bought, the rugs, the wicker chairs for the porches, a tea-table, ten pairs of lace curtains, a washing-machine—Martha declared she'd simply have to have one, with all the extra towels and napkins and so on to clean——

Ira lost interest in the droning recital of these petty details. He thanked his stars that Destiny had given him a helper who enjoyed pottering over such homely trifles. What a bore it would have been if the leader himself had been obliged to spend his days and nights chasing around a sleepy village hunting up gas-engines, looking over rugs, haggling with paper-hangers! Ugh! Honorable toil, of course! Very! Far be it from the leader of the Common People to belittle their drudgery. It was very necessary work. Here was a striking proof of its value. The very cause of the Common People depended, oddly enough, upon the Common People doing that drudgery.

If somebody didn't chase around after gas-engines and pumps, and paw over rugs in a store, and haggle with paper-hangers, there could be no suitable Headquarters! Without Headquarters there could be no efficient central organization; and without

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that, how could the Cause of the Common People ever make headway?

As one of Ira's predecessors, the well-known A. Lincoln, once remarked: "The Lord must have loved the Common People, he made so many of them." But there was more to it than A. Lincoln saw. The younger leader penetrated more deeply. He perceived the Lord had made millions of plain folks because there was so much plain work to be done, for the sake of Human Progress.

For every leader there must be hundreds, even thousands, of rank and file. Without vision, the people perish; but without people, the vision of the leader remains forever a futile dream.

Ah! There was a profound thought! Ira got out his red note-book and jotted down this gem. And then he caught the run of his uncle's dronings again.

"Seems to me we ought to save a dollar wherever we can," Ezra was saying.

"Yes, yes." Ira yawned. Doubtless the old codger had a pinch-penny scheme for wholesale rates from the grocer, or——

"I can save $115.45 if you're agreeable," said Ezra, running a pencil point up a column on his paper. "I get two to five per cent. discount for cash on these items. So if you'll give me a check, I'll settle when I go to town this afternoon."

"Yes, indeed." Ira arose. "That amount is well worth saving."

"Right, my boy. In these days of awful war prices, we ought to take advantage of every economy. Make the check out for $1,488.50, and leave it on my desk in the little parlor. I've got to run down cellar now and fix up some Little Marvel. Got another order in this morning——"

"How much did you say?" Ira choked.

Ezra repeated the figure and strode off to the cellar. When Ira came out of his trance, the thumping of the plumbers in the front hall, the scraping of the paper-hangers' ladders, the chatting of Martha with the upholsterer's boy in the parlor, all became a degree less melodious than they had been. Headquarters was running into money faster than he had reckoned. No, that wasn't it. Truth was, he hadn't reckoned. He had plunged ahead.

THE Cause simply must have Headquarters. Sophie had approved the plan, Annabel Hicks was keen for those week-end conferences. Uncle Ezra had declared the move the shrewdest thing Ira had done. And it was the way of sound business, after all. Look at Bowes & Cravath! Hadn't they often allowed their outside salesmen fifty dollars a month for dinners and theatre, to amuse young swells and hold their trade? Hadn't old Bowes allowed Ira a hundred dollars to blow in on Trevison once?

"I say unto you—" Ira suddenly saw himself before a colossal throng. "If it takes a thief to catch a thief, it requires the commercial cunning of the plutocrats to crush plutocracy." (Applause.)

"If Bowes & Cravath squander ten thousand a year for a roof to shelter the cravats of the Idle Rich, how much may the Emancipator of Mankind spend for a roof to shelter his Cause?" (Voice from the audience: "Millions!")

"If——"

The audience melted into nothingness. The orator was in the kitchen again, and a workman was asking him rudely to step aside so that he could lug a ladder past. Ira stalked to his room and wrote his first check, for $1,488.50. He scanned its portentous numerals all the way down-stairs.

"I must stop worrying over costs," said he to his soul. "I am doing big things in a big way. This is no time for haggling. What is a mere fourteen hundred dollars or so in a World Movement? A mere street-car ticket on the Road to Progress."

"Ira, Miffins got my book all right, and he says he thinks he can get them."

The leader looked up somewhat confused. Martha was smiling at him, a dust-cloth over one strong forearm and a funny little smudge of grime on the tip of her nose.

"Them? Them?" Ira knitted his brows.

"The Mount Vernon furniture," Martha explained. "And now, Ira, there's a lovely old rag carpet up in the attic that will be sweet in the up-stairs hall——"

"H'm." Ira turned away, to resume his meditations on the World Movement.

"Miffins says rag rugs'll match Mount Vernon stuff beautifully," Martha went on unperturbed. "Now about Uncle Ezra's room. We ought to put the same kind of curtains in his windows as in the other bedrooms, don't you think?"

"Do anything you please," Ira mumbled.

"Oh, but I'd much rather do as you please." The girl gleamed softly. "It's your party, you know——"

"I can not be bothered with these petty details," Ira scowled. "I must give all my attention to larger matters. It is your duty to look after household affairs. That's what you're paid for."

"Oh!" Her back stiffened. "I—never thought—" Then she bit off her words and stormed off.

IRA smiled as he sauntered into the fixed-up parlor. Simple Martha! Coming to him, as he was meditating over the destiny of millions of human beings, and discussing rag carpets for the up-stairs hall! Imagine the President of the United States being summoned to discuss with the janitor of the White House as to where the waste-baskets should be placed in the various rooms! Confound it all! The ordinary mind simply can not grasp the immense gulf that separates common people from leaders!

"Poor Martha! Once a Cow, always a Cow!" He shook his head in kindly sorrow. "She means well. Jolly hard worker, enthusiastic, and a corking cook. But simply not a manager. No more like Sophie than night is like day! Sophie must find us a first-class housekeeper at once. I'll keep Martha as cook."

Ira gagged. A horrible odor suddenly cut the tender membranes of his nose like a knife. He gasped for air, but there was none. The room, the whole house had been mysteriously invaded by a Hunnish poison gas. Blindly he rushed for the open air and was swept along in a pellmell of choking workmen.

The crowd gathered shakily on the front lawn, strangling, coughing and wiping tears from their cheeks. In a minute, from the rear cellar door emerged Uncle Ezra, a wad of absorbent cotton over his face.

"Darn it!" said he. "First time I ever dropped that bottle! Getting old, I guess. It's fierce stuff when it gets loose. Never mind, boys. It'll be gone in a minute."

"Oh, Little Marvel!" laughed a plumber, and the crowd snickered.

Ira followed his uncle back to the cellar

Mr. Jones, solid citizen and Secret Service agent, listened attentively, while Ira, in the brief space of an hour and twenty minutes, surveyed his own life and the great days that were to come.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

gingerly, determined to learn what pestilence was loose in Headquarters. They groped past a score of vinegar barrels and came to a long bench under a window, an array of crocks with tin funnels in them, hundreds of tiny bottles in open boxes beneath the bench and all around the room, and upon the floor a blackish puddle where something had been spilt. The walls were plastered with chromos of horses and horses' legs in various stages of malformation. A number of pictures bore the legend: "Before Using," while some others were inscribed "After Using." There lingered an obnoxious air of onions, iodoform, asafœtida, arnica, red pepper, vinegar.

"This here's my laboratory." Ezra waved proudly. "I make it all here."

"You make that spavin cure yourself? Here?" Ira stared at him.

"I SURE do! And, between you and me, my boy," Ezra tapped Ira's chest in a confidential way, "I can build up a neat little business with the stuff. It's good. You ought to see the letters farmers have written me about it. Why! If I was thirty years younger, I'd get out on the road and sell Little Marvel by the carload, I would. But, Ira, your poor old uncle's always behind the times. I never discovered how to make Little Marvel cheaply enough till a few years ago. And now I'm too old to go at selling it on a big scale. You know—" the old fellow leaned against Ira's ear—"I sort o' had a hankering to get a spry young chap like you. He would go out on the road and sell it at county fairs and to small-town drug-stores and the like. Between you'n me, boy, there's a peck of money in it. I can make a large-size bottle for eight cents. And I sell it wholesale for a dollar-ten, and retail for two dollars net! Why! If you was to hustle around and sell it, Ira, in no time you'd pay off Martha what you owe her ——"

"Really?" Ira stiffened. Up bobbed that accursed debt again! "Well, if I didn't have more important matters to attend to, Uncle, I'd like to do it."

He strode back to the front lawn. How embarrassing to live under the same roof with a domestic servant to whom you owed three hundred dollars! With interest! He looked wildly around. There stood the old barn jammed with hay and straw. There cackled a hundred white pullets under the wagon shed. Ha! Destiny whispered! Sell hay, straw, pullets, and pay off Martha!

Immensely relieved, he mounted to his bedroom and sprayed his throat, uttered, ten times each, the well-known vowels of our mother tongue variously intoned from throat, chest, and diaphragm; then he rummaged through his effects and found his rough draft of "The Dirt Cure."

He scanned this minutely. It must be put in shape at once for publication. He had promised his Arrangements Committee to do so. There remained considerable labor to be done. For, as we all know, there is a wide variance between the spoken and the written word. This variance was unduly conspicuous in the rough draft. All the stage directions had been entered in the text, thus:

"My friends—*pause* 5 *counts*—how did it happen that a mere handful of plutocrats—*scornful*—managed to enslave the masses of mankind in this iniquitous eco-

"Hold on, you!" Sophie showed her pretty tiger teeth at Ezra. "Don't you meddle with our affair."

nomic system under which we all groan today?—*pause* 10 *counts*, *gesture* 18, *advance* 1 *step*—I shall tell you how—*pause* 5 *counts—right to left and back*—Those conscienceless scoundrels succeeded in their infamy only because the ordinary man is honorable and trustful. —*Shift from chest to diaphragm slowly— step back—gesture* 11, 31, 24—They succeeded only because you and I and our friends—*point right, left, center on pronouns*—go about our honest daily tasks. . . . "

And so on.

The leader of the Second American Revolution sat down to translate this into English. But the environment was hostile to intellectual effort. Two paper-hangers were whistling away across the hall, one rendering "The Yanks Are Coming" while the other delivered "Throw out the Life Line." Then there was that appalling pungency of the Spavin Cure which hung about the room. The frightful fumes penetrated to the very core of one's brain and stirred themselves into one's thoughts.

Ira arose in wrath, and turned to the most closely allied duty of the day. He brought forth from a valise his pink-plush box, "Every Man His Own Manicure," and went to work at his nails. That consumed three-quarters of an hour. A pair of robin's-egg-blue silk socks next commanded his attention. There was a tiny hole in one toe. He found his Bachelor's Friend, the mechanical sock darner, and drove the machine at high speed. In the midst of this labor, a brazen bell clanged down-stairs, and the paper-hangers and carpenters and plumbers all dropped their tools and scuffled off.

Dinner! Ira hurried to the dining-room. It was a litter of paste and clippings and glue smells. He thrust his nose cautiously through the door that led to the kitchen. There, around the pine table, swarmed fifteen or more grimy, sweaty laborers, gossiping, laughing loudly, and jollying Martha, who was heaping platters on the table and jollying her jolliers back, tit for tat. Ira retreated to the front porch and pondered. Doubtless Uncle Ezra and he would be served on the porch. There was a little table there. It would be right pleasant, with the sunny air and the birds singing and——

"Oh, here you are! Come on! Grub's on the table."

MARTHA leaned through the door and waved the corner of her white apron at him. Her smile was rosier than ever before, for the glow of the oven was in it. Her bare arms shone, and for the first time Ira noticed a funny little coaxing twist of her head, the very same twist that she used to give to it years ago, when she strolled up, after school, and said in her placid way: "Oh, is that you, Ira? I'm going home now. Are you coming my way?"

Ira suppressed this agreeable memory. It was a time to be stern. He must impress upon this servant girl that a man of his standing does not herd with day laborers in the kitchen.

"I shall eat out here on the porch," he announced curtly.

"I won't have time to tend two tables—"

"That is your affair, my good woman, not mine." Ira inspected his nails.

"Oh!" She said it oddly and fled.

Ira endeavored to analyze that "Oh!" It was most baffling. There was surprise in it. And a hint of wrath. No, not wrath exactly. Perhaps injured dignity. Simple-minded people were always standing on their dignity. The less real dignity they have, the more strenuously they try to stand on such as they have. If she——

A plumber came up bearing a monstrous platter and set it down on the little table. "She's too busy to fetch it," said he shortly.

"My eye!" Ira gasped. Two mighty pork chops, a deep saucepan of creamed onions with a rich yellow scum of melted

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

butter, macaroni caked with golden cheese oven-browned, a tin tea-pot, and——

"Oh, say!" Ira shouted. A pie. He was bulging his eyes at a pie. Or *was* it a pie, after all? No, it wasn't a pie. It was a boy's dream. It was a vision of unfulfilled desire. It was the stuff that dreams are made of, when a boy dreams that he is shipwrecked in the middle of a raging ocean of custard and has to eat his way to shore. This custard pie was as deep as the wells of Hunger. Its surface was a mirrored sunset sky in which the orb of day vanished below a glowing sea of strictly fresh eggs. Flecked with clouds of the most delicate sugary brown was this reflected dome of heaven. And all around the luscious sea ran promontories of crumbly pie-crust.

"My soul!" Ira sniffed daintily. Then, in solitary grandeur, he proceeded to eat.

FROM the distant kitchen came the faint clatter of steel knives against nicked china and the rough babble of toilers. Ira munched a slab of a chop and sighed in perfect contentment. It was well with the world—and the Cause. Things were being properly ordered and arranged at last. A place for everybody, and everybody in his place. That would make an excellent motto for the new state which would rise out of the second American Revolution. How richly it summed up the quintessence of justice! And convenience too! A place for everybody—no more wretches sleeping on park benches, no more fifteen-dollar-a-week clerks selling ten-dollar cravats to Bituminous Boobs! A little land, a home, a small garden, and a living wage from the state for everybody. And then, everybody in his place! The leader would lead. The plain folk would follow. In pleasant towns, planted with elms and maples, the well-meaning millions of limited intelligence would live their little lives, go to movies, play baseball, chew gum, crack their primitive jokes, and all that. And far from these madding crowds would dwell the great, solitary minds in the eerie fastnesses of their Andean intellects——

The eerie fastnesses of their Andean intellects! Ah!

Ira laid down his fork with trembling hand, got out his red note-book, and jotted down that poignant phrase.

They would dwell apart, the mighty geniuses would! Not because they selfishly wished to live aloof. No, but because it would be best for All. How could they ever bring to fruition their epochal thoughts if they had to herd with the Herd? What would the immortal Demosthenes have accomplished had he been obliged to eat in the kitchen with plumbers and paper-hangers? How could Julius Cæsar have beaten the crude congeries of barbarians into that monument, the Roman Empire, if his housekeeper had stuck her nose through his door every few minutes and asked him how she should arrange the furniture in the bedrooms?

"A place for everybody, and everybody in her place!" Ira nodded at the macaroni dish. "Martha is a good soul. I shall not discourage her. I shall keep her in the kitchen. I will explain to my Beloved that we must be very kind to Martha——"

Those three hundred dollars bobbed up like frayed ghosts. It was not diplomatic to be under obligations to one's cook. She must be paid off at once. He would sell off the farm supplies at once.

Half an hour later, the leader of the Second American Revolution was tramping languidly up to the big red barn. The sun was very hot, the air still. June was on its torrid way. A quiver of heat was rising from the roads. Ira felt incredibly comfortable and, well, sort of solid. Not at all like ninety-nine pounds of exempt skin and bones. Odd, but the third slice of that custard pie had worked like chloroform. His lids sagged in a most delicious drowsiness, as he waddled into the refreshing shadows of the barn floor. The mighty stack of last year's straw on the right of the floor towering to the immense oaken cross-beams, became the object of his profound contemplation. There must be thousands of pounds of straw there. Fine bedding, straw! For horses and cows. And by George! It looked like pretty good bedding for man too.

Ira decided to see how it felt to lie down on it. He hauled himself up, tearing his trousers on a nail in the barn wall. He flung himself down. The dusk under the rafters was soothing.

XV

The Revolution is Now Fully Equipped.

A GUTTURAL coughing of asthmatic leviathans shook the barn. The leader of the Second American Revolution sat up dizzily. He slid off the straw stack and peered into the bright day. Down the road beside the house stood two giant motor-vans.

"Now what's up?" Ira mumbled, as he looked at his watch, which, to his consternation, announced half-past four.

He strolled curiously down to the vans. Out popped the detestable Miffins.

"You're the luckiest man in seven states!" he hurrahed. "I telephoned Albany. Got a specialist in Colonial furniture there, and he told me about a storage warehouse where they had, all crated and tucked away, more than half the goods she told me to get——"

"She?" Ira wabbled.

"Why, Martha Mattison." Miffins rubbed his hands. "I got a wonderful bargain for you, Mr. Cummins. I've saved you five hundred dollars. The specialist happened to know the goods had been there more'n a year, and the owners were sick of paying storage on them. I got the stuff for a song. You see, the market for Colonial has sort o' smashed anyhow. It ain't the style any more down in New York——"

"Um. I see." Ira fixed a slumbrous eye on an enormous four-poster bed around which Martha was capering.

"And I saved five hundred by paying spot cash." Miffins confided in triumph. "'Tisn't every dealer around Pillsburg who could do that on a big order like this, Mr. Cummins——"

"H'm." Ira's glance was vacant. This business of teaching Miffins a lesson hadn't worked out as he had planned. Who could have guessed that Mount Vernon furniture could have been picked up within eight hours? Or that this contemptible shrimp Miffins could have paid cash for it? Miffins, who was always chewing a cinnamon toothpick in his doorway down in Main Street and dusting off the golden-oak chairs in his show-window? This fellow must be a secret plutocrat. Well, if he was, the Second American Revolution would take care of him and his hoard! Miffins had won for the moment. But his hour would come!

"Er—what does the bill come to?" Ira essayed the utmost indifference.

As Miffins slowly fished three long sheets of paper from his pocket, Martha came running up, her face shining. "Those dear old banjo clocks!" She seized Ira's arm impulsively. "Oh, it's too wonderful! And the big gilt mirrors, and the solid mahogany tables! Why, Ira! This'll be the loveliest house in the state."

Miffins laughed at her sparkling eyes. "You're right, Martha. Whoever hit on the idea of putting Mount Vernon furniture in this house had an artist's eye. It'll be stunning. Why, people'll drive over here Sundays to see the place. Now, Mr. Cummins: These two van loads total—h'm—yes, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven dollars. The third one, that'll be here to-morrow afternoon, won't run as high—probably not more'n a thousand dollars, I'd say."

"You—er—" Ira's throat didn't function with its usual fluency. "You—er—say that my uncle said he'd pay spot cash?"

Miffins looked at him queerly and said not a word.

"Yes, of course." Ira gulped and produced his check-book. Miffins was ready with a fountain pen. And the second check in the book was written.

"Motor-trucks sure have changed business," Miffins dilated effusively. He produced a magnificent cigar and tendered it to Ira, who took it, not to smoke, but to get all he could out of Miffins. "And the long-distance phone! I'd never tried to handle such a big rush order in the old days with a team and letter-writing——"

Ira stalked off to the house. He wasn't in any mood to hear how Modern Science had aided Miffins. Modern Science was an invention of the plutocrats anyhow—to help them get richer and squeeze the little fellows——

HE NEVER rounded off this new thought. For up chugged an automobile piloted by a grinning colored citizen, and in the back seat, chewing licorice-root, the Business Manager of the Second American Revolution.

"You're in luck again, boy!" Ezra whooped. "Billy Pennington's almost-new car. And Billy gone to war, and the old man sold it to you for only sixty cents on the dollar——"

"To me? But—I don't need—I can't afford a car!" Ira glared wildly at the long, low seven-passenger beauty.

"Got to have a car these days, boy," Ezra insisted. "We're three miles out in the country, and you're going to entertain the leading thinkers of America out here. Gosh! You ain't going to leave them walk out, are you?"

"Er—why, no. But——"

"Well then, are you going to have Martha hitch up my horse and drive down with the old surrey and pack six or seven prominent citizens into it and jolt them over miles of hot road?"

"Well, maybe they could hire a car—or I could—" Ira weakened.

(*Continued on page 102*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Story of Hoover

By Vernon Kellogg

III

CHINA, LONDON AND THE REST OF THE WORLD

Lou Henry, the girl of the geology class, afterward Mrs. Hoover.

Hoover in 1903, at twenty-nine, with a world reputation as mining engineer.

This is the third of five articles in which Vernon Kellogg—one of Hoover's closest personal friends and active assistant in all his war undertakings—tells what sort of man Hoover is, the romantic story of the years of constructive work that lay back of his world-famous war achievements, and the secrets of his more and more notable success as a leader of men and women. The preceding articles described his boyhood struggles, his college days and his spectacular youthful success as a mining engineer. The next will deal with his work in organizing the famous Belgian Relief.

WHEN Chang Yen Mow, the new head of the new Department of Mines of the new Chinese Government, began to look about for a foreigner who should know much about mines and be honest, and who would therefore be a fit man to occupy the new post of Director-General of Mines, he bethought himself of an English group of mining men with whom he had once had some business relations. The principal expert adviser of this group had been the man who was now the head of the great London mining firm for which Herbert Hoover was working, and working very successfully, in West Australia. Chang applied to this group for a recommendation of a suitable man for him. Herbert Hoover was named and Chang Yen Mow, acting on the recommendation, offered the place to the youthful Quaker engineer, and the competent and confident young man of twenty-four, always ready for the newer, bigger thing, promptly accepted it.

On to a Bigger Job

IN TWO weeks after the cable offer and answer, a feverish fortnight devoted to a rapid clearing up of things in Australia, Hoover was on his way to London, to report personally to his employers about their own affairs as well as to get some information about the new undertaking. He wanted to find out before he got to China, if he could, something of what would be expected of a Director-General of Mines of the Chinese Empire. Perhaps he had in mind the possible necessity of "getting up" a little special knowledge about Chinese mines and mining ways before he tackled his new job, just as he had got up enough physiology in twenty-four hours to help get him into Stanford University, and enough typewriting in a week-end to fit him for an entrance into Louis Janin's office in San Francisco.

So after two weeks in the metropolis, eight or nine days on the Atlantic, two or three in New York, and five on the transcontinental trains, he found himself again in California and ready to make from there his second start to the far-away lands from which his loudest calls seemed to come—ready, that is, except for one thing.

He was now, let us remember, at this beginning of the year 1899, not yet twenty-five years old, not that by half a year, indeed, and a half year could mean, as we have already seen, a great deal in Herbert Hoover's life. And he was a boy-man with a record of achievement already behind him, and a position already in his hands of much responsibility and opportunity. So he declared that the time had now come for the carrying out of the decision he had made in his college days of three years before. It was the little matter, you will promptly guess, and guess correctly, of marrying the girl of the geology department.

He arrived in San Francisco the first of February, 1899. He spent the next few days in Monterey, "the old Pacific capital" of Stevenson's charming sketch, but of chief interest to Hoover as the place where Lou Henry lived. And here he was married at noon of Friday, February tenth. At two o'clock they left for San Francisco, and at noon the next day sailed for the empire of China.

Into the sleepy, half-Mexican, historic town on the curving sands of the shores of the blue Bay of Monterey this swift, breathlessly swift, boy-engineer had come from distant Australia, by way of Marseilles and London, had clutched up the beautiful daughter of the respected town banker, and was now carrying her off to distant China, where she was to live in all the state becoming the wife of the Director-General of Mines of the Celestial Empire.

The Honeymoon

IT WAS a bit too much for the old Pacific capital, which, of course, would hardly know—because she did not tell it—that the sudden appearance of the meteor bridegroom had been preceded by astronomical warnings to the prospective bride, of the nature of electric messages that came first from Australia, and then from other places along the yet unseen meteor's path. So there are solemn residents there to-day who shake their heads seriously when you remind them of this incident, and are inclined to suggest that nobody could be completely married in any such time and manner. Anyway, it wasn't quite fair to the town, which tries to maintain old Mexican traditions that go back to Spain of a full assortment of festivities incident to any proper marrying.

The hurrying couple at least had time for breath-taking—and honeymoon—when once on board ship. For it is a month's voyaging from San Francisco to China, or at least was then. They had for seat-mates at table Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, and wife, which was the beginning of a friendship that still endures. And there were, for other interesting companions, a secretary of our legation at Peking and his wife, and a quaint missionary pair who may or may not have survived the Boxer massacres.

The work in China was at first rather simple. Mines, of course, there were, and had been for uncounted centuries. But what was needed by the new department was some sort of survey of the mineral resources and mining possibilities of the empire, and a tentative framing of a code

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The smelter of the Kyshtin mines in Central Russia, one of the great industrial enterprises reorganized by Hoover, who historic establishment upon which a suffering and hopeless laboring population

of mining laws, so that the new development of the mines of the country which Chang hoped to initiate could be carried on to best advantage, and in such a way that private enterprise could participate in it.

For centuries the mines had been crown property, and the ruler had simply let them out directly or through the viceroys, for either a stipulated annual rental or for as much "squeeze" as could be wrung from the lessees in any of several various ways. And there had to be some rental or squeeze for each of the many officials that could get within arm's length of the mining business. The tenure of the use of the mines by the lessees was usually simply the period of the continued satisfaction of the lessor.

The Chinese Mines

ALL this had not made for any extensive new opening up of the country's resources, or for the scientific development of the mines already long known. One could not afford to put much capital into prospecting or into modernizing the mining methods when each improvement simply meant either more rent or squeeze, or the giving up of the mine. So the ores were mined and the metals extracted from them by the miners according to the methods of their ancestors as far back as history or tradition went, and it was all done under a set of mining laws as primitive as the mining methods themselves.

There were enormous possibilities of improvement. It would have been hard for any mining engineer to do anything at all to the situation without improving it. For Hoover, with his technical education in metallurgical processes, his experiences in handling various and difficult mining situations and his genius for organizing and systematizing, the opportunity was simply unique. He plunged into the work of examining and planning and codifying with the zest of a naturalist in an unexplored jungle. In the daytime he made his examinations; at night he studied the mining laws of all time and all the world.

He built up a staff as rapidly as it could be put together and correlated with the tasks before it. He had sent in advance for two of his most able and dependable associates in Western Australia, Agnew, a mill expert, and Newberry, a metallurgist, son of a distinguished geologist and mineralogist, and both of them devoted to "the Chief." That was Hoover's *sobriquet* among his early mining associates; just as it was later in his various offices; and as it was still later among the members of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and the Food Administration and the American Relief Administration. He has just naturally been "the Chief" among his coworkers and associates from the beginning. It is significant.

His Caucasian staff of perhaps a dozen was greatly overshadowed in number by his Chinese staff, composed chiefly of semi-technical assistants, draftsmen, surveyors' assistants, interpreters, etc. A few of the Chinese helpers had had foreign training; there was one from Yale, for example, and another from Rose Polytechnic; this latter so devoted to American baseball that he was greatly disappointed in the new Director of Mines when he found the latter was not a baseball player. But he thought better of him when he learned that the director had at least managed his college team.

The staff had its headquarters in Tientsin, where were also the principal laboratories for the mineralogists, assayers and chemists. Some of the men gave their time to the technical work, and others were engaged in collecting and correlating everything that had been published in the foreign languages about the geology and mines of China, while Chinese scholars hunted down and translated into English all that had been printed in the Chinese literature.

Lord High Director

BUT the director and most of his immediate experienced assistants were chiefly occupied with the exploring expeditions into the interior, and the examination of the old mines and new prospects. Especially did some immediate attention have to be given to the mines already being actually worked, for the Minister let it be known that he expected the new director to pay the way of the department as soon as possible from the increased proceeds of the mines which were to arise from the magic touch of the foreign experts.

These expeditions were elaborate affairs, contrasting strangely with Hoover's earlier experiences in America and Australia. The Chinese majordomo in charge insisted that the make-up and appearance of the outfit should reflect the high estate of the Director of Mines, so that every movement involved the organization of a veritable caravan of ponies, mules, carts, men on foot, and sedan-chairs carried by coolies These chairs were for the director and his wife, who, however, would not use them, preferring saddle-horses. But the proud manager of the expedition insisted that they be carried along empty, to show the admiring populace that, even if the strange foreign potentates amazingly preferred to ride in a rather common way on horseback, they

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

not only built the elaborate works and the entire new village, where over 7,000 people were housed, but rehabilitated an of 170,000 Russians in an area as large as Belgium were dependent for their support.

could at least *afford* to have sedan-chairs.

Imagine a prospecting outfit in the California Sierras or the Western Australian bush with sedan-chairs! And there were cooks and valets and cot beds and folding chairs and tents and bed curtains and charcoal stoves and an array of pans and pots like Oscar's in the Waldorf kitchens, and often a cavalry guard, superfluous but insistent, and always hungry, of twenty-five to fifty men. Whether the expedition found any mines or not it was at least an impressive object-lesson to the Celestial myriads that the new Imperial Department of Mines knew how to hunt for them in proper style. When some foreigner asked one of the interpreters of the cavalcade why such an elaborate outfit was considered necessary, the answer was: "Mr. Hoover is such important man to my country we can not let him die for want of small things."

Social Life in Tientsin

A SIMILAR state had to be lived up to in the director's home in Tientsin. The house was a large, four-square, wide-verandaed, palace affair, in which a dozen to fifteen servants, carefully distinguished as "No. 1 Boy," "No. 2 Boy," and so on down the line, waited, according to their own immemorial traditions, on the director and his wife. These servants had curious ways, and a curious language in the odd pidgin English that enabled the door-boy to announce that "The number one topside foreign devil joss man have makee come," when the English bishop called, and the table-boy to announce a dish of duckling as "One piecee duck peeps," or of chicken as "One piecee looster."

The social scale among the few foreign residents was very precisely defined, and the social life of the foreign colony highly conventionalized, so that the unassuming, practical-minded young engineer of the high title and social position, who was terribly bored, as he is to-day, by social rigmarole, and who was thought rather queer by the conventional-minded small diplomats and miscellaneous foreign residents because, as one of them put it, "He always seems to be *thinking*," was glad to be out of all this as much as possible and on the road, even if it had to be with the ludicrous caravan of state.

Some of the results expected from this expensive miner were rather startling. For instance, age-long rumor had it that the emperor's hunting-park at Jehol overlay immensely valuable gold deposits. The Minister intimated to the director that he would like to know the real facts about this as soon as possible. As the park lay in a little-explored region of southern Manchuria and was a place of much historical as well as geological interest, the director decided to make a personal examination of it. After the expedition had been out several days, he was told that on the next they would come in sight of the great royal park. Accordingly on the next day the guide of the caravan took him, with one or two of the Caucasian members of his staff and an interpreter, off from the road the grand retinue was following, and by winding paths up to a hill-top which commanded a superb prospect.

"There," said the interpreter, with a wave of his hand toward the stretching prospect of beautiful valleys, low broad hills and mountainside, "there is the hunting-park of Jehol." Then turning complacently to the Director of Mines, he asked simply: "Is there gold underneath it?" And interpreter and guide, and, later, even more important officials, were stupefied to learn that the wonderful imported man who knew all about gold could not say offhand, from his vantage-point, miles away, whether there was gold under the park or not. And, more disturbing still, that he probably could not say anything certain about it at all without actually tramping over the sacred soil and perhaps sacrilegiously digging into it.

Chinese Inefficiency

SUCH occasionally necessary confessions of incompetence made a little trouble, but only a little. However much he under men lacked knowledge about minerals and mines, and how to find out about them, the head of the department, Chang, knew enough to know that if his young director confessed inability to meet certain demands it was because there was more wrong with the demands than with the engineer.

But the real fly in the ointment soon began to make itself visible. It was not a disillusionment on the part of the Chinese officials in connection with their foreign expert, but a disillusionment on his part in regard to his real position and opportunities for accomplishing something for China. He began more and more clearly to realize that he could investigate and advise as much as he liked, but that he could really do, in his understanding of doing, comparatively little. The modern West can not make over the immemorial East in a day or even a year.

Gradually the young engineer came to realize that while his examinations and reports were all very welcome, and whatever he could suggest for improvement in technical detail, resulting in immediate

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

greater output of the mines already working, was gladly accepted, there was no willingness to accept advice leading to changes in administrative and general organization matters. And to the modern engineer, efficiency in these matters is as much a part of successful mining as skilled digging and good metallurgy.

Suggestions looking toward getting more work out of the men, or cutting down the payrolls by removing the thirty per cent. of the names on them that seemed to have no bodily attachments, were frowned on. These things interfered with squeeze, and squeeze was a traditional part of Chinese mining. Foreign advisers and helpers were all very well when they found gold, but not so well when they found graft. A crisis was visible in the offing. But this particular crisis did not arrive, for another larger and more serious one came more swiftly, and arrived almost unheralded. It was the Boxer Uprising.

The Hoovers and the Boxers

THE outbreak found Hoover at Tientsin in his "palace," recently returned from Peking with Mrs. Hoover, and both just recovering from severe attacks of influenza. If opportunity for thorough organizing of the mines of China had failed him, he now had full scope for organizing a military defense of his home and wife and his many employees, foreign and native, for Tientsin, for a month, was the scene of hot fighting.

It was a besieged household in a beleaguered city. Hoover could have got out with his wife and few Caucasian assistants at the beginning of the trouble, but he would not desert his few hundred Chinese helpers and their families, and his wife would not desert him. So they stayed on together through all the rifle and shell fire and conflagrations of the Tientsin siege, building and defending barricades of rice and sugar sacks, organizing food and water supplies, and cheerfully "carrying on" in the face of certain death, and worse, if the outnumbering fanatic Boxers happened to win.

But there were occasional lighter incidents amid the many grave ones of the fighting weeks. Mrs. Hoover tells one, her favorite story of those days, in something like the following words:

"We had a cow, famous and influential in the community, which cow was the mother of a promising calf. One day the cow was stolen, and Mr. Hoover set out to find her. But his first attempt was fruitless. Then he had an inspiration. He took out the tiny calf one night and by the light of a lantern led the little orphan, bleating for its mother, about the streets in the safer part of town. Finally, as they passed in front of the barracks of the German contingent of the international defending army, there came, from within, an answering moo, and Mr. Hoover, addressing the sentry, demanded his cow. The sentry made no move to comply, but, summoning all his *Wörterbuch* English, countered with the inquiry: 'Is that the calf of the cow inside?' Upon receiving an affirmative reply to his Ollendorff question, he calmly declared: 'Also, then, calf outside must join itself to cow inside.' And thereupon, by aid of a suggestive manipulation of his bayonet, he confiscated the calf, and sent Mr. Hoover home empty-handed."

As one of the results of the Boxer affair Chang Yen Mow got into the bad graces of the government, gave up his position and was forced to flee from Peking and take refuge in Tientsin. Even here he was dragged out of his palace and stood up before a firing squad, and escaped with his life only through vigorous interference by his Director of Mines.

As a result of this, and also because he thought that he might save from confiscation a valuable coal-mining property at Tongshan, about eighty miles from Tientsin, he offered to transfer this property outright to Hoover's name. Hoover refused to accept the gift, but agreed to go to Europe and organize a company to finance the working of Chang's mines, and pay the old Chinaman a reasonable share of the profits. Chang gladly agreed, and Hoover, the Boxer Rebellion now quelled and Tientsin freed from siege, went to London, organized an English company with certain Russian and especially Belgian participation, and returned to China to superintend the real development of the great property.

But he found a change in the spirit of Chang's dreams. The wily old Celestial, finding that China was not to be partitioned by the powers that had defended it against the Boxers, and that private property was not to be confiscated, now proposed to break his contract so willingly made. And there seemed little hope that Chinese justice would compel him to recognize his previous agreements. But there was something in the persistent, indomitable pressure of the young American who had given his word to his English and Belgian backers, and in the assisting pressure of a quiet but firm young Belgian, named de Wouters, who had come back with Hoover, which did finally compel the old Chinaman, after much trouble and delay, to live up to his contract.

And then the situation, with kaleidoscopic picturesqueness, took on another hue, and Hoover found himself defending Chang's interests from the overzealous attempts of some of his foreign backers to get more out of the mines than was their fair share. In the course of this struggle he became acquainted with another Belgian, named Emile Francqui, of keen mind and great personal force, who, together with de Wouters, were, strangely enough, later to be chief and first assistant executives, respectively, of the great Belgian Comité National during the long hard days of the German Occupation. It was with these men among all the Belgians that Hoover was to have most to do in connection with his work as initiator and director of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

A Real Job at Last

BUT we are now, in the story of Herbert Hoover, only in the year 1900, and the Belgian Relief did not begin until 1914. And Hoover was still to have many experiences as engineer and man of affairs, before he was to meet his Belgian acquaintances again under the dramatic conditions produced by the World War.

He had now his opportunity really to do something in China in line with his own ideas of doing things in connection with mines, and not with those of Chinese mining tradition. As consulting engineer and later general manager of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company he attacked the job of making Chang's great Tongshan coal properties a going concern. This job involved building railways, handling a fleet of ocean-going steamers, developing large cement works, and superintending altogether the work of about twenty thousand employees. A special one among the undertakings of the twelve months or more given to this enterprise was the building of Ching Wang Tow harbor to give his coal a proper sea outlet.

Altogether it was a "mining" job of all the variety and hugeness of extent that the twenty-seven-year-old miner and organizer found most to his liking. And despite obstacles and complications due both to his Chinese and Caucasian company associates, he did it successfully, enjoyed it immensely, and got from it much education and experience. But he was ready, after about a year of it, to turn his attention to the rest of the world.

In 1902, and now twenty-eight years old, he returned to London as a junior partner in the great English firm with which he had been earlier associated as its star field man in West Australia. But though with an actual headquarters office in London, he spent comparatively little time there. He was still the firm's chief engineer and principal field expert, although now with the standing of partner instead of that of salaried assistant. Upon him fell much of the responsibility of the great firm's actual mining operations in the field as distinguished from its financial operations in the "city."

But in the various short periods of work in London that intervened between his many flights to the various parts of the world where the mining interests of his firm called him, he learned much of the ways of "mining" as it is conducted in the world's greatest center of mine finance. But most of his work for his firm coincided with his own real preferences. He probably spent little more than a tenth of his time in London, and this was also true in his later career when he had given up his connection with the firm and was wholly "on his own" as independent consulting engineer and mine-organizer.

Hoover Honesty

AND this explains what has often puzzled many of the people who came to know him and his household in London. He and it were so little "English." His home in London seemed always to be a bit of transplanted America, and, in particular, a bit of transplanted California. As a matter of fact, in all his period of London and wide world connections there were but two that did not see him and his family in America, and few that did not include a stay in California. He maintained offices in New York and San Francisco and had no slightest temptation ever to become a real expatriate.

But this is getting ahead of the story. There is one outstanding happening in his London experience that insistently demands telling. It is the happening that meant for him the greatest setback in his otherwise almost monotonously successful career. And yet, although this happening meant temporary financial ruin for him, it was, in its way, only another

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

success, a success of revealing significance to those who would like to know the real man that Herbert Hoover is.

After one of his returns to London, he discovered a defalcation of staggering proportions. By the issuance and sale of false stock and by other means the firm, or its creditors and clients, had been committed to a loss of over a million dollars. Technically the operations of the defaulter were of such a character that the firm could not be held legally liable. But the junior partner swept the technicalities aside with a single gesture. He announced that they would make good all of the obligations incurred by the defaulter. This meant the immediate loss of his own personal fortune, and it meant a serious difference of opinion with the absent head of the firm, whose frantic cables came, however, too late to overrule the decision of the junior partner.

Then ensued the long, bitter struggle, most of it falling on the junior partner with the Quaker conscience, to make good the losses without actually putting the firm out of business. For going on with the business was essential to the making good. It was a grueling four years' struggle, but with success at the end of it. And then the Quaker engineer, now grown forever out of youth to the man who had experienced the down as well as the up in life, gave up his connection with the firm and launched on that career of independent and self-responsible activity which has been his ever since. This was in 1908. Herbert Hoover was now thirty-four years old, and he could probably be called the leading consulting mining engineer in the world.

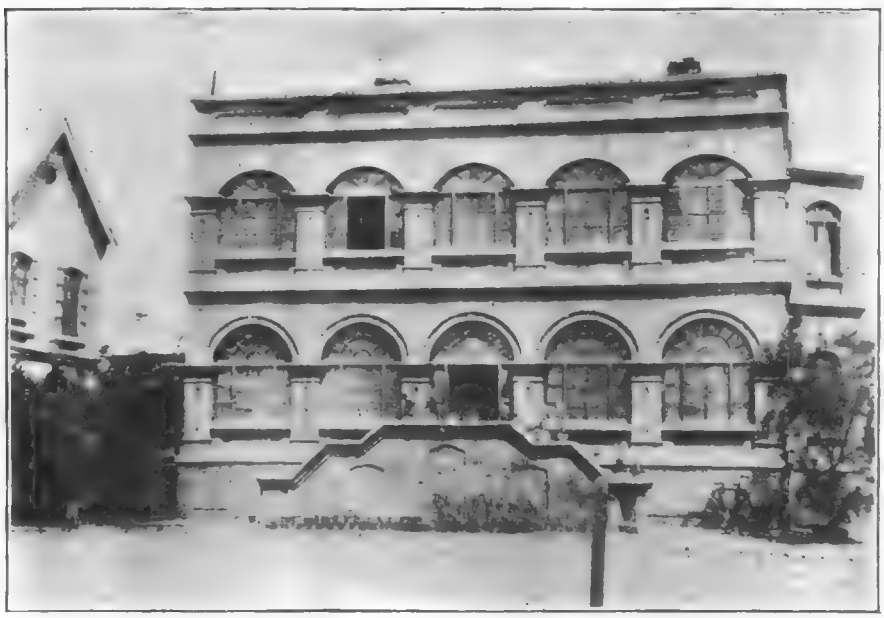
His work soon took him back to Australia, the land of his first notable success, but this time into South Australia instead of West Australia. Here he took personal charge of a large constructive undertaking in connection with the rehabilitation of the famous Broken Hill Mines. These mines were in the inhospitable wastes of the Great Stony Desert, four or five hundred miles north of Adelaide, the port city. By his technical and organizing ability he brought to life these two or three abandoned mines and added to them some adjoining lower-grade mines, converting the whole group from a state of great but unrealized possibilities into one of highly profitable actualities.

An important factor in this achievement was his origination and successful development of a process for extracting the zinc from ores that had already been treated for the other metals and then cast aside as worthless residues.

Noted Achievements

HE ALSO introduced new metallurgical processes for the profitable handling of the low-grade sulfid ores that constituted most of the mineral body of the mines, and this brought them from a state of dormancy to one of throbbing life. Indeed, this work in South Australia did much to help prove what has long been one of his cardinal beliefs, namely, that the safe backbone of mining lies in the handling of large bodies of low-grade ores.

All this successful work in South Australia occupied but seven months. Back in London again, he gathered about him a remarkable staff of skilled young mining engineers, thirty-five or forty of them, indeed, not on salary or fixed appointment, but men eager to attach themselves to him for the sake of working with him or for him in connection with the ever-increasing number of his large enterprises in the way of reorganization and rehabilitation of mines scattered all over the world. He became the managing director or chief consulting engineer of a score of mining companies, and the simple association of his name with a mining enterprise gave investors and other engineers a perfect confidence in its success and its honest handling.



Hoover's house in Tientsin, where he and Mrs. Hoover were besieged and bombarded for a month during the Boxer Rebellion.

Two of his largest undertakings were in Russia, one at Kyshtim, in the Urals, the other at Irtish, on the Siberian plains near Manchuria. The Kyshtim property was a great but run-down historic establishment, on an estate of an area almost equal to that of all Belgium. One hundred and seventy thousand people lived on the estate, all dependent on the mining establishment for their support. The ores were of iron and copper, but the mines were so far from anywhere that not only did these ores have to be smelted at the mine mouths, but factories had to be erected to manufacture the metal into products suitable for profitable transportation. When Hoover took over the bankrupt properties he found himself not only with mining and manufacturing problems to solve, but with what was practically a relief problem to face. For the underpaid workmen and their unfortunate families were in a state of great misery. He succeeded not only in modernizing and rehabilitating the material part of the great establishment, but at the same time in rescuing and revivifying a suffering and hopeless laboring population of helpless Russians.

The Irtish properties were near the Manchurian border, a thousand miles up the Irtish River from Omsk, a mere remote bleak spot on the wild, bare Siberian steppes. But at this spot lay extensive deposits of zinc, iron, lead, copper and coal, all together. He had first of all to build three hundred and fifty miles of railroad to make the spot at all accessible. And the actual "mining" operations included everything, from digging out and smelting the ores to manufacturing all sorts of things from metal door-knobs to steels rails and even steamboats to ply on the Irtish River. He put a great sum of English, Canadian and American money into the work of building up a great establishment, which was just on a paying basis when the war broke out. It is all now in the hands of the Bolsheviki, with a most dubious outlook for the recovery of any of the millions put into it.

His Greatest Mining Victory

OTHER large operations under his direction were in Colorado, Mexico, Korea, the Malay Straits Settlement, South Africa, and India (Burma). The Burma undertaking has been, in its outcome at least, and indeed in many other respects, Hoover's greatest victory in mining engineering and organization. It is to-day the greatest silver-lead mine in the world, although it started from as near to nothing as a mine could be and yet be called a mine. It took him and his associates five years to transform some deserted works in the heart of a jungle into the foremost producer of its kind in all the world. This mine is far away in the north of Burma almost on the Chinese border They had first to build eighty miles of railroad through the jungle and over two ranges of mountains, a sufficient feat of engineering in itself, and then to create and organize at the end of this line everything pertaining to a great mining plant. Thirty thousand men were employed in establishing the mine.

Altogether Hoover and his associates had in their employment, in the various company undertakings under way in 1914, about one hundred and seventy-five thousand men, and the annual mineral output of the mines being handled by them was worth as much as the total annual output of all the mines in California. And almost all of these successful mines had been made out of unsuccessful ones. For Hoover practically developed a new profession in connection with mining, a profession of making good mines out of bad ones, of making bankrupt mining

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Herbert, Jr., and Allan Hoover and their inseparable companion, "Rags."

concerns solvent, not by manipulation on the stock exchange, but by work in the earth, in the mills, in the mine offices.

He works with materials, not pieces of paper. It takes him from three to five years to bring a dead mine to life; the mine must have mineral in it, to be sure, to start with, but he does all the rest. That little matter of having mineral in it is the whole thing, you may think. But if you do, you must think again. The history of mining is more a history of how mines with mineral in them have not succeeded in becoming mines where the mineral could be profitably got out of them, than of how such mines have succeeded. A successful mine is infinitely more than a hole in the ground with mineral at its bottom. It is railroads and steamers, mills, housing for men, men themselves, organization, system, skill, brains, all-around human capacity. Herbert Hoover is a great miner because he is—I say it deliberately and not from any blind hero-worship—a great man.

His Energetic American Family

IF HE is, he can do more than mine greatly; he can do other things greatly. Well, he can, and he has done them. We come to that part of his story now, the part that begins when the World War began, when the world saw with amazement that grew into ever greater amazement an unknown miner, that is, unknown except to other miners, calmly do things that only great men can do. But we who know now the story of the boy and the man of the years before the war are not so much amazed. We know that he is the kind of man and one with the kind of experience, the kind of world education, who with opportunity can do things the world calls great and be the great man. But just for a few minutes before we begin with August, 1914, the time the world began a new epoch in its history and Herbert Hoover a new chapter in his work, let us have a glimpse of this man outside of his mines and his offices. Let us see him with his family, with his books, if he has any, and with his friends, of whom he has many.

His two children, Herbert and Allan, were born in 1903 and 1907, respectively. Living first in apartments near Hyde Park, the Hoovers felt that they and the boys and the dog Rags needed more room, or perhaps better, different kind of room, room for an energetic family of Americans to live in western American fashion, even during the time they had to be in London, and so they found farther west, in a short street just off Kensington High Street, and close to Kensington Gardens, a roomy old house with a garden with real trees in it, and some grass and flower-beds.

It had been built long before by somebody who liked room, and then rebuilt, or at least made over and added to, by Moncure Conway, the Alpinist and author. It was called "The Red House," a name that became in the succeeding years more and more widely known to Americans living in, coming to or passing through London, for it became a house of much American foregathering. Its hospitality became coextensive with its size and comfort, and although it was not one of the few "great houses" in which Americans could visit in London and still feel in some degree on American soil, such as Dorchester House, when Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid had it during Mr. Reid's ambassadorship, the Red House was pleasant refuge to uncounted temporary American expatriates, a little "fed up" with foreign ways.

I knew it first in 1912 when I was doing some work in the British Museum library. The bedroom to which my wife and I were shown was inhabited already by a happy and very vocal family of little Javanese seed birds and green parrakeets, a part of the boys' menagerie which had to find refuge from the other animals already housed in their adjoining rooms. Out in the garden were pigeons fluttering in and out of a cote and hens solemnly inspecting the newly seeded flower-beds. A big yellow Persian cat, and a smaller silver Siamese one, regularly attended breakfast, and Rags irregularly attended everything. The cats were Mr. Hoover's favorites. He liked to have one on his lap as he talked.

There were book-shelves in all of the rooms, and I noted that the "master"—for the servants, who were not American, would call him that—never went up to bed without a book in his hand. I came later to know how fixed this night-reading habit had become, for in the Belgian Relief years, when we had frequently to cross the perilous North Sea together on our way from Thames-mouth to Holland or back in one of the little Dutch boats, which used to run across twice a week until most of the boats had been blown up by floating mines, Hoover used always to fix an electric pocket lamp or a stub of a candle to the edge of his bunk and read for a while after turning in. He has had little time for reading in the daytime, but yet he has read enormously. It is this night-reading that explains it.

He Knows Books

THE shelves in the Red House contained many books about geology and mining and metallurgy. But they contained many others as well. Especially were they burdened with books on economics and political science. And they bore lighter loads of stories. "Sherlock Holmes" was there *in extenso*. The books on civics and economics and the theories of finance were well-thumbed and some of them margined with roughly pencilled notes. I should say they had been studied.

A frequent evening visitor, who came by preference when there had been no guests at dinner, was a well-known careful brilliant student of finance and economics, formerly editor of the best-known English financial weekly, and now editor of a very liberal, not to say radical, weekly of his own. He and Hoover held long disquisitions together, each having clear-cut ideas of his own and glad to try them out on the keen intelligence of the other. As a mere biologist, whose little knowledge was more of the domestic economy of the four and six footed inhabitants of earth than of the social science and politics of the bi-pedal lords of creation, my rôle was that of fascinated listener, for the debate was an enthralling exhibition of reasoning and argument.

Although he likes books and even likes writing, Hoover makes no claims to authorship himself. Nevertheless he has found time to put something of his knowledge, based on first-hand experience of the fundamentals and details of mining geology

(Continued on page 126)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Knots and Wind-shakes

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Author of "Catty Atkins," "Hidden Spring," etc.

For a real story, full of action and suspense — see Clarence Budington Kelland. This time it's lumber camps, and the proposition that the owner's son went up against when he married against father's will. Next time it will be the story of a mysterious murder in the woods — called "Cheese in the Trap." And there will be at least two more after that during 1920.

"YOU'VE busted a guessin'-stick and ruined a telephone and tipped over the ink-bottle and messed your soul with blasphemy and dum near scared to death all the boys in the office. Now you better go to Bangor to get drunk whilst I look after this little caper."

Tom Dowd, walking boss for the Tabor Lumber Company, looked with grave interest at the havoc Old Man Tabor's outburst of wrath had made. He regarded the "guessing-stick"—that is to say the Doyle lumber scale—with a certain restrained sorrow. The rivulets made by the overturned ink rather pleased him than otherwise, as a spectacle worth watching. There was something naive and boyish about Old Tom Dowd.

"Might 'a' known it," roared Old Man Tabor. "Might 'a' known he'd git snaffled by the first woman he run against. Married!" He brought his huge fist down upon the letter that had brought the news, and glared at Tom with the expression of a man who wants to pick a fight.

"Wouldn't hammer things no more if I was you," Tom hunched his green-checked Mackinaw over his broad, spare shoulders and cast a glance down at his rubber shoepacs, a glance which had to travel some distance, for Tom's shoe-pacs were an extraordinarily long ways from his eyes. "Married—sure he's married. Kind of surprisin' at first, but when you come to think of it, most folks has done it once or twice. Now if he was hung, or had took to playin' a guitar, or wore perfume on his hair——"

"And Nate jest turned twenty-one! All comes of sendin' him out of the woods to git a newfangled education! Married! If it had only been a reg'lar woman 'twouldn't have upset me so, but one of them actresses! Bet she's older'n him, with yaller hair—and high-heeled shoes, and smokes cigarets. I'm agoin' down there, by gorry, and give him the lickin' of his life, and drag him away from her if she's got her fingers sunk into him to the bone."

"You hain't," said Tom succinctly.

"Say, whose boy is this here?"

"You hain't seen her," said Tom placidly. "You hain't even had no estimates made nor scaled her up. F'r all you know, she's free from knots and wind-shakes. Gimme one of them there yaller telegraph papers."

Tom helped himself and wrote a brief message—"Fetch her," and signed his own name. "They'll be here to-morrer night, I calc'late. When you hear the train whistle down the road, you clear out. Clear out now, if you want to. I'm goin' to kind of supervise this operation, and you hain't goin' to muss it up."

Old Man Tabor scowled. "What you aim to do?"

"I'm goin' to lay a scale rule ag'in' that girl that won't tell no lies. I'm goin' to find out how many board feet there is in her, and how much Number One she'll saw out. If she runs to Number Three Common or Culls, I guess you kin do as you please, but you hain't goin' to be allowed to git bull-headed until somebody knows. And you'll git bull-headed if you see her at all. You hain't got no jedgment. Either you'll make sich a row that you and Nate won't never have nothin' to do with each other ag'in, or else, if this girl's pretty, which likely she is, you'll jest melt up and swaller her whole without investigatin'."

"Mebby so—mebby so. I dunno what *to* do, Tom. You got it planned out?"

"Yes, and you keep your hands off."

"Mebby I better. I'm goin' to git out of here. I'm all het up inside. Actress! My Gawd!" Old Man Tabor crushed his disreputable hat on his head and started out for the mill, but scarcely had he disappeared before his head came through the door again. "Don't plan nothin' too rough," he said anxiously.

"Git," said Tom Dowd, "and stay got."

TEN minutes later Dowd was on his way to Camp Three where, though it was but the first of November and not a flurry of snow had filled the air, forty-odd men were cutting and yarding hardwood. Tom drove, because he was in a hurry. Usually he walked, no matter what the distance or the hour. Men in the camps said Tom never slept. Day and night he was in the woods, going from camp to camp, turning up unexpectedly at midnight in Camp Two or appearing without warning in the black growth back of Camp Four, which was a spruce camp. He prowled. He knew, it appeared, every thought of every man in the woods. Though he was on the downward side of fifty he could outwalk, outsaw, or outchop any man in the cuttings. It was not until six o'clock next night that he reappeared in Tabor, the little town on the railroad which consisted solely of the mill, the company store, which was also the post-office, the boarding-house, and a few scattered houses occupied by the mill employees.

He went first to the office, where he found Old Man Tabor. Him he expelled, the old man departing anxiously. Then Tom took his pipe and sat down on the platform of the station to wait. He sniffed the air. "Snow!" he said with professional satisfaction.

The train arrived, but Tom Dowd did not stir to meet the two passengers who alighted. He saw young Nate Tabor assist a very small girl to step down to the platform; watched her look about her in a curious, frightened way, drawing her shoulders together as if the prospect sent a sudden chill to her bones. Tom wagged his head and got slowly to his feet.

"How be you?" he said.

"Where's Father?" Nate demanded.

"Somewhere's else," Tom said vaguely. "I take it this here's Mis' Nate Tabor, though I hain't heard any introductions. I'm Tom Dowd. Yas'm. Tom Dowd. Kind of a reception committee. Yas'm. Hope the folks is all well. Yas'm." Tom was encountering conversational difficulties.

"Where's Father?" Nate demanded again.

"I calc'late there's a hot cup of coffee and maybe some sausage and doughnuts up to the house," said Tom. "Got things fixed for you to stay there to-night."

"Look here," said the boy angrily, "what's going on, anyhow? I want to see Father. What kind of a way is this?"

The little girl touched her husband's arm. "Nate," she said softly.

"That's all right, honey. I promised not to get in a row, but if Father thinks he can cut up rough with me and get away with it he's got another think coming. We can get along without him, I guess, and there's a train back where we came from in the morning."

"Wouldn't begin to simmer if I was you," said Tom, "not until I was put on the fire. Kind of dark up the path. I'll carry these bags, and you kind of help Mis' Tabor so's she don't stumble and hurt herself."

HE WAITED for no rejoinder, but picked up the baggage and started toward the house occupied by Old Man Tabor. It was not a great deal of house for a man who owned a dozen towns of the best timber in the country, and who was reputed to be more than once a millionaire, but it suited the old man, and it was comfortable. Tom opened the door and stepped inside. The young couple followed him. "Here we be," said Tom. "Git as comfortable as you kin, ma'am, and I'll look to the coffee."

He had cast a swift appraising glance at the girl as she entered the lighted room. "Don't paint much—if any," was his reflection. "In a minute we'll talk some," he said.

Nate strode after him into the kitchen. Tom turned on him. "You git back in there with that little girl," he said. "She's scairt. You look after her. Don't go pickin' no fuss with me."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You're doing a lot to make her feel pleasant, aren't you?" Nate said, but he obeyed the walking boss as of old habit not to be overridden, even in such a moment.

In fifteen minutes Tom called them into the dining-room to a table offering sausages and fried potatoes and bread and butter with coffee and doughnuts. Tom sat down opposite Nate's wife and scrutinized her, much to her embarrassment. "You're purty, ma'am," he said directly.

"Thank you, Mr.—Mr. Dowd, is it?"

"Dowd, yas'm—Tom Dowd. You got a first name, hain't you?"

"Juliet."

"Purty name. Kind of goes with your face. Now let's you and me talk, and Nate here kin listen and keep his mouth shet. The old man busted a scale rule and tipped over an ink-bottle and smashed a telephone. That's how tickled he was to hear Nate had took a notion to marry. So I says to him that he wasn't in any fit state of mind to use jedgment either one way or the other. Made him git out. Yas'm. Took charge myself—shet up, Nate—can't blame him a lot for throwin' a fit. This here's the first time he ever had a son git married sudden and out of hand, as you might say, to somebody he didn't know nothin' about. That's you, ma'am, hain't it?"

She nodded, and her blue eyes almost twinkled. It was easy to see that the girl was under a strain, frightened, awed by her strange surroundings, and probably wondering what manner of barbarians she had chosen to cast her lot among.

"So I don't want you and the old man should git acquainted till we got something to go on. Actress, wasn't you?"

"I tried to be."

"FOLKS up this way is kind of prejudiced ag'in' actresses. Never heard tell of anybody in these parts marryin' one before. Don't know what kind of wives they turn out to be—now you shet up, Nate. Nate's married you. Maybe it was the right thing for him to do, and maybe 'twasn't. Can't tell. No'm. Figger to find out. Hope you be. Of course you and Nate kin do what you like. You kin go back where you come from, but if you're meanin' to be a good wife to him, and him a lumberman that's got to live his life here in the woods, you'll advise him he should do what I want. And that's that."

"What do you want?" Nate asked sullenly.

Nate, bewildered and hurt, flung himself out with the petulance of youth.

"You're goin' to be clerk at Camp Three," said Tom. "There's a log shanty there. Had it fixed up for you. Take out what furniture's needed to-morrow, and you and your wife'll live there this winter—you workin' and her keepin' you company."

"You mean you expect me to take Juliet out to live through the winter in a two-room log shanty in a lumber camp! I'll see you all in——"

"Nate!" said Juliet. Then to Tom Dowd: "I think I understand how you and Nate's father must feel. I'm not welcome. You wanted to help pick out his wife, and I'm not the sort of girl you would have chosen. We'll go."

"Juliet!"

She smiled at him wearily. "We'll go," she said. Then she stood up, looking so pale and weary that Tom's heart yearned toward her. "I'm so tired," she said.

"Then git right into bed and sleep till you're rested," said Tom. He left the house hastily, and in the darkness without encountered Old Man Tabor prowling about waiting for a report.

"Didn't git a good look at her," rumbled the old man. "Never seen her face. Awful tiny, hain't she? What's she look like? Paint? See her smoke a cigaret?"

"She's so dumb perty and little and kind of sweet, b'gorry! that you keep away from her, or you'll be givin' in before she's scaled up and sawed out. I looked, but she didn't have no high-heeled shoes, and there wa'n't no cigaret stains on to her fingers. Got a mind of her own, seems as though. They're movin' out to Camp Three in the mornin'."

In the morning, through falling snow that threatened to block the roads before camp was reached, Tom Dowd drove Nate and Juliet, and a few articles of furniture, into the woods. It was a long, cold, dreary ride, through a country which at this season of the year seemed barren, ungrateful, depressing. It was a silent ride. At last they turned off the beaten thoroughfare, and plunged into the forest by way of a tote-road that was scarcely a road at all, but merely a way swamped out through the trees, rutted in spots, uneven, with here and there a mud-hole bridged by corduroy. To Juliet it seemed in truth the roadway to desolation. They lurched and rattled and splashed. The wagon was without springs. Long before they arrived Juliet was biting her lip to hold back the tears of pain and discomfort.

THEN they arrived. The camp sat in a bleak clearing. Directly ahead was the bunk-house and cook-shanty combined. At the left the barns, and beside the barns upon a great heap of steaming manure snored a great, filthy sow, paying no attention to her litter which squealed and rooted about her. Off to the right was a tiny log shanty, half surrounded by undergrowth, and backing upon a swamp. Its exact dimensions were nine by twelve. Its walls were pierced by three windows, and its door, without glass, was of rough, unpainted spruce planks. One stepped out of the door into the mud or the snow. Juliet looked at it, and knew that this was to be her home, that it was in this place that she was to spend her honeymoon and to embark upon domestic life. She could have screamed. It was unthinkable that human beings could exist in such conditions.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She perceived that Nate looked at her apprehensively, sullenly, and found courage to smile at him.

"Here we be," said Tom. "Pile out. I'll help you set up housekeepin'."

Nate lifted his wife from her seat and held her tiny body in his arms, while Tom unlocked the padlock and threw open the door. A fire was burning in the cook-stove. Tom had seen to that. The cook-stove occupied a choice position in the room that was parlor, dining-room, and kitchen!

Tom placed a chair for Juliet close to the stove, where she sat huddled and silent while the men moved in the furniture. The list of it was short: three wooden chairs, a rough table, an iron bed, a cheap dresser with a mirror which reflected everything askew.

"There," said Tom heavily, "now you're all set and comfortable. Might eat in the cook-shanty to-day. G'by. Got to be gittin' along." He was anxious to be getting along, for that still little figure beside the stove filled him with unpleasant misgivings. He slammed the door after him.

Nate stood in the middle of the room, awkward, resentful, wishing for words of encouragement and comfort and love, but finding none. He walked to his wife's side and placed his hand on her shoulder. She shook it off.

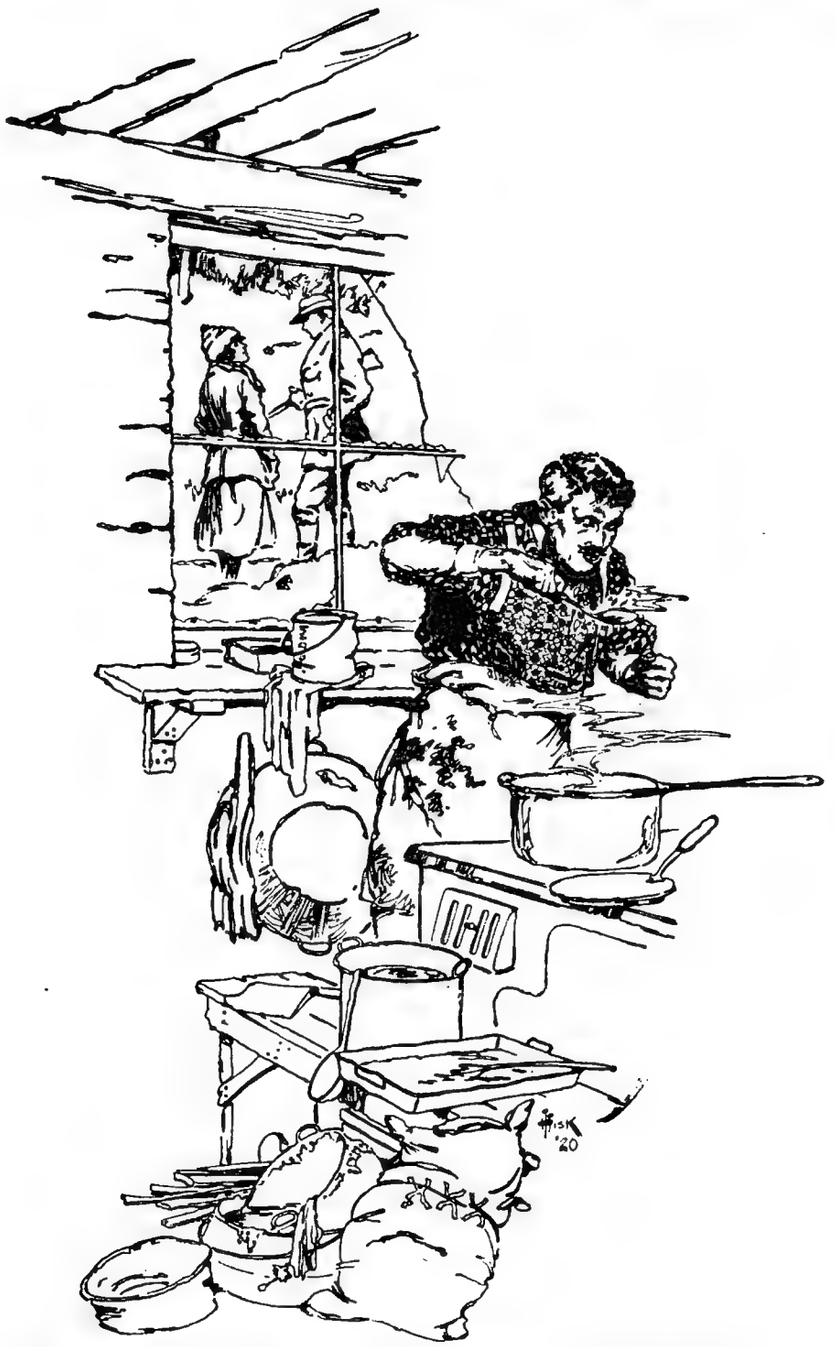
"Go away. Go out—any place. Leave me alone. I want to be alone."

NATE, bewildered, hurt, greatly troubled, flung himself out with the petulance of youth. And Juliet laid her face down upon the pine table-top and sobbed. Her honeymoon had begun.

The unattended fire died. It was bitterly cold, and dark. Juliet, aroused by the discomfort of it, lifted her head. She looked about her, and as she looked a saying of her grandmother's came into her head, "As you make your bed so must you lie." She moved to the stove and with inexperienced hands tried to arouse the fire, putting on pieces of damp hardwood instead of the dry cedar that had been provided for bringing a quick blaze. Even so simple a thing as rekindling a fire required special knowledge, she discovered, and discovering it, realized that nothing in all her experience could help her in her new situation. She was ignorant, helpless.

As she crouched over the reluctant fire, extending her numb hands to the barely perceptible warmth, she thought. She reflected upon events, and the reason for events. How had this thing come about? Why had she been so dealt with? What lay beneath this cruelty to her? She had never found the world kind, and was not surprised that it should be cruel, but this time its cruelty seemed to be based upon some reason or some scheme.

Old Tom Dowd had seemed kind. His words had been kind. But he had been cruel to her and to Nate. She reflected upon that, not realizing that in this situation there was no cruelty to Nate; that Nate had been reared in the woods, was accustomed to the life of the camps, accepting such hardships and discomforts as came from it as normal and scarce worth considering. Presently she saw this dimly, and saw too that Tom Dowd had not been so cruel in intention as he was in fact, for Tom had been incapable of realizing what this life would mean to her. The life was normal and natural for him. She was able to perceive this and it was a comfort to know that cruelty was not actually intended.



There were few afternoons when Tinker did not peer into Louis's kitchen or stop to chat with Juliet.

"They love Nate," was the next conclusion she arrived at. They were doing this thing for Nate's sake, hoping for good to come to him from it. They were testing her. Why? Because she came from another world. She was under suspicion. It was their fear that she might be bad, or if not actually bad, then not good. They had put her here to find out if she were any good, if she qualified to be Nate's wife. Juliet felt a flash of anger, and with anger came determination.

"I'll show them," she said, and shivered as she said it. "I'm not bad—I'm not bad. I'm good enough to be Nate's wife, and I'll show them."

In spite of her clumsy efforts the fire was commencing to crackle. Fired by her new determination Juliet left the stove to survey her home. It was her business to make it comfortable for her husband. She loved her husband, and Nate loved her. She considered that. If she could hold Nate's love, life would not be impossible! She went about setting the shanty to rights, moving the chairs, making the beds, bestowing the utensils. Presently she was planning the window-curtains.

Nate came in reluctantly, apprehensively. She smiled brightly at him and called, "Hello, honey!"

He took her in his arms. "Can you stand it, dear?" he asked.

"I'm going to stand it. If you love me hard, it won't be so bad. We'll show them, Nate."

"Hungry? Cook says to come over and eat now before the men sit down. Put on your things. I'll carry you across."

"You won't. I've got to stand on my own feet, and I'm going to commence now."

They wallowed through the snow to the cook-shanty. In the front was a big room smelling of sweaty garments, with a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

great kettle of hot water steaming on the stove. At the right was a rough railing, and behind this was Nate's desk. "Here's where I work," he said, pointing; and, disregarding the stares of a couple of unshaven, lowering, dirty men who slouched upon a bench and smoked evil pipes, he led her through the door into the next room where were half-a-dozen long, rough wooden tables, set with tin dishes and iron-handled knives and forks for the evening meal.

There was a sweaty odor about the room. It made Juliet think of filth and squalor, but she took note that it was spotlessly clean. Her stomach revolted at eating food prepared in such a place for such men as she had seen outside, but she was about to be surprised. Nate helped her to a seat on one of the benches running along the table nearest the kitchen door, and then, kicking the door open, shouted, "Louis, all right!"

A little black Frenchman entered, grinning. "Louis, this is Mrs. Tabor," Nate said.

"*Madame!*" said Louis with a bow of sorts, wiping his hand on his apron. Juliet extended her hand.

THE food astonished Juliet. The inevitable beans were there, of course, but in addition were hot biscuits, beef, boiled potatoes, peas. There was excellent tea. On huge plates were stacked cookies and doughnuts. A brown, appetizing mince pie steamed before her.

"Is—is this usual?" she asked.

"The food? Of course."

Despite the iron forks and the tin plates, despite the vinegar cruet, which was a catchup bottle with a wooden cork, despite the lack of table-cloth and the hard wooden bench, Juliet ate, and ate with relish.

"It was a lovely dinner," she told Louis, and Louis's teeth showed white through a delighted grin. "And you cooked it all?"

Louis shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands eloquently.

"I'm afraid Mr. Tabor will starve when I start to cook for him. I—" She hesitated, ashamed. "I—can't cook a thing. I don't know how. Oh, what are we ever going to do?"

"I teach you, for sure. I make you for cook ever't'ing—pie, cake—you come by Louis, madame."

"Will you, really? Do you mean it?"

"For sure."

"Say, Louis," said Nate, "they didn't send out the prunes you ordered. Can't get 'em. Sent dried apricots instead."

"Apricots! *Bon!* Dat's make all right, by cripe, dose apricot make just such good apple-sass like prune!"

It was a new world, and Juliet discovered that it was a not uninteresting world. She was lonely. The woods oppressed her. She was afraid of the men, though her husband laughed at her fears. They looked evil to her, though for the most part they were not evil. To her mind they pictured in the flesh what fiction had shown her as ruffians, inhuman monsters. They were dirty, vile of speech, always staring at her with eyes that seemed to have in them something of bestial desire. She heard them singing at night, filthy songs and sentimental songs. That terrified her as she lay in the darkness.

The woods became hideous with a thaw. Tote-roads turned to mire; horses wallowed to their knees; the earth smelled evilly; everything was black, dripping. The sound of the hoofs of horses and the feet of men splashing into the mud and gulping out of the mud, sickened her. If she went to the door she could see the squalid old sow lying half buried in manure and snoring repulsively. Her very soul revolted against it all.

Her only refuge, only amusement, was in Louis's kitchen. She could not bear to remain alone in the shanty when Nate was absent about his work. There was nothing to occupy her mind, so she resorted to Louis, who was delighted, as his bashful cookee was delighted. She pretended she wanted to learn the art of cookery, and Louis was at pains to instruct her. She even found she was becoming very much interested. It was because it was necessary for her to be really interested in something or go mad. Nate was always kind, always boyishly loving. That was something.

In another week came snow again, and the woods took on a white, majestic, lonely beauty, soon to be marred by the scars of labor. Nate found snowshoes for her and taught her to walk on them. This was pleasure, but it tired her, and Nate was so occupied that he could seldom accompany her. She dared not leave the camp alone, not for fear of the woods but for fear of the men.

"They're a rotten crew," Nate said from the view-point of a lumberman, "but they're nothing to be afraid of. Used to pay thirty a month and get real woodsmen. Have to pay seventy-five now and get bums. They quit Saturday noons and go out." He said this last with infinite scorn, for the day had been when your lumberjack asked and received his whole season's wages when the drive went down, and knew neither sunrise nor sunset in his work. "We've got crews we pay five dollars a thousand to. Men that could yard their eight thousand a day. Five men to a crew. They could haul down fifty dollars a week, but they won't. Quit Friday night. Man came for his pay yesterday and when I asked him what he was going out for, he said he'd earned enough this week. But you needn't be afraid of them."

The long and short of it was that Juliet wished she had kept to the ill-smelling footlights of the one-night stand; wished she had never seen Nate; wished she were well out of the bed she had made for herself—but could see no manner of escape.

IT WAS the hunting season, and sportsmen from New York and Ohio and Massachusetts and Delaware, from all the country of civilization, had come into the woods to shoot deer and moose for their pleasure. Juliet heard their guns and wondered what manner of men were firing them. She knew there was a sporting camp a mile or more from the clearing, but she had seen none of its occupants until, one noon, a young man in Mackinaw and shoe-pacs trudged into camp at dinner-time. Juliet met him on the road as she was returning to her shanty.

"How are you? Wonder if I can get something to eat," said the young man carelessly, and then stopped to stare, for Juliet, in her blanket coat, her short skirt, her red knit cap, was a picture so arresting as to excuse any man for staring.

"I think you can," she answered. "Just ask the cook. His name is Louis."

"Are you up hunting?" the young man asked curiously.

"I live here," She pointed to the shanty.

"You live in *that?*"

"My husband is camp clerk," she said.

"Um. Didn't know there was any society so handy. My name's Tinker. Evenings are long in camp, and I'm coming over to call."

"I'm sure Mr. Tabor, my husband, will be glad to see you," said Juliet.

Mr. Tinker called, and after that he appeared to find the best hunting in the neighborhood of Camp Three. There were few afternoons when he did not rap at the shanty door, or peer into Louis's kitchen, or stop to chat with Juliet; and Juliet grew to expect his coming. He was of the life she had left behind her, from outside. His talk was of the outside, and she wanted to hear such talk.

Mr. Tinker seemed fascinated with this girl whom he had encountered out of her environment, and who, therefore, seemed to have her charm and her beauty accentuated. He complimented her; he sympathized with her. His conversations were ably calculated to arouse her discontent and a longing for the life he pictured; and at last, though he did not utter plain words, she knew he was offering her a chance to return to that life. It is significant that she could consider this unemotionally, calculatingly. Here was a means of escape if she desired to avail herself of it. Anything—*anything* was better than this!

SHE heard fragmentary talk of trouble between Old Man Tabor and the Weston Lumber interests, of the methods of the Weston people in a fight. Last week there had been trouble at Camp Two, she heard. Whisky had been supplied to the men and there had been an orgy; the boss had been beaten up—the talk was that Camp Two had yarded less than a hundred and fifty thousand feet that week. There was a hint that Camp Three might expect attentions, and there were already signs of it. Some of the men were sullen, mutinous, discontented. The cookee, on returning after carrying his pails of luncheon out to the cuttings, was patently terrified.

"I get my time," he said. "Dose men go for make troubles."

When Juliet spoke to Nate about the matter, he only laughed.

"Let 'em start something," he said, and she could not but admire his fine, big young body, his self-reliance and fearlessness.

In one respect she had not erred. She had married a man. That had been amply proven to her. But it did not seem to be enough. Her loneliness, her fears, the morbid imaginings evoked by what she had come to term her imprisonment, had brought her to doubt her very love for him—had brought her to a day when she could think with calmness, almost with eager anticipation, of leaving him. And Tinker had that very day put his thoughts into words.

Juliet had listened. He had urged, promised, painted beautiful pictures of the life he would give her and the happiness he would bestow upon her. She had hesitated upon the brink. Something clean and sturdy in her had revolted, but she had crushed it down, strangled it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was a fight of fists and feet and teeth that she watched, savage, ruthless, cruel.

"To-morrow," she said. "Go now. But come to-morrow. I will tell you then. No, don't touch me— To-morrow——"

While Nate lay sleeping that night Juliet was wide-eyed, thinking, thinking, making up her mind. It was no rash act in a moment of infatuation that she contemplated. She had no illusions. Tinker meant nothing to her—nothing but a ladder against the window of her prison by which she might escape.

In the morning no determination had been reached. As it neared the noon-hour she walked across to the kitchen, because solitude had become unbearable, and sat beside the stove listening to Louis's French-Canadian chatter while he packed pails of luncheon for the cookee to carry out to the cuttings. Soon, far down in the woods, she would hear that familiar, long-drawn cry, "Lunche-e-e-e-eon!" calling the men to their hot tea and cold food. But it was another cry she heard.

First came rushing into the kitchen the cookee, pop-eyed with fright, breathless, all but speechless. "They fight—they drunk—all! Keel the boss—keel Nate——"

Juliet found herself standing in the door, tense, listening. From down the tote-road came hoarse shouts, snatches of obscene songs. The men were coming in at a time of day when they had no business to come in. They were coming in a manner such as they had never come before. She shook the cookee. "What is it?" she demanded. "What has happened?" He only sobbed and cried out in incoherent French. Juliet boxed his ears. "Stop that. Tell me what has happened." It did not occur to her to wonder that she was unafraid.

"They all drunk—Keel heem boss. Keel Nate. Now come for bus' up the camp and keel ever'body."

"Where? Where did this happen?"

"Down by the beeg ro'nd turn."

The big round turn, where the iced road made a huge circle to permit the great log-haulers to reach the yarded logs,

(*Continued on page 114*)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Arpeggio Helps

By Zona Gale

Author of "Peace in Friendship Village," "Birth," etc.

EVERY year when the school-bell first sounded, about the middle of September, there was one in Banning who heard it with a certain wistfulness. Not that he wanted to go back to school. But he had never grown up to the time when that bell ceased to hold for him the air of a summons, imperative, warning. He was forty-six years old, but even now when the hands of the town clock angled at five minutes to nine in the morning, if he spied the dial, his impulse was to break into a run.

As the bell rang on that September morning, this man deliberately turned his steps from the orderly course which they were patterning on Cook Street, and took them toward the schoolhouse. Not that he would rather have obeyed the bell than to have been town commissioner of Banning, as he was, on his way to his office. But the bell allured him.

Also, the morning allured him. It was green yet, with its torrent of gold sunshine just beginning to thin and to dissolve in a hint of far haze. But there was a hidden yellow, a secret russet, an elusive smell of wood-smoke, which told you that something new was slowly informing the summer, that presently you might have a new friend, more austere than summer, but oh, how lovable!

ARPEGGIO SHADD entered the schoolyard long before the last stragglers had reached the door. They saw him, grinned, sidled toward him as they went. This was partly because they liked him, partly because it gave them an excuse to linger in liberty. Arpeggio felt in his pocket. There they were—four bull's eyes, such as he surreptitiously bought at a grocery up by the cemetery, surreptitiously slipped in his cheek when he was alone. In caring for his strawberry-bed or feeding his doves there was nothing for super-delight like bull's eyes. He held them out. The four boys uttered sharp, enormous joy, and accepted. They went up the steps, the doors closed upon them. In a moment a voice whose moods were all-imperative began to call the roll. And from the primary room in the basement came the morning song:

"We're coming, we're coming,
A bright little band . . ."

Arpeggio picked up a stone, aimed it over the building, saw it go, sighed, and resumed his way toward the commissioners' office. That day they were to consider buying a new fire-engine.

"Blamed if I don't give myself a job to drive it," Arpeggio thought, and sighed again.

He became aware of a strong smiting of feet, falling flat on the hard, bare earth of the schoolyard. Two little figures, running breathlessly, were coming under the trees. The boy, square, blue-clad, ran a pace ahead, his mouth open and two teeth evident. The little girl followed, clutching his hand, her slate, a sponge, and a bottle of colored water. Arpeggio looked, gathered in his attention, and stopped before the flying two.

"What's the need—of this speed?" he chanted.

The boy glanced up desperately.

"We're tardy," he explained, and would have dodged Arpeggio's legs.

"We have to thand on the thage," the little girl supplemented.

A kind of terror was in the eyes of both children.

"Look here," said Arpeggio mercilessly, "aren't you the Austins?"

"Thure," said they.

Arpeggio had known it. Through and through they looked Austin—eyebrows and cheek-bones and chins signaled Austin, who ran the gasoline wood-cutter and lived beyond the city limits.

"Do you kids come to school when it gets cold?" Arpeggio demanded, still detaining them.

"Thure," they said, and broke from him, and hurled down into the basement.

Arpeggio followed, and stood where, by the basement window, he could hear a voice out through the pause at the end of the song:

"Elmer and June may take their places on the platform. Tardy, two and one-half minutes. What ind of a way is *that* to begin the new school year?"

"Thunder, thunder, thunder," said Arpeggio, and walked away.

He resumed his walk; sun, green, russet, hints of bonfire smoke, all a little less his familiars, as if something had come between. Absorbed, he did not observe a great touring car which tore past him, slowed, turned, and overtook him, but the "Oh, Mr. Shadd!" he heard.

Drawn beside him at the curb, in this machine that was super-everything, including varnish, sat Miss Fleda Burnett. Unmistakably she was addressing him. Arpeggio halted, with the general emotion of facing a humming-bird. He had never seen her save as she skimmed the earth, while the Banning folk said, "There goes Miss Burnett."

Three months ago this sparkling person had emerged from a woman's college, and was now palpitating to take her place in Life. That already by virtue of blood and breath she occupied a niche in these vast chambers never entered her pretty head. Life, life, life! It was with Fleda no psalm. It was a pant.

Blue—pale blue. Hat, sweater, hose. If it came to that, eyes. She dazzled Arpeggio, like looking at the sun. He threw back his head, wrenched off his hat, and courteously writhed.

"Oh, Mr. Shadd!"

Yes, she had actually stopped beside him, with an engaging accent on the "Oh!" and an upward glance from Paradise.

"I've been longing to talk to you—or to some one who would understand."

"*Me?*" said the gentleman.

He pushed his hat farther back and, at her acquiescence, smiled that slow, wrinkling, winning smile of his.

"I want you to give me some advice."

Arpeggio leaned negligently against the parsonage hitching-post, at attention.

Miss Fleda Burnett, charming earnestness in her young eyes, elucidated. She was back at home now. Here in Banning. And she just must be useful. He was a town commissioner, and he could help her. What *should* she do?

Faced thus suddenly by the whole problem of modern womanhood, Arpeggio rallied nimbly.

"I s'pose," said he, "your ma keeps plenty of help? They ain't a chance for you there?"

Eyelids drooped—once—over Fleda's eyes, but the eyes still searched his. Plenty of help—yes. No chance for her there.

"I want to do something," she said, "that will let me be of use in the world and make me economically independent."

Arpeggio swallowed. He dropped his voice.

"Your pa ain't in any difficulty, is he?" he ventured, eyebrows high.

A faint shade of annoyance failed wholly to conceal itself on the brow of Miss Burnett. No. Her father was in no difficulty.

"Surely you understand, Mr. Shadd? I want to be independent of my father—of my people. And I *must* be useful to my community." Her whole graduation expression was in her face. "I thought, as commissioner, you could help me."

Before the stress which she put on that "you" Arpeggio melted. He was not clear what she was talking about, but he was going to help her.

"Sure," he said heartily. "Sure. Sure I can."

HER face cleared before his heartiness. She waited eagerly for his next words. Arpeggio, touched unconscionably by her confidence, waited for his own words with no less interest. And having no words, he magnificently temporized.

"Look here," he said, "you look here. Drop in my office, why don't you? 'Long about four o'clock, when the rush is over. Sure. Drop in. And we'll talk about it."

Her gratitude broke like a wave.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Shadd! I was sure you could help me. I'll be there. I'll have to give up a tea to do it, but that's the kind of sacrifice I'm prepared to make."

She went. And Arpeggio, gathering himself up, joint by joint, from the parsonage hitching-post, went on toward the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Drawing by George Higgins.

Drawn beside him at the curb sat Miss Fleda Burnett.

office of the Banning commissioners. And one thought beat at his every façade:

"Gall o' bitterness! What am I goin' to talk to her about?"

All day long, while fire-engines were discussed, while the fire-chief pointed out why and why not, and while Arpeggio drank his lunch of milk with an egg in it at the Banning Woman's Domestic and Industrial Exchange, and while there passed in review before him petitions for crossings and against pavements, and against dogs, and against neighbors, Arpeggio saw pale blueness, and wondered incessantly what he should talk to her about.

ONLY once he forgot her. That was when Spence Cordy came into the office. This man was the bachelor brother of Newt Cordy, at the bank. Newt had charge of the Cordy property, and Spence hung about town, drove a car, talked about putting up a hotel—"erecting a hundred-thousand-dollar proposition"—and danced with each set of Banning maidenhood, generation after generation. Arpeggio's contempt for him was profound and inclusive. And Arpeggio was alone in the office when he came in.

"What's doing?" inquired Spence briskly. He was always brisk, always bright, always expectant. "Business of state?" He dealt almost exclusively in expressions tried by long usage.

"Naw," said Arpeggio guiltily, and slipped in his pocket the pamphlet which had occupied him. It was a little illustrated folder of bird-houses. "Nothin' much. Hello, Spence."

"See here, Arpeggio," said Mr. Cordy, "I understand there's a new school-board member to be elected from our ward this fall."

"The Fourth Ward—yes," Arpeggio comprehended—"Lawson won't run again. Says this town makes him sick—he gave that as his reason."

"There's patriotism for you!" said Mr. Cordy scornfully. "There's community spirit! What," he demanded, and struck briskly on the table the stone of his little-finger cameo, "what are we coming to?"

"The point, shan't we?" Arpeggio suggested. "Got anybody in mind?"

"Well," said Mr. Cordy modestly, "I didn't know but what *I* could be persuaded."

"*You?*" said Arpeggio. "Go on!" he enigmatically added.

"A school-board member, as I figured it," pursued Mr. Cordy, "had ought to be somebody that's got a free hand with their own time. That's me."

"Sure," said Arpeggio. "Sure. Sure. If they *is* any time, you got it, Spence. Still ain't doin' anything yet, are you?"

Mr Cordy seemed to point at himself visibly.

"I," said he, "am now confidential agent for a large New York corporation."

"Gosh," said Arpeggio attentively.

"But having some leisure, it has occurred to me that I might be of valuable assistance to my town."

"Well," said Arpeggio, "it's a free country. Anybody can run for anything if they've got the legs."

Mr. Cordy leaned forward. That part of his face which was nominally differentiated into eyes, alarmingly narrowed, and shone like a toad's.

"Could you—ah—kind of speak a good word for me, Shadd? In case I conclude to forge ahead with this?"

"I could," said Arpeggio. "I could. But I'd have to slosh the i-dee around in my head for a spell first."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Cordy. "Certainly."

When he had gone, Arpeggio slipped down in his chair, smiling. Spence Cordy coming to him, A. Shadd, to ask for a good word. There were things about the office of commissioner which were undeniably sweet. He chided himself sharply, and sat up. "Too much darn pride about you, Arpeggio," he said. Then he smiled again. "Wants to be of use to his com-*mun*-ity, Spence does," he remembered—and on the heels of this he groaned. "What *am* I goin' to talk to her about?" he wondered.

As the town clock struck four, she entered—had, in fact, waited without for the event, because of the impression which exactness might be expected to make on the mind of a commissioner.

ALL day he had been thinking of her as wearing blue. Not so. With the afternoon she had become rose—rose linen, roses in her hat, rosy lights on her eager face. And such a pretty confidence! She threw herself upon her town commissioner, to be told off on town duty.

"Mr. Shadd," she said, "if you only knew how serious I am."

And she had a way of pronouncing *serious*, the early vowel long-drawn, richly stressed, the *r* given values not, to Arpeggio, indigenous.

Old wisdom, the ancient guile of the race,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the subtle sagacity of Man Immemorial dealing with maid, came to Arpeggio's aid. It occurred to him that he need not talk at all. Fleda would do that.

"You see," she said, "I feel as if things could be made so much better, Mr. Shadd. And I want to do my part. But of course I don't know where to begin. And I don't know just where in society," she plaintively and importantly added, "to function."

"T—t—t," said Arpeggio compassionately.

"Now you," Fleda told him, "must know all about the needs of Banning. I don't want to waste my effort. And I want you to tell me something to do for the good of my town."

"It's a grand *i*-dee," Arpeggio told her earnestly.

"Something," Fleda went on, "something that will let me feel myself a part of this great social awakening."

"Exactly," said Arpeggio. "Exactly."

"And not a parasite," said Fleda. "*Not* a parasite."

Arpeggio closed his eyes and briefly nodded once.

"WHAT the dickens does she mean by that?" he put it to himself.

"I don't want to teach," she added. "Teaching is too confining. I must work—free. I want to mother this whole townful of children."

Arpeggio looked a little wild. What manner of young woman was this? He caught at a straw.

"Fond of children?" he inquired.

Fleda clasped her hands. "Unutterably," she said.

Arpeggio groped. And as he groped, he remembered the morning, and Elmer and June. He laid hold of that incident and told it to her.

"I expect they's lots of 'em like that," he added. "That's why we can't get a nice general school building. It'd be so much farther for half the kids. We got some awful old shacks in the wards."

"Well—but," said Fleda, "I don't understand. Where's the bus?"

"The——" he floundered.

"The bus. Haven't we a bus? You know nowadays they have one big central school building and send a bus around for the farthest children."

"They *do*?" said Arpeggio, neck outthrust. He had never heard of such a thing.

"Dear me, yes," said Fleda glibly. "All the towns are adopting it. I wrote a theme on it. It's quite the only way. Instead of four or five poor schools, one fine building, with gymnasium, stage, kindergarten—everything."

"We was figgerin' on rebuilding the ward schools, as soon as we could get to it," Arpeggio imparted.

"Oh, but you mustn't. Why, you couldn't catch up again then in fifty years more. Have *one* new school, and then buses——"

She leaned forward, and her blue eyes held his.

"Mr. Shadd," she said, "isn't here my chance? Why couldn't I arouse public opinion to this new up-to-date method——"

"You could," said Arpeggio, "you could. I could do some arousin' myself, if I had the facts. It made me sore to see them little pantin' kiddies stood up on the platform and scared out of their livers—beg pardon for mentionin' orgins. But I didn't know it was our behind-the-timeness—" He had become involved. He smote the table a resounding slap.

"Your school board," said Fleda, "would they be amenable?"

Amenable? What word was that?

"I don't know," said Arpeggio truthfully. "I don't know. One of 'em is sensible, one of 'em is wobbly, one of 'em shirks, one of 'em is entirely cussed, and one of 'em is retirin' this fall. His term is up."

"Oh," cried Fleda, "then we must get in the right man. We must do that!"

Arpeggio considered.

"You needn't to mention it out around," he said, "but Spence Cordy is kind o' figgerin'."

Fleda's nose was pretty, though nearly upright at the tip. This quality became sharply accentuated.

"Spence Cordy!" she said. "That *snaffle-treel*"

"Which?" asked Arpeggio helplessly.

"He's a limb," explained Fleda with conviction, "a whisker. You know? No good whatever."

"Oh," said Arpeggio humbly. "I didn't gather. Yes, yes, I know he is—them terms you mention. But," he added, "with Newt Cordy back of him, he's perilous liable to be school commissioner for the Fourth."

"The Fourth." Fleda looked at Arpeggio with attention. "The Fourth. That," she said dreamily, "is my ward."

Spence was always brisk, always bright, always expectant.

ARPEGGIO was pursing his lips and busily drawing, with his thumbnail, a design on the golden-oak table. He did not immediately look up. When he did, he had no clue to the kindled eyes and parted lips and total breathlessness of Miss Fleda Burnett. It was she who was obliged to enlighten him.

"Mr. Shadd," she said, "women vote for school officers in this state. Why shouldn't I run for school commissioner from the Fourth?"

Arpeggio's eyes deepened and wrinkled at the corners. His thin lips shut, and their whole line lifted.

"By the great horn spoon," said Arpeggio, "that *i*-dee don't need no sloshin' around in *my* head."

"Do you mean for me to do it?" Fleda breathed.

"I mean," said Arpeggio, not without dignity, "already we got 'em licked." He felt an intense relief, as if it were he who had found something to suggest to her.

Fleda Burnett looked at Arpeggio, one hand outspread on her rose-linen breast.

"Oh," she said, "I *knew* you could help me."

"Do you know," said Arpeggio complacently, "I kind o' thought I could too."

Just what, Arpeggio wondered, had made him endorse and encourage the candidacy of Miss Fleda Burnett. Certainly not because she was a woman. Arpeggio had been heard to say that woman's place is in the home. Democratic so far as his experience went, he was perfectly likely to prove conservative when confronted by situations transcending that experience. Dimly he divined the truth, that he had wanted to suggest something to that appealing blue-and-rose-linen figure, to those eager eyes, and, failing that, he had fallen on her own suggestion. Now here he was, committed to a course not only outside his own ways, but outside those of Banning. Banning was rent from top to bottom.

"A woman on the school board," said Stack Mayhew, one of the commissioners. "What next, for cat's sake? A woman in the senate itself, I suppose."

"And that," said Purcell Dodd, the third commissioner, clasping his nose with all of one hand, "would mean pure anar-kicky."

The most curious phenomenon observable was that the women of Banning also were divided on the issue. Mis' Pickle Merrill, wife of Pickle Merrill, of the Pickle Factory, grieved openly.

"How can she?" she appealed it. "A nice modest-seeming girl like that! Can't she dance to her parties and not meddle so comical?"

"Well," said Mis' Matthew Bard, "I'm thankful I ain't got such aspirations. I'd hev to do too many things I don't want to do."

"Somebody had ought to stump against her," urged Mis' Druggist Dent. "I declare I would, if I didn't have so much church work. Women's place ain't public doin's."

A Miss Burnett street-meeting was arranged, and to the consternation of even some of her supporters Miss Burnett herself arose in her own automobile, drawn to

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Drawing by George Gaynere.

Heavens, how high and heavy the bus was! How it tottered and grumbled!

the curb before the Nutt and Mehan drug-store, and she spoke in a clear, cool voice, trained to it by many a college contest. She made a clean-cut argument, carefully not mentioning the problem of a central school and motor buses. And what she said was widely repeated, in spite of the fact that the Banning *Banner's* account of her appearance consisted chiefly in a description of what she wore.

It was an interesting campaign, and it is not to be denied that the prominence and influence of Eben Burnett, Fleda's father, played their part. Still further, the open unpopularity of Spence Cordy was its own factor. Though Spence undeniably had his followers. One was Jed, who drove the green motor bus which gave to the Banning station its sole claim to cosmopolitanism. As you looked at Jed, you would have said "hulking," even if there were no such word. When this "hundred-thousand-dollar proposition" of Spence's should incarnate, it was said that Jed was to be taken in. Jed said so himself, in fact, and was slave to Mr. Cordy.

BUT the real determinant in the election was, innocently, Arpeggio. Spence Cordy, happening in the commissioners' office one day to report to Stack and Purcell, who openly espoused him, had occasion to do some accounting on the back of an envelope which he took from his pocket. When he had gone, Arpeggio picked up this envelope from the floor. It was empty, was addressed to Mr. Cordy, and in the corner was printed the return address: that of a New York firm of text-book manufacturers. That night Arpeggio took the trolley to the city, looked up a school principal whom he knew, and in whose name he sent a telegram to that New York firm inquiring if they had a representative in that locality. The reply was informing. The firm was represented in that district by Mr. Spencer Cordy, Banning.

"Got him licked double," said Arpeggio, and made the tale public.

Fleda's election was by a narrow margin, but it was safe. According to Stack and Purcell, the decay of Banning had set in.

"Petticoat government," said Stack, nodding both head and shoulders. "I look for to see a townful of beaus now. A townful of bowin', mincin' beaus."

"Same as undermines England's dominions, Stack?" Arpeggio drawled.

"America," said Stack, "hain't England." And the court rested.

To tell the whole truth, Arpeggio had doubt in his heart; but that doubt's only depositary was the breast of his mother.

"Ma," he said, "between you and me, it looks to me like the new school commissioner was a little darn high-fly."

"What you help get her in for, then?" his mother naturally inquired.

"Lord, I dunno," Arpeggio groaned. "I had to say *somethin'* to her that day. Didn't I?"

"What's the matter with her?" his mother demanded.

Arpeggio reflected. What *was* the matter with her?

"Seems like a commissioner had ought to step down flatter with her feet. And her words. And her hair," was all that he could offer.

Winthrop, that member of the school board whom Arpeggio had denominated sensible, was selected as the one to introduce to the board the matter of the central school. Winthrop did it willingly enough—had even been reading an article, of late, on "The Municipal Waste of Our Ward School System." He prided himself on being up with the times. He was a born pioneer, had driven the first automobile in Banning, and had the open mind—so open that he believed nearly everything. When he had introduced the subject, Miss Burnett made her maiden speech, endorsing the idea.

THAT one of the board whom Arpeggio had characterized as wobbly was instantly impressed by the whole conception and agreed out of hand. The one who shirked was absent, and the one who was cussed, opposing all this by his nature, succeeded in prejudicing in private. Subsequently these two won over the wobbler. When the vote was taken, Fleda and the sensible member stood alone.

"Sure," said Arpeggio, "I knew how 't 'd be. Now get your referendum and swing it round your head."

Miss Burnett's lovely, mournful eyes brightened.

"Don't you see?" he instructed her. "It's us that's decidin' this thing. It's the folks. We ain't to be bossed by no little tin board. We're doin' this."

In the mien of this man, as he spoke thus, were all the dignity and the self-realization of a people. It was like this that the American colonist felt. Something in Fleda, which she had supposed to respond exclusively to the sight of her flag, quickened and thrilled.

"You're great, Mr. Shadd!" she said impulsively.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Instantly he lost his touch of the universal—became personal and ill at ease.

"Shucks, no," he said, "it ain't that. I only got one genius. I don't know when I'm beat."

Somebody circulated the petition for a referendum vote on the central-school question, and the night that the papers were filed with the commissioners Arpeggio walked home with Fleda. She took herself very seriously in those days, had added some manner, dressed still more exquisitely, acquired silences.

"Mr. Shadd," she said, "isn't it curious—and sad? I supposed that when you were ready to serve the world, the world would be willing and glad to have you serve. Well, *they don't like it.*"

Arpeggio, slouching beside her, smiled in the dusk.

"Of course they don't," he said. "But I can go you one better. Yes, indeed, I can ring you up one."

She listened. It was one of her new abilities.

"It's this," said Arpeggio. "You can't give a hang whether they like it or not. You got to be *glad* to be a nuisance."

"But people interfere!" she cried. "And I did so want," she plaintively added, "to function properly in my community."

Still Arpeggio was vague as to her meaning, but he knew his own.

"Forget it," he said. "Bump down on the job. That's all."

When he had left her, he walked on in the sweet night. Little lights were in the back rooms of the houses. Supper was "getting." No one was in the sitting-rooms, unless it was the father holding the boy and telling him a story while the stew savored the air. A few home-goers whistled and hurried. Arpeggio outstretched and dropped his arm.

"Them little lights and me," he thought, "we're goin' to get a better school buildin'—*one*—for the hull o' the kids o' Banning. Ain't it elegant the way them lights and me can do things?"

He stood still and looked at the lights and the answering stars.

"Gosh," he said reverently, "just to think that it's June and Elmer—them little kids—bein' late one mornin', that begun it. Ain't it grand what dinky, homely, no-'count tools God in His heaven can work with?"

He was flooded with infinite content, a sense of active joy, refreshment, rejuvenation. It was as if, looking in the face of his village and touching its hand, he had touched something else.

IN THE six weeks which elapsed before the election was to take place a whisper began to go about Banning. *They* were going to try it out for one day, calling for all the distant children with Jed Thom's motor bus, and carrying them all to the high-school building for "general exercises." Whose proposal this was nobody knew. *They* were going to do it. It had, in fact, been put through at teachers' meeting one night. The teacher who proposed it boarded next door but one to Arpeggio, and he sometimes walked down-town with her of a morning, if any one had thought of that.

The only objector to this plan was the most virulent objector to the whole central school—Spence Cordy.

"Thunderin' outrage," he gave out widely. "Little up-start girl and a half-baked commissioner runnin' this town like they had crowned heads on 'em."

When the suggestion to try out the plan for one day was formerly made to the board, the vote of Fleda and Winthrop were the only affirmatives. So then the Teachers' Association gave out that it would hire the bus and make the trial itself. Then the public would know how much time would be required, and whether one bus would do it; whether, in fine, Mr. Cordy's cry of "two hours and two buses" was all that he supposed it to be.

"Jed," said Arpeggio, "you're goin' for to give your bus and your services for that kid collectin' the once, ain't you? I'll bet you five dollars you won't do it free."

"Done," said Jed heavily. Jed was fifty, fat, and crusted over with a red-brown crust, toasted. His brain was toasted, too. It was pierced only slowly, and then it stayed pierced. He had a toasty voice. "Done," he said, "or 'less I change my mind through due consideration."

"What a rippin' sport," said Arpeggio admiringly.

"I got a char-ac-ter to keep a-goin'," said Jed, and cleared his throat, like toast crackling.

Raw March was sweeping the streets when general-exercise day arrived. It had been a dry March, and already the streets were blown and dusty. Before eight o'clock that morning, Arpeggio left his house and proceeded to the Banning Public Garage, kept by Jed Thom.

On Cook Street Arpeggio was overtaken by Miss Fleda Burnett, radiant in her furs and yet a hint of Spring in her bright hat. He swept her his best contortion.

"Walkin'?" said he. "I dunno's I knew you could walk, Miss Fleda."

"Father drove in town in my car," she said. "Oh, Mr. Shadd! I don't know why—but I've got this whole day on my shoulders. *Oh, Mr. Shadd!* If it should be a failure!"

"Women," said Arpeggio indulgently, "women is the durndest conjurors."

"But I'm so se—rious in this!" cried Fleda.

"Leave me be five minutes late to my supper," said Arpeggio, "and ma thinks I'm dead under the sidewalk."

"Yes, but so much depends on to-day, Mr. Shadd——"

"Fudge," said Arpeggio. "Nothing can happen. What could happen?"

On which, having arrived at the Banning Public Garage, he put out his hand and tugged at the double doors. And they did not yield.

"Honk, honk!" said he, and pounded on the boards.

Linden, the printer next door, put his head out.

"Jed, he was here," he volunteered, "but I met up with him goin' up the street. Said he was sick and he had to get some medicine in him."

"Devil, devil, devil," said Arpeggio, rapidly and without expression.

He turned and looked in Miss Burnett's face. She was so pale that his tone became elaborately careless.

"He'll be back," said Arpeggio, "when he gets his pill. They's plenty enough time. Jeddie's all right."

Five minutes, ten minutes, eight o'clock. On the moment arrived little Miss Thomas, the eighth-grade teacher. She was to accompany Jed and care for his charges. She had the list of the children to be called for. There were nineteen.

"We were to leave at eight o'clock," Miss Thomas said. "Why don't we?"

It was at this moment that Mr. Shadd, chancing to look across the street at Nutt and Mehan's drug-store, distinctly saw back of the red-and-green glass glory of the window, the satisfied face of Mr. Spencer Cordy, watching.

"Why don't we?" said Arpeggio. "Why don't we? Because a job has been put up on us. Jed ain't a-comin' near. That's why we don't start."

Fleda uttered a little scream. Arpeggio intensely disliked women who scream. He had known himself permit a green worm to measure its length upon a lady lest, if he warned her, she should emit that dreaded sound.

"LITTLE fluff-kit," he thought irritably. "Little fluff-kit," he thought again, and stared about him for recourse.

"What shall we *do?*" Fleda mourned, looking—oh, so lovely.

"Little fluff-kit!" said Arpeggio aloud, and wheeled fiercely on the women. "Go and get a driver for this motor 'bus!" he thundered, "and I'll break in the barn!"

He picked a brick from the sidewalk, put it through the window, and found the catch. In a minute he was inside the garage and had unbarred and slid back the great doors. On the threshold he confronted the two women.

"Gall o' bitterness!" wailed Arpeggio. "I thought you'd hev a driver here by now. Ain't you no——"

"Shut up, Mr. Shadd!" cried Miss Fleda Burnett. "There's no time to get a man."

He looked at her, fascinated. That lovely, moaning thing, had she spoken like that? And now she had run to the great green motor bus where it stood in its splendor. "I'll drive this bus myself," she said.

"You can't!" burst from Arpeggio.

"Shut up, Mr. Shadd—and bring some gasoline," Miss Burnett said.

She tossed her muff to the trembling teacher, tore off her white gloves, caught up from a bench some ill-smelling gauntlets, and helped Arpeggio with the gasoline. And all the while she was giving orders.

"Have you got your list, Miss Thomas? Well, run in through and keep in mind where we've got to call first. We can't waste a minute, for I've got to run slow——"

"The children!" Arpeggio gasped. "You'll kill all them children——"

She leaped to the driver's seat.

"Get out of the way," she ordered. "I can't waste time killing you."

"Out of the way," he said. "Don't you s'pose I'm a-'goin' too?" He was on the seat beside her. "Here—give us that list," he cried to Miss Thomas, "no need of three of us gettin' smashed. Sure, I know where they all live. Wasn't I the census-taker?"

"June and Elmer Austin come first!" Miss Thomas cried, and they were off.

And as they struck the macadam of Cook Street and swung west Arpeggio, in all his turmoil, remembered. He turned and gravely lifted his hat to the windows of

(Continued on page 90)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Lanning Cup

By Arthur Crabb

Three years ago Arthur Crabb—though that isn't his name—had never written a story. He was engaged in doing something quite different. Now he has about a hundred stories to his credit, and is just getting under way. Sometimes they are sport stories—like "The Lanning Cup"—sometimes stories of love and of social complications. EVERYBODY'S expects to publish several of Mr. Crabb's stories of different types during 1920.

A SHORT story that starts a century and a quarter before it ends is bound to have trouble, but when that's the fact, literature and the rules don't stand a ghost of a show. Here goes—all the way back to George Washington, who one day stopped beside a road and ate lunch or did something equally unusual, and thereby made that spot famous and historical. Some time between that day and the present day some one placed a stone on the spot, and certain words on the stone, so that the place and the fact should not be forgotten with the passing of the years, and went away and forgot the whole business himself, with the result that the stone, instead of standing up straight, began to bend over backward till it struck something hard and stopped.

That gets us to nearly modern times, that is, up to about ten years ago, when along came certain talented gentlemen and built the Lanning Golf Club—and the last green was beside Lanning Road, and across that road rested the old stone with the words on it telling about General Washington, and facing in general across the eighteenth green but somewhat up to Heaven—all of which brings us to the present day—quickly, you'll admit, considering the years we've covered.

It was noon of a September Saturday, a calm, warm day. The club-house was crowded, there was chatter on the piazza, there was comfort and happiness all about. An automobile drove up to the door and a little man stepped from it, passed through the house, and out on the piazza where lunch was being served. The little man was very active; he smiled and nodded right and left, and drew a chair to a table with four other men. You would have said that the little man was about fifty-five, or sixty at most, but more of that later—we'll call him an old man for the moment.

THERE are many old men who play golf, and some of them are loved by their fellow members and some are not. Some are very cranky, having no thought of others, either because of absent-mindedness or because of plain cussedness; they move slowly, caring not for those kept waiting behind; they demand undivided attention from servants, stand on their dignity and dollars, complain constantly, and are first-class nuisances generally. But old men of that sort are few—age mellows those who golf, and either keeps them, or turns them into jovial, genial, generous gentlemen with cheeks blooming red or shining brown, a pretty contrast with their white hair.

Many of these old gentlemen take pride in their age, and quite properly, too. They exclaim, "Not so bad for a man of seventy!" when they make a score that pleases them; then mention thirty-six holes played two days in succession with a touch of pride, and point to their grandchildren as worthy of them. There are surely many compensations for old age.

But of all old men, Alexander Milne, the little man who walked briskly out on the piazza of the Lanning Golf Club on that September day, was the most remarkable. No one in the club knew how old he was; he had never told, and no one had ever asked him; but Sargent Winthrop, who was no youth himself, said that he hadn't changed a bit in twenty years, and had been well along then.

When they drove off, every man in the club knew that David had promised to lose the match.

He was very kindly and very modest; his courtesy was renowned; he was generous to a fault, and he had a gentle wit that never had a sting to it, but always cheered. He was very small—he weighed perhaps no more than a hundred and ten or twenty; the hair of his head and beard was not white, it was hardly gray, and it had a touch of red still left in it. His skin was smooth and tanned like leather, and his eyes sparkled like the eyes of a happy boy. He took no pride in the vigor of his old age, but instead said that he was very fortunate indeed to have his strength remain with him so long, as though one such as he did not deserve such blessings.

He kept his eye on his friends and their wives and children, and asked for their health in a way that made it sure it was no conventional question; he did little acts of kindness every day, for a caddy or a servant or a member, human beings all, and brothers of his; he ate his meals without grumbling and with great relish, and was sure that the world was a very fine place in which to live.

THE Lanning Club worshiped him, and wondered that there could be such a grand old man; it seemed, when they came to think about it, utterly impossible that one small man could contain all the good qualities and so much of each one of them as were within Alexander Milne. And that was why every one on the piazza spoke to him and smiled and went back to their chops or cold roast beef just a little happier than he had been, when he turned away from them on that warm September day.

"Well, Sir Aleck," Winthrop exclaimed as Mr. Milne sat down, "feeling pretty well to-day? Yes? That's good. What'll you have for lunch?"

"I had lunch at home before I came," Alexander explained. "My daughter is there for the day."

"How about a little drink?" Edgar Fallon, a tall old fellow, suggested.

"Never, never till the day's work is done, as you know very well, Edgar," the old man said, with mock remonstrance.

"So you're workin' to-day, are you?" Winthrop chuckled. "Well, well, what do you think of that?"

"I am indeed," Alexander said very seriously. "I am indeed. I'm playing David White in the finals for the Lanning Cup, and that's work, now isn't it, if I'm to win? He's playing a very fine game indeed—and, do you know—" the old man hesitated, "by some curious chance I won my first prize at golf this very day sixty-five years ago, and I've been thinking how remarkable it would be if I should win my first and last prize on the same day of the year."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The four men at the table with Alexander stopped smiling and began to calculate. How old must a boy have been to win a prize in Scotland sixty-five years before? They did not know—ten years, perhaps; perhaps twelve or fifteen—and if it were fifteen Alexander was eighty years old. They could not believe that Alexander was as old as that, but as they were thinking, they heard him say, "I was just past eighteen and I played with a feather ball."

Eighteen! Eighteen and sixty-five! Alexander was eighty-three years old, and as young as he had been on that day sixty-five years before.

And then Elwin Lincoln, who was the club's speechmaker, jumped to his feet, and, every one knowing every one else and being a large, happy family, he told the story of the cup won sixty-five years before in Scotland, and proposed the health and happiness of Alexander Milne, to be drunk with what was handy—"be it liquor, tea, milk or the sparkling water from the crystal spring of our own fair club—which, from the cost of running the pump, is as precious as champagne—" and the last words took all forced sentiment out of it and made it go with a cheer, and the old man stood up and bowed, with happiness all over his face.

Sargent Winthrop's eyes were wandering about trying to discover David White, and not finding him he sauntered indoors, and thence to the locker room, where he discovered David dressing. He told David about Alexander who was eighty-three, and had won his first golf prize sixty-five years before.

"Let him win," Winthrop exclaimed. "Don't win, whatever happens! That cup is nothing to you, and it's the last one the old man will ever have a chance to win in all probability. It will make him happy the rest of his life."

"He shall have it, don't worry," David answered, and Sargent Winthrop went on his way, whispering here and there that the grand old man was going to win. The word spread and others spoke to David about it, commanding, commending, congratulating.

"I couldn't beat him anyway," David said; "he's a marvel."

"Don't try—be dead sure you don't make a mistake," was the general warning.

David White was at all times a very good player. Just then he was going great guns; he was having one of his streaks when he was practically unbeatable.

THERE was some question about David—there were some people who did not like him—he had an unfortunate way of saying things that hurt their feelings; he was not always considerate; he was a close bargainer; he cared about winning more than was entirely becoming. In the last analysis David's manner was not ingratiating, especially if one did not know him very well. But he was a decent enough chap, and there was no question about his word being good.

When David and Alexander Milne drove from the first tee, every man in the club except Alexander knew that David had promised to lose the match. They cheered when the old man, agile as a boy, drove his ball straight down the fairway. It was wonderful that a man of eighty-three should play golf at all—it was a miracle that he should play as well as Alexander played. The course was very fast, which would be to his advantage, and David had to allow him exactly a stroke a hole handicap. If he had not promised to lose, David would have had his work cut out to win. There was a club handicap that day, and Alexander and David agreed to play in it. Almost all the others waited till the great match had started and then followed, playing the four ball matches behind them.

THE sun was low and shadows on the home green were long when Sargent Winthrop and his companions finished their round. They went into the club-house, and Winthrop searched for David and Alexander. He did not find either of them, and went to the bulletin-board to see how badly Alexander had beaten David. He was laughing as he went, making something of a ceremony of it, and dragging Lord and Earnshaw with him. The bar was near by and they would drink again to the old man, and revive themselves a bit in the doing of it.

Half-a-dozen men were standing about the board talking. Winthrop saw their faces, and had a sudden premonition that something was wrong.

"Well," he cried, "here we are—what's the score?" His words did not ring true; he knew that something was wrong. He tried to deny it by smiling, but it was no go. He looked at the board—and on the last line of the schedule for the Lanning Cup, on the line for the winner's name, was written, "White, 1 up." He looked at the men about him as though demanding an explanation of the crime that had been committed. But no explanation was forthcoming; no one knew more than was written on the board: White had won. Sargent's lips closed tight and a queer light came into his eyes; he and the others turned and walked away without another word, forgetting the drinks that were usually so important. Later they looked up the scores that had been turned in in the club handicap, and opposite David's and Alexander's names was the word "Withdrew," so no information could be gleaned there.

David had won, and left the club. Alexander Milne had lost and had gone home, and he never played golf on Sunday. On Monday he was not well and word of it got about. It was nothing serious, if even the slightest disorder may be considered not serious when a man is eighty-three. Within two weeks Alexander had gone away with his daughter, and so no one heard from him how he had lost.

It is pleasant to talk of the popularity of this man or that—and it is not pleasant to talk of a man who has not the sympathy and whole-hearted affection of his fellows. To some extent David was used to the lack of general enthusiasm for him, and it bothered him little. He had known nothing else from his earliest days, and instead of letting it worry him he accepted it as his heritage, and found compensation in the friendships that he had, which he knew were sincere and not unstable.

He played his golf with the men he always played with, Hugh Ladd, Norman Dean and Jimmy Norris; and if any of those three bore him any grudge for beating old Mr. Milne he never said anything of it around the club. But even David recognized well enough the subtle change that had come over his relations with his fellow members.

It was an intangible and indefinable thing, a sort of coldness that was not studied, but seemed to be the unconscious attitude of the men about him. Pennell, the most genial man in the club, did say—"Oh, Davy, Davy!" and made it sound as though he had thought that not even David could have done such a thing. Winthrop himself blurted out: "Well what have you got to say for yourself?" and David looked him in the eye and with some heat answered: "Not a damn thing." Winthrop's son, between whom and David there had never been any love lost, made it a point to turn and walk away once or twice when David approached a group. That made David laugh; he cared nothing for what Winthrop's son thought.

All through the club the feeling against David grew—slowly but surely. Water ran up hill; it seemed as though people should have forgotten after the first indignation wore off, as though with time the sin should have been forgiven, but just the opposite happened. It was, perhaps, a little thing in the beginning, making the grand old man happy; it would have been such a simple, kindly thing to do, and David had promised; he had given his word to a dozen men individually and to the club collectively—and he had broken his word.

On one hand was Alexander Milne, whom every one of them loved—on the other hand was David White, and—oh, well, you know him. David himself said nothing, but gritted his teeth—he'd been through hell before and once more wouldn't hurt him. And that was the way of it when the annual dinner of the club came in early December. At those dinners the prizes won during the year were given to the winners, and speeches made; accordingly it was a very festive time.

THERE was much conjecture as to whether or not David would make his appearance at the dinner. He was secretary of the club, and some said that he would go for that reason, but most of them said that even he could not go there, secretary or not, and receive the Lanning Cup that he had won from Alexander Milne.

But David did go, and sat near the head of the table with Alexander Milne on one side of him and Norman Dean on the other. Alexander had not been expected, and he told them that he had come from Atlantic City specially for the occasion.

The dinner may be passed over—till Hugh Ladd, the President, rose to address his fellow members, with the Lanning Cup on the table before him. Hugh spoke, and finally came to the Lanning Cup; and then he lifted it, and looked at it and said, "And now I am to present the first prize of the evening, and it is with deep regret that I am obliged to present it to the wrong man."

A deathly silence fell over the room—men hardly breathed, and they knew that Hugh Ladd was pretty nearly David's best friend. Hugh Ladd smiled, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

spoke, "I hate to deliver beautiful examples of the silversmith's art to the wrong man, and I am going to shirk my responsibility and ask Mr. Alexander Milne to do it for me." He turned to Alexander and handed the cup to him, and the pent-up anguish of the diners found expression in applause for the old man, and the applause turned to cheers—and finally to wild shouting.

ALEXANDER stood, smiling and bowing, holding up his hand for silence, and silence finally came. "Gentlemen," he said, "I came here to-night for a special purpose. If it had not been for that special purpose, I should not have given myself the pleasure of being here. I came against the doctor's orders—I had to come. I have waited till you were all together so that you might all hear what I have to say. I asked our president for the privilege of delivering this cup to Mr. David White.

"You know that Davy beat me when he finally won this cup—and you know that the record of our course is seventy-two. I don't have to remind you that amateurs and professionals alike have struggled to lower that mark and failed. At the end of the fifteenth hole in our match for this cup, David was fifty-nine strokes, with every put holed and everything in order. He had twelve strokes left to break the record of the course; he knew it and I knew it—we spoke of it—and I can imagine no greater happiness than to play with a man who makes a record for a course such as ours.

"On the sixteenth green I missed a yard put for a five, and then David missed one of half that length for a four. I was very sorry—it was a very easy put, perhaps eighteen inches long. I did not play the seventeenth hole well, it took me three to reach the green, and David was on in one. I putted and David putted and went past the cup a dozen feet and missed coming back. We were all even.

"On the eighteenth I drove well, and David topped into the trap—his first poor drive all day, but it rolled out and he had a good lie. He was, perhaps, a jigger shot from the green. I saw him take an iron—I could not tell what club it was—and you can imagine my surprise when I saw his ball go off as he plays his long cleek shots, like an arrow, long and low and straight for the hole—but I knew that it would go much too far. It did! It went over the green and over Lanning Road and struck fairly on the monument that marks the spot where George Washington did something or other, I've forgotten what.

"I saw the ball rebound high in the air, but neither of us could see where it fell. I played, a very fortunate shot, and my ball was very close to the hole. When we reached the green, we saw David's ball within two inches of the cup, and mine three feet away, and laid a dead stymie. I had two puts to halve the hole, and David had one to beat the record of the course.

"Those, gentlemen, are the facts, and my only excuse for my stupidity was, I think, that the joy of the struggle, the joy of playing as I had not played for many a year, the joy of watching the

"I asked our president for the privilege of delivering this cup to Mr. David White."

wonderful skill of David, had driven every thought from my mind, had made me oblivious to what would have been perfectly evident to any other man.

"But as we walked on to the last green, and saw how the balls lay, I looked up and saw David's face, and then I understood in a flash what he had done; comprehension came to me. He had missed the tiny put on the sixteenth green on purpose, he had taken three puts on the seventeenth green on purpose, he had topped his drive on the eighteenth hole on purpose, and he had played over the last green and over Lanning Road on purpose—he had tried to let me win the match and the Lanning Cup. Out of the kindness of his heart, and out of what I am proud to take unto myself, his affection for an old man, he had methodically and unselfishly tried to sacrifice not only the cup itself, which perhaps is no great thing, but he had thrown away the almost sure chance of lowering the record of the course by two strokes, which would be a very great thing indeed.

"And the knowledge of all that, as it came to me on the eighteenth green, was a far sweeter and more valuable possession to me than all the cups in the world could be. Providence had watched over me; George Washington, who never told a lie, came back to earth and saw to it that a lie should not be told that day. If you will examine the stone to his memory beside Lanning Road, you will see the mark on it where David's ball struck, and caromed back to the lip of the cup.

"I putted, gentlemen, and I was fortunate; for I was able to knock David's ball into the cup, and it counted for a two against my four. There were tears in his eyes, and when I told him to replace his ball and hold it and make his seventy-one, he shook his head and walked away, ashamed that I should see his emotion.

"He had to make but a two-inch put—and, Mr. President and my fellow members, I demand of you that you tell the United States Golf Association and the rules of golf to go to thunder, and write David's seventy-one into the records of the club, and place his score on the wood tablet made for recording the course record, and that the scores of the last three holes be printed thereon in gold, so that you will never forget, any of you, as long as you live. Is there any one here who denies that I am right?"

NO ONE denied that Alexander Milne was right—and what happened then, in that room, can be imagined better than it can be described.

As to David, who had told nothing of it all, he simply smiled. "Oh, what was the use!" he said; "nobody ever listens to hard-luck golf stories, and if they do they don't believe them. Who would believe that any one couldn't lose a match if he really tried? Besides, I didn't start to lose soon enough."

"KING CALIBAN'S TOWN"

"SUMPTUOUS IN EVIL" was this half-jungle town in the South Seas, an island seaport, far from the restraints of Western civilization, and held in the absolute sway of an all-powerful Malay king. In an atmosphere fraught with danger, and steeped in palace intrigue, a lone white man, baffled by a mysterious death in the little European colony and the sudden disappearance of a beautiful English girl, was pitted against the subtleties of the inscrutable Orient.

"King Caliban's Town" is the story of a young American who felt himself softening in the enervating atmosphere of the tropics, of the mighty test that tried him suddenly, of a loyal China boy who proved "white," and of the splendid adventure of an intrepid lover. This powerful romance by Will Levington Comfort will be completed in two instalments, beginning in the May EVERYBODY'S.

The May issue of EVERYBODY'S will also contain complete short stories by Edwin Balmer, Barker Shelton, James Hopper, David Churchill, Arthur Crabb and Wilbur S. Boyer.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Colyumists' Confessional

IV. F. P. A., *by Rupert Hughes*

"DO YOU know Effpeeyay? I read that fellow's colyum every morning before I read the headlines. What's he like?"

That question has often been hurled at me by some friend who was c 2 k., because it had been printed in the 1919 "Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys" that F. Pepys A. had dined with us. He is ruthlessly candid, and it has now everlastingly entered the chronicles of time that he had corned beef and cabbage at our house. If we had only had ortolans or pheasants or something Petronian or Horatian!

Thousands of people regard F. P. A. as their autocrat of the breakfast-table, and expect him to say grace, as it were, over their coffee and rolls.

From the legions, indeed, who read F. P. A. before they settle down to the rest of the New York *Tribune*, one might think that his w. k. initials stand for Front Page Apéritif, or something like that.

His "Conning Tower" reveals a wide mental range between the scholar and the man-about-town. Indeed, the true scholar, well-soaked in the ancient classics, is bound to be intensely interested in the future classics to be made up of the details of his own day. Frank is very cantankerous about grammatical or metrical or logical slips. He catches very great men and papers mussing up their syntax, and he has put many of our ought-to-know-betters in his "Whom's Who."

What he doesn't know about prosody and verse technics is hardly worth knowing, or is not known at all. He writes with exquisite finish and a hard-earned appearance of ease in all stunt-forms.

His parodies of Horace, Propertius & Co. are famous. They are used in well-run classrooms to enlist the interest of jaded young slaves who do not know the difference between an alcaic and a sapphic, and would much rather not be told.

His slangy Horace is far closer to the original in spirit than most of the hideous professorial paraphrases, for Horace was the least professorial of men, and his one prophetic horror was the dread of being used as a text-book.

IN F. P. A's column one finds also the very latest slang and satire of the day, parodies on to-morrow's foibles, and a running comment of praise or dispraise as up to date as the paper itself.

His column is enormously read, his phrases become household words, and his morning mail is a terrible thing. He has numberless contributors who take a smile from him as an accolade. Some people say he has a soft job since he has all his contribs working for him. They work for him "like" the sheep work for the shepherd.

A few facts about his life have been duly copyrighted by "Who's Who in America," and at the peril of infringement, I venture to quote:

Adams, Franklin Pierce, *b.* Chicago, Nov. 15, 1881;

s. Moses and Clara (Schlossman) A.; grad. Armour Scientific Acad., 1899, U. of Mich. 1899-1900.

Here came a tragedy not included in the statistics. He had to leave the U. of Mich. on account of financial problems that drove him into the ins. bus. He who has done so much poetic justice, had it done to him when in 1914 the U. of Mich. honored him and herself by bestowing on him the degree of M.A. (*honoris causa*).

Photo by Paul Thompson

Franklin P. Adams, who from the "Conning Tower" of the New York Tribune *torpedoes without warning, and in classic style, the follies of the day.*

of
ern
hat
ere
nen
est
was
nal

The Conning Tower

Threnos

I say "Good night," and to some sad refrain
That once I knew in days how long

While in the ins. bus., he commenced contrib. in the coruscant column with which Bert Leston Taylor has enlightened the Chicago *Tribune* for many years, and will, *d. v.* (a plague o' these initials!), enlighten them for many more.

The initials of F. P. A. were from 1903-4 attached to a column of his own called "A Little About Everything." Its success emboldened him to come over into Macedonia and help us. Before leaving Chicago he published a book of verse called "In Cupid's Court."

The New York *Evening Mail* enjoyed nine years of his column, under a title he did not choose or like, "Always in Good Humor." Through this column New-Yorkers became addicted to the vice of turning at once to F. P. A's airy trifles, leaving the world-shaking events of the front page, the market and sports and woman's pages for later perusal.

When in 1913 he heeded a call from the *Tribune*, and manned "The Conning Tower," his initials were seen in electric lights and on the billboards about town as if he were a movie star.

Immediately upon our entry into the war, he sought a place where he could serve. He was one of the first new officers of the Military Intelligence. His brilliant wife, Minna, went into the Food Administration. Captain F. P. A's keen mind and wide information made him an officer of great value in a trying position where nearly everything was new.

SECRETARY BAKER came to know and admire him and sent him to France, where his column added an all-too-brief gleam to *The Stars and Stripes*. He spent six months abroad in Intelligence service, was under fire and everything, and returned to Washington and a swivel-chair till the armistice restored him to the orphaned multitude waiting for the reopening of his beloved Conning Tower.

It is unnecessary to tell more about his life, for everybody reads his "Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys" and his "Gotham Gleanings" and knows every game of tennis he wins or loses, every play he sees, everything he likes or dislikes and just where and when he eats corned beef.

He has written some pathetic verse concerning his daily toil, and constantly exclaims about the anguish of a last line. It is hard to put a last line to a tribute to a man of such manifold accomplishments, and this space is all too strait to contain a hint even of my admiration for the artist or my affection for Frank himself. Five books of his verses have been published, and a sixth, to be called "Something Else Again," is about to appear. These volumes are already classics, and they are jewel-caskets of sharp-cut and finely polished gems, vari-colored but all of purest ray serene.

What posterity will say of F. P. A. is none of our business. If posterity has good taste (which I doubt), it will certainly put F. P. A.'s stuff far ahead of most of the pitiful drool that Henry Fielding filled his column withal, and the dismal puns creaking with italics that poor Charles Lamb sold at sixpence apiece to the *London Post* when one Coleridge persuaded him to become a contrib.

On the following page are some selections from the works of F. P. A. which Mr. Hughes feels are typical and among his best.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE QUITE FRANK (IN CHLORIN)

Horace: Book III, Ode 15

"Uxor pauperis Ibyci—"

YOUR conduct, naughty Chloris, is
Not just exactly Horace's
Ideal of a lady
At the shady
Time of life;
You mustn't throw your soul away
On foolishness, like Pholoë—
Her days are folly-laden—
She's a maiden;
You're a wife.

Your daughter, with propriety,
May look for male society,
Do one thing and another
In which mother
Shouldn't mix;
But revels bacchanalian
Are—or should be—quite alien
To you a married person,
Something worse'n
Forty-six!

Yes, Chloris, you cut up too much,
You love the dance and cup too much,
Your years are quickly flitting—
To your knitting,
Right about!
Forget the incidental things
That keep you from parental things—
The World, the Flesh, the Devil,
On the level,
Cut 'em out!

POPULAR BALLAD: "NEVER FORGET YOUR PARENTS"

A YOUNG man once was sitting
Within a swell café,
The music it was playing sweet—
The people was quite gay.
But he alone was silent,
A tear was in his eye—
A waitress she stepped up to him, and
Asked him gently why.

(Change to minor)

He turned to her in sorrow and
At first he spoke no word,
But soon he spoke unto her, for
She was an honest girl.
He rose up from the table
In that elegant café,
And in a voice replete with tears
To her he then did say:

CHORUS

Never forget your father,
Think all he done for you;
A mother is a boy's best friend,
So loving, kind, and true,
If it were not for them, I'm sure
I might be quite forlorn;
And if your parents had not have lived
You would not have been born.

A hush fell on the laughing throng,
It made them feel quite bad,
For most of them was people, and
Some parents they had had.
Both men and ladies did shed tears,
The music it did cease.
For all knew he had spoke the truth
By looking at his face.

(Change to minor)

The waitress she wept bitterly
And others was in tears
It made them think of the old home
They had not saw in years.
And while their hearts was heavy and
Their eyes they was quite red,
This brave and honest boy again
To them these words he said:

CHORUS

Never forget, etc.

A POOR EXCUSE, BUT OUR OWN

(Why don't you ever write any child poetry?—*A Mother*)

MY RIGHT-HAND neighbor hath a child,
A pretty child of five or six,
Not more than other children wild,
Nor fuller than the rest of tricks—
At five he rises, shine or rain,
And noisily plays "fire" or "train."

Likewise a girl, *ætatis* eight,
He hath. Each morning, as a rule,
Proudly my neighbor will relate
How bright Mathilda is at school.
My ardor, less than half of mild,
Bids me to comment, "Wondrous child!"

All through the vernal afternoon
My other neighbor's children skate
A wild bacchantic rigadoon
On rollers; nor does it abate
Till dark; and then his babies cry
What time I fain would versify.

Did I but set myself to sing
A children's song, I'd stand revealed
A bard that did the infant thing
As well as Riley or 'Gene Field.
I could write famous Children Stuff,
If they'd keep quiet long enough.

THE STINGING OF V. CATULLUS, ESQ.

(Which is his 70th ode, dry-cleaned and rekalsomined)

MYRTILLA says that there is none
So strong, so fine, so cavalierly,
From New Rochelle to Evanston,
As yours sincerely.

She says that no one else is half
So utterly attractive to her;
That she'd give Jove himself the laugh
If he should woo her.

I say she SAYS so. . . . Ah, I find
The words of Eve's most lovely daughter
Ought to be written on the wind
In running water!

SHE IS NOT FAIR

"SHE is not fair to outward view,"
No beauty hers of form or face,
She hath no witchery, 'tis true,
No grace.

Nor pretty wit, nor well-stored mind,
Nor azure eyes, nor golden hair
Hath she. She is—I am not blind—
Not fair.

What makes me love her, then? say you,
For such a maid is not my wont.
Love her! What makes you think I do?
I don't.

FOOTLIGHT MOTIFS

OLGA NETHERSOLE

I LIKE little Olga,
Her plays are so warm;
And if I don't see 'em
They'll do me no harm.

My Puritan training
Has kept me from going
To dramas in which
Little Olga is showing.

But I like little Olga,
Her art is so warm;
And if I don't see her
She'll do me no harm.

"WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING BIG?"

THE Comic Bard is supposed to sigh
For the skill and the power to make you cry;
He's supposed to yearn, when he has the time,
To make you sob as you read his rhyme.
That thought in many a bard may be;
I only know how the thing strikes me.
For mine aim is low, mine ambish atomic;
I'm tickled to death when they call me comic.

THE CABARET BARDS

I

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

DON'T you hear it? Toot! Toot!
Getting near it? Toot! Toot!
Wake up, Kate. Don't sleep so late.
We've got a date at half-past eight;
Don't you hear that hunter's horn?
Tootle-oo!
Don't be so quiet,
Let's have a riot!
You're a peach, you're a mango,
Let's do the tango
Down in the Londonderry bogs.

CHORUS

Oh, Kathleen, you're a queen,
You're my Hibernian peacherine,
You're a bear,
You're there,
I don't care, I don't care, I don't care!
You're a gem,
K. M.—
Kathleen Mavourneen-ee-een!

II

ANNIE LAURIE

LISTEN to my story, kid,
About Annie Laurie, kid,
Down on the Maxwelton River,
She's no flivver;
Her neck's like the swan, are you on? Are you on?
Her face is fair, she's a bear! She's a bear!
She's a wolf, she's an otter,
She's a swell turkey-trotter;
She's some dancer, that's the answer.
Oh, oh! when I squeeze her I please her,
O Cæsar!
Oh, that Annie Laurie Ra-ha-ha-ag!

CHORUS

Maxwelton hugs are bunny;
Ain't it funny? Ain't it funny?
Nab me, grab me, taxicab me;
Do that glorious,
Gyratorious
Annie Laurie-ous Rag!

A PENNY'S WORTH OF POESY

LADY, when you noted a deflection
In my—as a rule—attentive gaze,
You articulated mild objection,
Using a not unfamiliar phrase.
Was I thinking solemn thoughts, if any?
Were my musings integers or naughts?
Wondered you; and offered me a penny
For my thoughts. . . .

Lady, some may deem it far from proper,
Say it is with Freudian meaning fraught,
Thus to tell you, for a paltry copper,
What is my predominating thought.
Lady, can you bear it without shrinking?
Did you want my "thoughts" the other night?
I was thinking—I am always thinking—
What to write.

In the May number Philander Johnson of the Washington Evening Star will appear at this Confessional.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Cat and the Burglar

By George F. Worts

Author of "Peter the Brazen"

Here is a sprightly story in which a black cat and a million-dollar diamond play leading rôles. The author, who wrote "You Can't Miss It," published in the December and January numbers of EVERYBODY'S, is a young man with a long list of interesting experiences. Just now he is traveling in China—and between journeys writing stories for later numbers of this magazine.

CLAIRE WILLOW wrapped her warm arms around her husband's neck, and planted a kiss of adoration and gratitude upon his puckery mouth. It lived up to every expectation. Claire's kisses generally did. All the way up-town in his home-bound limousine he had been anticipating this one. The sweet ceremony put behind them, his radiant young wife again gazed with rapturous eyes at the bauble he had placed in her hand.

"You darling!" she reiterated. "You perfect darling! I never *dreamed*——"

And Mannister Willow permitted her to bubble on. It was one reason why giving things to Claire was such a delightful form of employment: she appreciated them so genuinely, so joyously, so affectionately. Indeed, he rather liked having her call him a perfect darling, an angel, an old sweetheart, a precious, a honey-bunch, and the other nice and deserved little names which rippled so spontaneously and with such enthusiasm from her lips.

Mannister was always surprising Claire, bringing her little "remembrances" on the slightest provocation, often on no provocation at all—she was so like an unspoiled child. Sometimes he surprised her with a large box of violets and orchids, sometimes merely with a fat box of costly candy, for Claire was tremendously fond of sweet things—"sweets for the sweet," as he frequently complimented her, with that dry humor of his. Or, when she went into raptures over a bouquet of velvety damp violets and exotic orchids—"no flower is half so rare or beautiful as you, dearest."

Once he had surprised her with a landaulet and a chauffeur, in full livery, to match his business limousine. On another greater occasion he had presented her with the deed to a somewhat pretentious estate near Douglaston, Long Island.

THEN his surprises began running to jewelery. Claire simply adored diamonds. Her engagement ring, a product of Mannister's thrift before "his ship came in," as he described the arrival of riches, was a shallow, yellowish, one-half-carat stone. And when his ship came in it appeared that a fair share of her cargo space was taken up with diamonds—fat fellows, clear as Vichy water.

In spite of his sky-rocket-like success, Mannister displayed very good taste. All of the jewelry he had given her thus far she could wear at all times upon her person—a diamond-sapphire-platinum wrist-watch, a necklace of graded pearls, and some beautiful rings. He could have afforded, as a matter of fact, to buy diamonds for her by the pint, for Mannister Willow had made more out of alcohol, munitions and motor-trucks during war-times than he really knew what to do with. He was fairly "rolling in it." Some claimed him to be a millionaire a dozen times over, even after the excess-profit tax had been deducted. And certainly the present offering supported the rumor.

On this occasion, Claire's twenty-sixth birthday, he had outdone himself. And it was such a tiny package, too—small enough to be stowed away in Mannister's vest pocket. Yet, as he himself aptly expressed it, "the best things come done up in little packages."

AT FIRST sight of this startling demonstration of his love for her, Claire had shrieked. Then she kissed him, and recited the list of endearing terms reserved exclusively for "Manny." Sometimes she called him "Daddy," and sometimes he called her "Mumsy," although they had no children or prospect of children.

Diamonds and pearls, tens of them, hundreds of them! Flashing, glinting, sparkling, glowing! A collar of diamonds and pearls to wear around her slim white neck! Abruptly a most appalling sum of money went skipping through Claire's fluffy little brain. Hundreds of thousands of dollars! The angel!

The angel drew her down upon his lap as he sank into a luxurious armchair, folded his arms about her, and pressed his hot firm face against her soft hot one. And he murmured, not without striking fairly close to the truth, that her eyes at that moment rivaled the depth, the purity, and the wicked brilliance of the largest diamond of them all.

"*Isn't* it a wicked-looking diamond!" she exclaimed as her fingers brought the prize of them all to the fore again.

Indeed it was a wicked-looking diamond—like the eye of a dreamy cat, pale green in color and inhabited by an evil fire. Its size, its flashes, its pale but definite color, made it stand out sharply from the other stones.

"Dearest," her husband said in a voice playful yet ominous, "you are now touching a diamond whose history has been written in the blood of kings, queens, mandarins, and bandits! The disappearing diamond of Baroda!"

Again Claire uttered a little shriek, not of dismay or horror, but of thrilled interest. For Claire was a very superstitious little thing. She believed in and religiously practised the throwing of salt over the left shoulder (or is it the right?) when spilled on the table-cloth. She believed in the ominousness of the number thirteen to such a degree that she was known to turn deathly pale when that hapless number occurred in the plans of her frivolous life. As for starting on a journey on Friday, putting shoes on a table, or opening an umbrella indoors—horrors!

On a davenport near them a full-grown cat of inky blackness was reclining, staring broodingly at Claire out of round, green eyes. The cat had "adopted" her, a most propitious circumstance, for when a cat follows you home, good luck of some kind is certain to enter your household. The black cat—there wasn't a white hair on her—at that period a gaunt and mangy kitten, had determinedly followed Claire to the apartment-hotel one day, previous to the setting in of Mannister's exceptional luck. Did Mannister dare deny that the cat had brought him his fortune? No, Mannister did not.

During that episode in the history of the Willow household there lived a lively bull-terrier, small in size and roguish in deportment, who, when it fitted his plans, responded to the spoken name of Waffle. The name owed its origin to a distinguishing pattern of little dark and white squares on his hind quarters; he might have been named Checker-board as fittingly.

Waffle took upon himself with the patience and perseverance of his kind the obligation of making a martyr out of the fragile black kitten, worrying and tormenting her at every opportunity, until at last there came to Claire the inspiration to call the poor kitten "Belgium." It amused Mannister; and that was sufficient.

CAME a day when Belgium desperately sharpened her claws on Waffle's impertinent nose. The horrified bull-terrier evidently realized, when the claws raked the tender, icy, black skin of his nose, that the peace of his declining years was threatened. At all events, he disappeared soon thereafter, and was seen no more.

His desertion made Belgium undisputed mistress of the Willow animal kingdom, which consisted of herself and a friendly little Javanese bluebird. Two years of luxury transformed Belgium into a sleek black panther; and she attained cathood with a personality darkly mysterious.

At unexpected moments Claire would discover the cat staring at her with that round, unfathomable stare. It was disconcerting. It was startling.

And while Claire, having comfortably adjusted herself to her husband's lap, listened raptly to the story he told, she made the discovery in an idle moment that the cat was staring at her in that startling way. Claire then made a more shocking discovery, which comparison verified. Belgium's eyes and the great diamond were of an identical color! It made her start.

But she did not call this amazing coincidence to her husband's attention until

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

later, for Mannister was now getting along well with his story, the story of the disappearing diamond of Baroda, the Kandrahar; for the green diamond had sufficient carat and background to justify a proper name in its honor. The Kandrahar.

A Holland lapidary, through whom the gem had been purchased, had supplied the New York jeweler who assembled the stone with the Kandrahar's record. No one knew how many centuries old the Kandrahar was. Its first recorded appearance was at the white throat of the beautiful Eurasian first wife of a Gaekwar of Baroda, a division of the Pilaji, whither it was reputed to have come from the sandalwood gem casket of a tribal chief of the Punjab. This occurred, as Mannister recalled it, in the sixteenth century. Abruptly and mysteriously its lovely wearer and the Kandrahar had disappeared. No trace of her was ever found. And a little more than a hundred years later the diamond came to light in the collection of a wealthy Chinese mandarin. And, shortly, it had disappeared again.

At this point Mannister's memory became hazy.

"Was the mandarin killed?" Claire demanded with concern.

Her husband didn't remember. But, anyhow, the Kandrahar went glittering down the centuries establishing for itself a reputation as a very bad diamond indeed. It was responsible for deaths beyond computation, after the fashion of all great diamonds, altering in its comings and goings the destinies of men and women, princes and dancing-girls. For nearly a half-century, which brought the narrative up to the minute, it had lain dormant in the collection of a Balkan prince. The high cost of warfare had compelled this monarch to dispose of it; and that was how it came to America for the very first time, and into the fingers of Claire.

Claire made an heroic effort to smother her misgivings, kissed him once more, and gaily demanded to know how he had kept the secret for so many months. *She* couldn't have. For she was beginning to realize that the Kandrahar and the gems attending that wicked diamond could have cost him no less than one million dollars. One million dollars' worth of diamonds and pearls to wear around her neck!

THE cloud of worry returned to her brow: "But honey, aren't you a little afraid? If it has the trick of vanishing so suddenly, how can we ever——"

"You superstitious little humbug!" he cried, giving her a hug. "What century are you living in? What city is this? Black magic isn't fashionable any more, and—haven't you a solid steel hiding-place——"

At that Claire clapped her hands. "So that's why you had that little round safe built into the wall in my bedroom!"

"Only for overnight visits," Mannister said gravely. "No one but you, and I and the jeweler know of its existence in this country. So it will be safe here tonight. In the morning it goes into a bank vault."

He produced theatre tickets, enabling Claire to run the scale of endearments once more. They would dine, he said, at some down-town restaurant instead of the restaurant down-stairs.

The lean silhouette against the electrically illuminated cloudbank which hovered over that quarter of the city did not stir until every window in the Willow apartment became dark. Slim Globlon had been kneeling on the roof of the adjoining building, stealthily enjoying the pantomime in the living-room, since a few minutes after the husband had entered. Through the broad slit under the partly-drawn shade he had seen the man produce a glittering object from his pocket; and he had warmly approved of the pretty blonde woman's subsequent actions, when she twined her arms around his neck. It was a natural thing to do, Slim thought as he crouched there. He would have done likewise, so he muttered with the dry humor that bubbled under his grim exterior, only he would have quietly strangled the man.

Slim crouched there, perilously near the edge of the roof, until the pretty love scene ran its course. And after they left the room, and until the last light was extinguished, he thoughtfully whiled away the time by sandpapering the tips of his fingers, although he did not know where the bauble was hidden. Indeed, he was not at all certain that the woman might not cheat him by wearing it.

However, the evening had begun auspiciously for Slim Globlon. Slim, you see, was a diamond expert. In the circles wherein he moved Diamond was, as a matter of fact, one of his names. The other was 'Charlie.' Diamond Charlie and Slim Globlon were one and the same.

FROM a private and exclusive source he had been tipped off to the various movements of the Kandrahar since it had crossed the Atlantic. In fact he had followed it up-town, trailing Mannister Willow's limousine in a shabby taxicab owned by a friend with a poor memory, and alighting at the corner beyond, where he executed a plan previously established, making his roundabout way to the selected roof-top.

Such expeditions are often planned with all the care given to big business transactions. Slim's arrangements were completed a week before he climbed on business and pleasure bent to the roof-top on the night in question. A purchaser had even been found for the Kandrahar. The lesser gems would find their way back to the diamond market by easy channels, of course.

On mute shoe-soles, immediately the last of the Willow windows became dark, Slim Globlon stole to the opposite end of the metal roof, where he commanded an areaway leading from the street to the back entrance of the apartment-hotel. From this point he gained a view of the street on which the apartment-hotel fronted.

This was merely a point of caution. He desired no interruptions; was rather grateful to Mannister Willow for living in an establishment which employed scores of maids for general cleaning, to relieve the individual tenants of the help problem.

Slim fixed his eyes on the little oblong of pavement, and waited until a glittering limousine, with whose contours he had made himself familiar, slowly rolled past the opening, with a sweet whining of gears.

Then, with the grace and confidence of a circus acrobat, he leaped—absolutely without sound—to the fire-escape platform which ran along the window behind the Willows's guest-room. One of these windows had been conveniently left open all the way. Had it been closed, it would have presented no important obstacle to Slim Globlon, to be sure.

Humming a sprightly little tune, our debonair burglar pushed his head and shoulders into the room, followed them with his legs, turned on the light, opened the door, turned off the light, and entered the living-room, leaving the door ajar.

SWITCHING on the ceiling cluster here, he paused and devoted the better part of five minutes to a leisurely inspection, admiring and condemning as he saw fit, beholding no logical hiding-place, and reaching the conclusion ere long that the Willows' taste was generally very poor. He was tempted to steal nothing. Solid silver candelabra, and an ornate silver desk-set he complimented with but a sidelong glance.

Then, resuming the lilting tune, he passed on into Claire's bedroom, beheld the safe in the wall, and frowned. It did not seem possible that intelligent people would hide a large fortune in such an accessible place. Better to have left it on the dining-room table; for Slim was a master craftsman.

For a space of minutes he twirled the black-enameled knob first one way and then the other. He would exhaust this possibility.

Suddenly he paused. The smile fled from his thin lips. There dawned in his small, greenish-black eyes a light that had not visited them before all evening. It was fear. His hypersensitive ears had detected a sound behind him. Some highly strung cord had been vibrated in his intensely receptive nature as well.

There was some one behind him! He knew this as positively as you know that some one is making unfavorable comments upon your character or your past when your left ear burns.

Throughout his career, which had been a happy and untarnished one, he had prepared himself for this moment—the hideous moment which haunts the heart of every house-breaker—that stealthy approach of some one behind.

Slim Globlon had devoted hours to preparation for this moment. You could not have winked your eyes twice during the time required for his right hand to dart into his right-hand pocket, for him to spin about and to level a deadly black revolver.

At his feet, sitting on her haunches, with long, rangey forelegs seeming to lift her head into the air, sat an ink-black cat with round green eyes. Without moving, the cat sat and stared up at him until Slim's relieved laughter expended itself

The green eyes were curiously penetrating. She seemed (as Slim afterward expressed it in confidence to his light o' love) to be studying in his brain every job he had ever pulled. She was a curious influence, that sleek, black, green-eyed panther; and Slim sobered immediately.

He replaced the revolver and extended his hand.

"Nice Pussy?"

The cat continued to consider him without recognition.

"Hmp. Well, have it your way, kits," he said, when the cat evaded his hand. "You watch now," he urged politely. You'll learn something, Blackie."

And, as though she had taken him literally at his word, Belgium sprang lightly to the counterpane on her mistress's bed,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

draped her graceful figure in a Sphynx-like attitude, and studied the play of the craftsman's fingers. After a while she began to purr.

"That's the stuff, Blackie," the diamond expert chirped. "You sing and I'll work."

Obligingly Belgium yawned, stretched, and uttered deep in her red throat a high-pitched musical trill.

Slim looked at her admiringly, and leaning down, touched her head. This time Belgium did not retreat. She arched her sleek back and raised her long black tail perpendicularly.

"In a moment, Blackie," the burglar assured her, and resumed his employment.

A critical point had been reached in his investigation. With his "best ear," the left one, close to the shining disk, he was turning the knob more slowly now. At the end of another painstaking fifteen minutes his efforts were rewarded. That is, the entire disk moved outward, disclosing an oblong pocket encased in thick walls of solid steel.

With a hand that trembled slightly he removed from the steel compartment a thin flat box of black leather. He removed the lid. He gazed. His detailed inspection of the collar consumed minutes; but he was in no hurry—he had seen Willow display the two theatre tickets.

Depositing the little black plush-lined box upon the counterpane beside the cat, he pushed the cylindrical safe back into the wall and twirled the knob to relock it. And being a burglar of infinite caution, he wetted the end of a towel under the hot-water faucet in the adjoining bathroom and polished the disk until it was clean of incriminatory evidence. Thoughtfully replacing the towel where he had found it, he returned to the Kandrahar.

It almost hypnotized him, that historic green diamond. Never had he weighed in his hands a gem of such dimensions or color, although he had owned, for brief periods, purer ones. It was almost a perfect cube, carved by lapidaries of olden times—the little optical glass he carried showed him that.

Over and over he muttered the glittering name: "The Kandrahar! The Kandrahar!"

He held it in his hand; he laid the collar across one knee. He dangled it close to his eyes. He looked through it at the light; and he fell to wondering, without any pangs of conscience, how the pretty, fluffy-haired woman would conduct herself when the loss of the great diamond was discovered. She would scream. She would faint!

WELL, life was life. And still dreaming of her, he kissed the Kandrahar—very lightly.

His handsome black companion claimed his attention by climbing upon his lap with musical rumblings in her throat. Belgium was a spoiled cat; she was accustomed to attention and flattery: and here was a person sitting squarely beside her, and ignoring her existence!

The burglar looked down into her face; and then it was that Slim Globlon made the discovery that had so disconcerted Claire Willow.

The eyes of the cat matched the color of the Kandrahar perfectly!

He blinked, then grinned, and told himself that a crook must not be superstitious; that better men than he had been ruined by pledging themselves to ominous beliefs and signs.

Holding the diamond-and-pearl collar in one hand, with the other he stroked the soft black hair. He had never seen blacker hair on any animal. It was midnight black, the color of the plush in jewelers' windows.

The comparison produced a whimsical impulse. He lowered the sparkling collar to the black fur. The blackness brought out the fire in every stone.

The cat had stopped purring, was betraying signs of annoyance. But the mirthful burglar proceeded to carry out his impulse. Holding the cat firmly between his knees he adjusted the collar about her neck, and snapped the catch.

The click added insult to injury. With a wiggle, a squirm, a digging in of hitherto sheathed claws, Belgium sprang to freedom, descending with a hiss to the rug. She sprang into the air.

A faint smile disappeared from the burglar's lips.

The cat was rolling, tumbling, clawing at the air, and hissingly revealing a tongue and mouth as red as betel-nut. Again she leaped into the air, flopped back and writhed as before.

Slim Globlon suspected that the fun had been carried far enough, but he disliked the idea of approaching that bundle of claws and teeth, for Belgium was growing more indignant every second, and her more frequent and louder cries were making him apprehensive.

But his mild apprehension did not diminish the joy he was obtaining from the fireworks. With flashes not less malignant than those emanating from the eyes of the cat, the Kandrahar cut amazing fiery circles and ellipses, while the lesser gems furnished a showy chorus.

A MILLION dollars' worth of diamonds and pearls around the neck of a cat!

The burglar glanced at his watch and wondered how long before the writhings, hissings and yowlings would diminish. Yet they seemed to be gaining in number and volume. All at once Slim Globlon decided to wind up the evening's entertainment. It was nearly ten o'clock—time to be strolling.

He seized the rug by one corner, intending to roll cat and collar into a tangle from which he could easily extricate the collar.

But Belgium had other plans. She suddenly faced him with spinal hair erect, body arched, tail as thick as his arm, hissing, backing away.

The burglar lifted the rug. The cat bolted out of the room.

Slim was ten feet behind when she skittered across the living-room and into the guest-room.

He was a dozen feet behind when she sprang straight out of the opened window. Angry and dismayed, he followed her out upon the fire-escape.

Conforming to the best traditions of cat-magic and the Kandrahar, both had disappeared.

The burglar swore. Had she leaped to the roof—or gone on down the fire-escape? For the first time that evening, time became a valuable commodity. He might not find her for hours! Sweat came out clammily on his neck and face. And it was so damned preposterous!

His eyes, adjusting themselves to the gloomy darkness, made out presently the skeleton fabric of the fire-escape. Decision followed.

Gripping the cold hand-rail he advanced to the edge of the platform, and felt with his "lucky foot," his left one, for the first step. He found it, and hastily started down.

The third step from the top he did not touch at all. His lucky foot descended upon a soft, resistless object with all its weight.

A flash of venomous green light reflected from some remote source of illumination, a feline scream of agony and consternation rewarded him. Gulping with terror he lost the hand-rail. His other foot became entangled with the cat.

The two of them—the cat and the burglar—now linked together by digging claws, flew down the iron flight to the next platform.

MILLIONS of diamonds, and oceans of furry black, poured crashingly into the burglar's brain.

Night noises began coming vaguely to Slim Globlon's clamoring ears, while he painfully endeavored to penetrate through the confusion inside his head to the voices that would spell his professional downfall. He heard the hollow tooting of a steamboat on the river; the clatter and rumble of a distant elevated train. But no policeman's whistle, no screams of hysterical women. For, strange to relate, no windows had been thrown open.

Devoutly squeezing the luckpiece in his pocket, and with frequent apprehensive glances arear, he made his way painfully into the areaway, groaning softly at every step. His twisted left leg would hardly support his weight.

The taxicab was still waiting for him. Hastily he climbed in. Swiftly he was spirited away, carrying in his jumping brain an apparition that would haunt him for many days: the gloomy skeleton of a fire-escape stairway, and a furry black ball which glared up at him with green eyes—three venomous green eyes!

In the reverberant darkness of the ancient cab, the shivering burglar for the first time in many years crossed himself.

About an hour after his departure the Willows returned to their apartment. Claire, who was the first to enter the living-room, did not comment upon the lighted ceiling cluster, for, at what she beheld squatting on the large Oriental rug, she fainted.

Her husband hearing the thud of her falling body, hastened after her, dragging a partly unbuttoned top-coat into the room behind him.

Nothing but a miracle would have prevented Mannister from kneeling on the instant at the side of his beautiful stricken wife.

With eyes bulging, mouth agape, face as white as a dead man's, he sank panting heavily into the nearest and most convenient chair.

Having evidently adjusted her views in the matter of costly and uncomfortable adornment, Belgium was reclining in her familiar sphinx-like attitude, gently waving her tail from side to side, and attending her prostrate mistress with green eyes rounded by astonishment. Playfully she put forth a curving black paw and touched Claire Willow's hair.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He seized the rug by one corner, intending to roll cat and collar into a tangle from which he could easily extricate the collar.

At that Mannister came up from his chair with a groan, seized the cat by the shoulders, and tremblingly stripped off the diamond collar. He crumpled it in his hand and, lifting Claire by the armpits, staggered into her room.

Depositing her tenderly on the bed, he dabbled her chalky face with the wetted end of a hand-towel.

Eventually this treatment restored her. She sat up.

They stared.

"Did—did you see—" she whispered, gulping.

"Yes!" he said, dangling the collar near her eyes.

Claire pushed it away, glanced past him, and shrieked.

"Manny! The safe! It's locked! It hasn't even been opened!"

Her husband went deathly white again. He fairly threw himself across the room, and furiously jerked the knob with all his might.

"Yep. It—it *is* locked!" he said hoarsely.

"See if the silver has been touched," she commanded him, but with very faint hope.

He hastened into the living-room, and returned, whiter, if possible, than he had been before.

"Nothing has been touched—absolutely nothing!"

She shivered violently. "Oh, Manny! What shall we do? Whatever shall we do?"

Mannister glared ominously at the bewitched diamond of Baroda; and the diamond of Baroda twinkled wickedly back at him.

"Do?" he cried out. "Take the damn thing back, that's what we'll do! Substitute an ordinary, plain, good, old-fashioned American diamond! By George, I'll not have spooks in my——"

Another little shriek stopped him. Claire, having thought the matter over, had fainted again.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mary Wollaston

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Real Adventure," "The White Arc," etc.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Not Collectable

THE effect of Rush's interruption was rather that of a thunderclap, hardly more. Recalling it, Mary remembered having looked into March's face as the street door banged shut to see whether he were laughing. She herself was sharply aware of the comic effect of her brother's kicking himself out of the house instead of his intended victim, but she could not easily have forgiven a sign of such awareness from March.

He had betrayed none, had tried, she thought—his amazement and concern had rendered him pretty nearly inarticulate—to tell her what the look in his face had already made evident even to Rush: his innocence not only of any amorous intent toward Paula, but even of the possibility that any one could have interpreted the relation between them in that way. He might have managed some such repudiation as that had she not cut across his effort with an apology for her brother.

It had been a terrible week for them all, she said. Especially for Rush and for Aunt Lucile, who had been there from the beginning. Even the few hours since her own return this morning had been enough to teach her how nearly unendurable that sort of helplessness was.

It must have been in this connection that he told her what had not got round to her before, the case of his sister Sarah whom they had watched as one condemned to death until John Wollaston came and saved her. "He simply wouldn't be denied," March said. "He was all alone; even his colleagues didn't agree with him. And my father, having decided that she was going to die and that this must, therefore, be the will of God, didn't think it ought to be tampered with.

"I remember your father said to him, 'Man, the will of God this morning is waiting to express itself in the skill of my hands.' And it didn't sound like blasphemy, either. He carried father off in his apron, just as he was, to the hospital, and I went along. I scraped an acquaintance afterward with one of the students who had been there in the theatre watching him operate, and got him to tell me about it. They felt it was a historic occasion even at the time; cheered him at the end of it. And that sort of virtuosity does seem worthier of cheers than any scraping of horsehair over catgut could ever come to—since it means life instead of death. I wonder how many lives there are to-day that owe themselves altogether to him, just as my sister does. How many children who never could have been born at all except for his skill and courage. Because, of course, courage is half of it."

THE STORY

WHEN the story opens, Mary Wollaston and her brother Rush are about to return—one from war work in New York, one from overseas—to their home in Chicago. During their time together in New York, Mary takes the measure of Rush's unsettled state of mind, but he, though he realizes her nervous tension, attributes it to overwork and never glimpses the truth that, living alone in New York, she has been swept off her feet during the hectic period of 1917-1918. Neither has been much at home since the marriage of their father, a distinguished surgeon, to Paula Carresford, a young and lovely opera-singer, of marked temperament.

Paula has recently "discovered" Anthony March, an unusual piano-tuner who is also a composer of great promise, and it is to an atmosphere of considerable strain caused by John Wollaston's jealousy both of March and of Paula's career, that Rush and Mary return. On their first evening at home Doctor Wollaston gives a dinner in their honor, after which Paula sings some songs of March's. Mary is greatly affected by them. She escapes from the guests into a darkened room next the studio and there encounters March. They are both greatly moved and while the music lasts are drawn together in a remarkable mood of breathless understanding. A brilliant producer has heard the songs and that evening, despite her knowledge of Doctor Wollaston's jealousy, Paula accepts an offer to sing in the opera at Lake Forest the following summer. Her début is to be made in an opera written by March, but he is unable to rewrite it in accordance with her rather self-centered views. During this time Doctor Wollaston is taken ill with pneumonia, and Paula loses all interest in March and her music in her anxiety for her husband. When March calls to see Paula, Rush, who has until this crisis been occupied with the making of a "model farm," together with his friend and Mary's admirer, Graham Stannard, appears, and orders him out of the house. Mary, understanding March's utter bewilderment, detains him.

It seems rather incredible that all this was new to Mary, and I suppose one must go back to the first Mrs. Wollaston with her Tennysonian refinements, her horror of the unpleasant, and the starched and laundered world she insisted upon living in, to account for it. Certainly the John Wollaston of those days had never been encouraged to bring home tales of his triumphs. One might have said of him that he washed his mind of them as scrupulously as he cleansed his hands. He must, of course, have recognized in his daughter a temper and an attitude more like his own; but even so it is not to be wondered at that he did not, for a motherless child of seventeen, break through the reticence established by so long a habit.

Then the pride in him which was one of her necessities was not thrown back upon his professional successes for something to feed upon. His good looks, his charm of speech and manner, the exceptional catholicity of his taste, considering how straight a line he drove, and the tangible recognition accorded these qualities by the world they lived in in the form of social success, minimized, so far as she was concerned, the importance of his career. He was a great surgeon, of course, one knew; but he was so nice a person to go to parties with that one needn't remember it.

Upon Mary, then, the effect of this new portrait of her father that March sketched for her was electrifying; eventually was more than that—revolutionary. These few words of his served, I think, in the troubled, turbid, emotional relation she had got into with her father, as a clarifying precipitant.

But that process was slower; the immediate effect attached to March himself. The present wonder was that it should have been he, a stranger, equipped with only the meagrest chances for observation, who, turning his straying searchlight beam upon the dearest person to her in the world, should have thus illuminated him anew. Even after he had gone it was the man himself, rather than the things he had said, that she thought about.

Amazingly he had guessed—she was sure she had given him no hint at the part Paula was playing in their domestic drama. It had come pat upon what he had told her of the lives her father had plucked from the hand of death, the ironic, "he saved others, himself he can not save," hanging unspoken in their thoughts.

"Paula will be fighting for his life," he said. "Magnificently. That must be one of your hopes."

She had confirmed this with details. She got the notion, perhaps from nothing more than his rather thoughtful smile, that he comprehended the whole thing, even down to Aunt Lucile. Though wasn't there a phrase of his—"these uninhibited people, when it comes to getting things done—" that slanted that way? Did that mean that he was one of the other sort? Wasn't your ability to recognize the absence of a quality or a disability in any one else, proof enough that you had it yourself? It would never, certainly, occur to Paula to think of any one as "uninhibited."

But the opposed adjective didn't fit him. She couldn't see him at all as a person tangled, helpless, in webs of his own spinning; neither the man who had written that love-song nor the man who had sat down in his chair again after Rush had slammed the door and talked to her about her father, about Paula.

HE WASN'T even shy, but he was, except for that moment when a vivid concern over John Wollaston's illness brought him back, oddly remote, detached. He might have been a Martian when in response to her leading he discussed Paula with her; how good a musician she was; how splendidly equipped physically and temperamentally for an operatic career. "She has abandoned all that now, I suppose," he said. "All that goes with it. She would wish, if she ever gave us a thought, that La Chaise and I had never been born."

Mary would have tried to deny this but that the quality and tone of his voice told her that he really knew it and that, miraculously, he didn't care. He was the man whose songs Paula had sung on that incredible evening; he was the man she had pulled up into her arms and kissed; the man who had been spending all those unreckoned hours alone with her during the past month; he was the man Mary had pictured

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

once as drawing all his inspirations from the golden glory of Paula's voice, from the warmth of her caresses. Yet he was able to say confidently as a simple matter of fact and with a smile untouched by irony, that her only thought of him, if she were reminded now of his existence, would be a wish that he had never been born!

She had exclaimed with a sincerity struck out of her by amazement, "I don't see how you know that."

"PAULA'S a conqueror," he had answered simply, "a—compeller. It's her instinct to compel. That's what makes her the artist she is. Without her voice she might have been a tamer of wild beasts. And of course a great audience, tha thas paid extravagantly for its pleasure, is a wild beast that will purr if she compels it, snarl at her if she doesn't manage to. She's been hissed at and howled at. And that's the possibility that makes cheers intoxicating. Left too long without something to conquer, she feels in a vacuum, smothered. Well, she's got something now; the greatest thing in the world to her—her husband's life. She's flung off the other thing like a cloak."

Without at the moment any sense of its being an extraordinary question, Mary asked: "Are you glad? That she has forgotten you, I mean?"

She was not able, thinking it over afterward, to recall anything spoken or indicated by him in pantomime that could have served as a cue for so far-fetched a supposition as that. It could have sprung from nothing more palpable than the contrast suggested between Paula the compeller, the *dompteuse*, and the man who had just been so describing her. He was so very thin; he was, if one looked closely, rather shabby, and beyond that, it had struck her that a haggard air there was about him was the product of an advanced stage of fatigue. (Unless it was hunger. But that, of course, was absurd.) Anyhow, not even the sound of her question startled her.

Nor did it him. There was something a little apologetic about his smile. "It *is* a reprieve," he admitted. "I left her a week ago—it must have been the day Doctor Wollaston fell ill—on a promise not to come back until I had got this opera of mine into the shape she wants. I came back to-day to tell her that it can't be done—not by me. I have tried my utmost and it isn't enough. I haven't improved it even from her point of view, let alone from mine. She isn't an easy person to come to with a confession of failure."

"She's spoiling it," Mary said. "Why do you let her?"

But March dissented from that. "If we agree that the thing's an opera—and of course that's what it is if it's anything—then what she wants it made over into is better than what I wrote. She's trying to put the Puccini throb into it. She's trying to make better drama out of it. La Chaise agrees with her. He said at the beginning that I relied too much on the orchestra, and didn't give the singers enough to do. And of course it's easy to see that what a woman like Paula said or did would be more important to an audience than anything that an oboe could possibly say. When I'm with her, she—galvanizes me into a sort of belief that I can accomplish the thing she wants, but when I go off alone and try to do it—" He blinked and shook his head. "It has been a first-class nightmare, for a fact, this week past."

But Mary demanded again: "Why do you let her?"

"I made a good resolution a while ago," he said. "It was—it was the night she sang those Whitman songs. You see I've never been tied to anything; harnessed, you know. Somehow I've managed to go without. But I've had to do without hearing, except in my own head, any of the music I've written. There was an old suitcase full of it, on paper, that looked as if it was never going to be anywhere else. Well, I came to a sort of conviction after I went away from here that night, that those two facts were cause and effect; that unless I submitted to be harnessed, I never would hear any of it. And it seemed that night that I couldn't manage to do without hearing it. Keats was wrong about that, you know—about unheard melodies being sweeter. They can come to be clear torment. So I decided I'd begin going in harness. I suppose it was rather naive of me to think that I could, all at once, make a change like that. Anyhow, I found I couldn't go on with this. I brought it around to-day—it's out there in the hall—to turn it over to Paula to do as she liked with. That's why **it** was so incredible, when you came down the stairs instead."

He sprang up then to go, so abruptly that he gave her the impression of having abandoned in the middle the sentence he was speaking. This time, however, rising instantly, she released him and in a moment he was gone. There had been a word from him about her father, the expression of "confident hopes" for his recovery, and on her part some attempt, not successfully brought off she feared, to assure him of his welcome when he came again. She didn't shake hands with him and decided afterward that it must have been he who had avoided it. She was glad to have him go as quickly. The way she released a long breath when the door closed behind him suggested that she had been holding it while she waited for that to happen.

AND this had, indeed, been her sensation. She wanted him to go, so that she could think about him. It was with a rather buoyant movement that she crossed the room to the piano bench, and very lightly with her finger-tips began stroking the keys, the cool smooth keys, with their orderly arrangement of blacks and whites, from which it was possible to weave such infinitely various patterns, such mysterious tissues.

A smile, just a little awry, touched her lips over the memory of the picture her fancy had painted the night Paula sang his songs, the sentimental notion of Paula's inspiring him with an occasional facile caress to the writing of other love-songs. She might have been a boarding-school girl to have thought of that. She smiled, too, though a little more tenderly, over his attempt—naive, he had called it—to go in harness like a park-hack, submissive to Paula's rein and spur, Pegasus at the plow again. She smiled in clear self-derision over her contemplated project of saving him from Paula. He didn't need saving from anybody. He was one of those spirits that couldn't be tied.

It was most curious how comfortable she had been with him. During the miserable month she had spent at home before she went to Wyoming with the Corbetts, she had dreaded a second encounter with March and had consciously avoided one. To meet and be introduced as the strangers they were supposed by the rest of the family to be, to elaborate the pretense that this was what they were—they who had shared those flaming moments while Paula sang!—would be ridiculous and disgusting. But anything else, any attempt to go on from where they had left off, was unthinkable. In the privacy of her imagination she had worked the thing out in half-a-dozen ways, all equally distressing.

She had not, you see, made good her resolution to quit thinking about him. She was not able, and did not even attempt, to dismiss her adventure with him as a mere regrettable folly to be forgotten as soon as possible. It had often come back to her during sleepless hours of the long nights, and had always been made welcome. She didn't wish it defaced as she had felt it necessarily must be by the painful climax of a second meeting.

The impulse upon which she had taken him out of old Nat's hands was perhaps a little surprising now she looked back on it, but it hadn't astonished her at the time. Of course, there was something concretely to be done, an injustice to be averted from a possibly innocent head. She doubted, though, if it were pure altruism.

WHATEVER its nature, the result of it had been altogether happy. She was *glad* she had come down to see him. There need be no misgiving now about the quality of their future encounters, were there to be any such. They were on solid ground with each other now.

How had that been brought about? How had they managed to talk to each other for anyway fifteen or twenty minutes, without either a reference to their adventure or a palpable avoidance of it? It wasn't her doing. From the moment when she got to the end of the lines she had rehearsed coming down the stairs, the lead had been in his hands. Indeed, to the latter part of the talk what she had contributed was no more than a question or two, so flagrantly personal that they reminded her in review of some of her childish indiscretions with Wallace Hood. How had he managed it?

He hadn't been tactful. She acquitted him altogether of that. She couldn't have endured tact this afternoon from anybody. Of course, the mere expressiveness of his face helped a lot. The look he had turned on Rush for example, that had stopped that nerve-racked boy in full career. Or the look he gave her when he first learned of her father's illness. That sudden coming back from whatever his own preoccupation might have been, to a vivid concern for her father.

Well, there, at last, it was. That was his quality. A genius for more than forgetting himself, for stepping clean out of himself into some one else's shoes. Wasn't that just a long way of saying "imagination"?

He had come to the house to-day at the end of a nightmare week of unsuccessful

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

effort to carry out Paula's brutally practical instructions (inspiration from Paula!); he had encountered Nat's unexplained hostility and Rush's outrageous accusation. She herself had confirmed his guess that Paula was, for the present, done with him. A heavy bill of grievances, certainly. Yet he had seemed utterly unaware of them. He had illuminated her father for her, and in so doing had given her a ray of real comfort. He had interpreted Paula—in terms how different from those employed by Aunt Lucile! He had comprehended Rush without one momentary flash of resentment. Last of all, he had quite simply, and without one vitiating trace of self-pity, explained himself luminously, so that it was as if she had known him all her life.

One thing, to be sure, she didn't in the least understand—the very last thing he had said: "That's why it was so incredible when you came down the stairs instead." That had been to her a complete *non sequitur*, an enigma. But she was content to leave it at that.

Such a man, of course, could never belong to anybody. He was not collectable. There would always be about him, for everybody, some last enigma, some room to which no one would be given the key. But there was a virtue even in the fringe of him, the hem of his garment.

Was she getting sentimental? No, she was not. Indeed, precisely what his little visit had done for her was to effect her release from a tangle of taut-drawn sentimentalities. She hadn't felt as free as this, as comfortable with herself, since she came home with Rush from New York.

SHE had no assurance that he'd come to the house again of his own accord, or that Paula would send for him. But she was in no mood to distress herself just now, even with that possibility. . . .

She crossed the room and got herself a cigaret, but with it alight she returned to her contemplation of the piano keyboard. She didn't move nor speak when she heard Rush come in, but she kept an eye on the drawing-room door, and when presently he entered she greeted him with a smile of good-humored mockery. He had something that looked like a battered school atlas in his hand.

"What do you suppose this is?" he asked. "It was lying there on the bench in the hall."

She held out a hand for it, and together they opened it on the lid of the piano and investigated.

"It's the manuscript of his opera," she said. "He brought it around to leave with Paula. To tell her he had done with it. He's been trying to spoil it for her, but he can't."

"I suppose I made an infernal fool of myself," he remarked, after a little silence.

She blew, for answer, an impudent smoke ring up into his face.

He continued grumpily, to cover his relief that she had not been more painfully explicit—"I suppose I shall have to make up some sort of damned apology to him."

"I don't know," she said. "That's as you like. I don't believe he'd insist upon it. He understood well enough."

He looked at her intently. "Has there been any better news from Father since I went out?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Except that there's been none. Every hour now that we aren't sent for counts. What made you think there might have been?"

He said he didn't know. She looked a little more cheerful somehow, less tragic. Evidently her visit to the Corbetts had done her good.

His eye fell once more on the manuscript. "Did he go off and forget that?" he asked. "Or did he mean to leave it for Paula? And what shall we do with it—hand it over to her or send it back?"

Thoughtfully Mary straightened the sheets and closed the cover. "I'll take care of it for him," she said.

CHAPTER TWELVE
Hickory Hill

PNEUMONIA, for all it is characterized by what is called a crisis, has no single stride to recovery, no critical moment when one who has been in peril passes to safety. Steinmetz and Darby were determined that Mary and all the household should understand this fully. She had waylaid them in the hall as they were leaving the house together—this was seventy-two hours or so after Anthony March's call—and demanded the good news she was sure they had for her. There was a look about them and a tone to their voices that was perfectly new.

They would not be persuaded to say that her father was out of danger. There was very little left of him. His heart had been overstrained, and this abnormal effort was now in due course transferred to the kidneys. All sorts of deadly *sequelæ* were lying in ambush. But the more discouraging they were, the more she beamed upon them. She walked along with them to the door, slipping her arm inside of Doctor Darby's as she did so. "If you only knew," she said, "what a wonderful thing it is to have the doctor stop being encouraging, and try to frighten you instead. Because that means you really do think he's getting well."

"The balance of probability has swung to that side," Steinmetz admitted in his rather affected staccato. "At all events he's out of my beat." His "beat" was the respiratory tract, and his treatment the last word in vaccines and serums.

She held Darby back a little. "Must we go on feeling," she asked, "that anything could happen any minute? Or—well, could Rush go back to the farm? Graham Stannard has gone to New York, I think—they're partners, you know—so he must be rather badly wanted. And this waiting is hard for him."

Rush could go, of course, Darby assured her. "For that matter," he went on, with a quick glance at her, "why don't you go with him? Take your aunt along too. For a few days, at least. You couldn't do better."

She demurred to this on the ground that it didn't seem fair to Paula. If there were a period of Arcadian retirement down on the books for anybody, it was Paula who was entitled to it.

But Paula, as Darby pointed out, wouldn't take it in the first place, and surprisingly didn't need it in the second. "She told me just now that she'd slept eighteen hours out of the last twenty-four and was ready for anything. She looked it, too."

He understood very well her irrepressible shrug of exasperation at that, and interrupted her attempt to explain it. "It's another breed of animal altogether," he said. "And at that, I'd rather have had her job than yours. You're looking first rate, anyhow. But your aunt, if she isn't to break up badly, had better be carried off somewhere." He glanced around toward Steinmetz, who had withdrawn out of earshot. "There are some toxins, you know," he added, "that are even beyond him and his microscopes."

Mary had meant to broach this project at dinner, but changed her mind about it and waited until Aunt Lucile had withdrawn and she and Rush were left alone over their coffee-cups.

"Poor Aunt Lucile! She has aged years in the last three weeks. And it shows more now the nightmare is over than it did before."

"Is it over? Really?" he asked.

"Well, we don't need miracles any more for him. Just ordinary good care and good luck. Yes, I'd say the nightmare was over."

"Leaving us free," he commented, "to go back to our own."

"You can go back to the farm anyhow," she said. "I asked Doctor Darby especially, and he said so. He wants me to go along with you and take Aunt Lucile. Just for a week or two. Is there any sort of place with a roof over it where we could stay?"

He said, "I guess that could be managed." But his tone was so absent and somber that she looked at him in sharp concern.

"You didn't mean that the farm was your nightmare, did you?" she asked. "Has something gone terribly wrong out there?"

"Things have gone," he said, "just the way I suppose anybody but a fool would have known they would. Not worse than that, I guess."

HE GOT up then and went over to the sideboard, coming back with a decanter of old brandy and a pair of big English glasses. She declined hers as unobtrusively as possible, just with a word and a faint shake of the head. But it was enough to make him look at her.

"You didn't drink anything at dinner either, did you?" he asked.

She flushed as she said, "I don't think I'm drinking at all, just now."

"Being an example to anybody?" he asked suspiciously.

She smiled at that and patted his hand. "Oh, no, my dear," she assured him. "I've enough to do to be an example to myself. I liked the way it was out at the Corbetts'. They've gone bone-dry. And oh, please don't think that I'm a prig—I am a little better without it—just now, anyway. Tell me what's gone wrong at the farm."

"This is wonderful stuff," he said, cupping the fragile glass in his two hands, and inhaling the bouquet from the precious liquor in the bottom of it. "It's good for nightmares, at any rate." After a sip or two he attempted to answer her question.

"Oh, I suppose we'll come out all right, eventually. Of course we've got to. But I wish Martin Whitney had done one thing or the other: either shown a little

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I suppose I made an infernal fool of myself," he remarked, after a little silence.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

real confidence and enthusiasm in the thing, or else stepped on it and refused to lend Father the money."

"Lend?" Mary asked. "Did he have to borrow it?"

He dealt rather impatiently with that question. "You don't keep sixty or eighty thousand dollars lying around loose in a checking account," he said. "Of course he had to borrow it. But he borrowed it of Whitney, worse luck—and Whitney, being an old friend, pulls a long face over it whenever we find we need a little more than the original figures show. That's enough to give any one cold feet right away.

"Oh, it'll come out in the wash. It's nothing to worrry about really, because even on the basis of a bigger investment than we had any idea of making when we went in, it figures a peach of a profit. There's no getting away from that. That's not the thing about it that's driving Graham and me mad.

"It's the way things don't happen; the way we can't get anything done. I don't mean the new buildings. They're way behind where we expected, but then we knew they would be. Things like that always are. It's the farm work itself that we go wild over: having six things to do at once and no labor to do it with. Or being all set to go through with something and having it rain, and your whole gang that you are paying good wages to sitting around in the cottage playing pitch all day; not caring a damn, of course, whether it ever clears up or not."

HE DID not see the sympathetic hand she stretched out to him; went back to the big brandy-glass instead, for another long luxurious inhalation and a small sip or two. "It's partly our own fault, of course," he went on presently. "We've made some fool mistakes. We ought to have bought some of the tools and implements, and perhaps some of the work animals that were on the place when the lot was sold at auction, just so that we could have gone straight to work without wasting a minute. We lost three weeks of better weather in March than any we've had since, waiting for the new stuff we'd ordered to come. It looked like junk to us, and Graham's father made us sore by wanting us to buy it all, so we stayed away altogether.

"And then there were two forties that we put into clover and found out afterward that the soil was too acid to grow clover until after it had been treated with about a hundred tons of crushed limestone. We expected to pull a few boners like that, of course, but I don't think we've overrun our allowance of them. It isn't our mistakes that are going to beat us, it's the damned bull-headed incompetence of the so-called labor we've got to deal with."

He ruminated over that in silence for a minute or two. "They talk about the inefficiency of the army," he explained, "but I've been four years in two armies, and I'll say that if what we've found out at Hickory Hill is a fair sample of civilian efficiency, I'll take the army way every time. Here, you hire a man and he doesn't turn up; you spend a day teaching some one else how to do a thing and that night he quits, or he goes off and does something else that he thinks better. And there's no K. P. to detail him to to bring him to time, either. They simply don't know what an order means. We might as well call it a soviet and be done with it. There are times when I'd like to quit, go out West and get a job roping steers for Bob Corbett, even if he is bone-dry."

She thought if he played any longer with that brandy-glass she must cry out, but he drained it this time and pushed it away. With an effort of will she relaxed her tight muscles.

"I suppose I must have looked to you like a hopeless slacker," he said, "or you wouldn't have asked Darby to send me back to work. No, I didn't mean to put it that way. I look like one to myself, that's all, when I stop to think. Only you don't know how it has felt, this last six weeks, to go on getting tighter and tighter in your head until you feel as if you were going to burst. I went out and got drunk once—just plain deliberately boiled—in order to let off steam. It did me good, too, for the time being."

She didn't look shocked at that as he had expected her to—gave him only a rather wry smile and a comprehending nod. "We're all alike. That's the trouble with us," she said. "But you will take us out to Hickory Hill, won't you? Aunt Lucile and me? I'll promise we won't be in the way, nor make you any more work."

She saw he was hesitating, and added: "At that, perhaps I may be some good. I could cook, anyhow, and I suppose I could be taught to milk a cow and run a Ford."

He laughed at that, then said a little uncomfortably that this wasn't what he had been thinking about. "I suppose you're counting on Graham's being in New York. He isn't. At least, he telegraphed me that he'd be back at Hickory Hill to-morrow morning. I knew you'd been rather keeping away from him, and I thought perhaps——"

"No, that's all right." She said it casually enough, but it drew a keen look of inquiry from him nevertheless. "Oh, nothing," she went on. "I mean I haven't made up with him. Of course I never quarreled with him as far as that went. Only it's what I meant when I said just now that we were all alike, Father and you and I. We all get so ridiculously—tight about things. Well, I've managed to let off steam myself."

He patted her hand approvingly. "That trip to Wyoming did you a lot of good," he observed; "or something did."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Low Hangs the Moon"

HE BROKE his promise to be waiting for them Friday morning at the farm. It was Graham who caught sight of their car as it stopped in front of the farmhouse, and came plunging down the bank to greet them and to explain how unavoidable it had been that Rush should go to Elgin.

He was somewhat flushed and a little out of breath, but he seemed after the first uncomfortable minute collected enough. He mounted the running-board and directed the chauffeur to drive on across the bridge and fork to the right with the main road up to a small nondescript building on the far side of it.

It was a part of the farm, he explained, indicating the tangled wilderness off to the left, a part of what once must have been a big apple-orchard. Indeed, exploring it yesterday for the first time, he had found a surprising number of old trees, which, choked as they were with undergrowth, looked as if they were still bearing fruit. The building, which they had never even entered until yesterday, had served as a sorting and packing-house for the crop, though the old part of it, paradoxically the upper part, appeared to have been built as a dwelling by some indigenous settler. A second story had been added underneath by digging out the bank.

MARY fairly cried out with delight, and even Miss Wollaston beamed with appreciation when Graham, having led them up the bank and around to the back of the building, ushered them in—at the ground level up here—to the upper story of the building. There was a fireplace in the north end of it with twin brick erections on either side, which they thought must have been used for drying apples. The opposite end, partitioned off, still housed a cider mill and press, but they had contrived, he said, a makeshift bedroom of it.

"It is a real country house already," Mary told him briskly. "You two, living in a tent with a lovely old place like this just waiting for you! Wait until Aunt Lucile and I have had a day at it, and you'll see."

There was more to do than a first look had led them to suppose, and their schemes grew ambitious, as they advanced with them, so that, for all the Briarean prodigies of the odd-job man, whom Graham loaned them, they went to bed dog-tired at nine o'clock that night with their labors not more than half complete. They slept—Mary did, anyhow—the deepest sleep she had known in years.

She waked at an unearthly—a heavenly—hour. The thin ether-cool air was quivering with the dissonance of bird calls; the low sun had laid great slow-moving oblongs of reddish gilt upon the brown walls of the big room. She had left her aunt in undivided possession of the extemporized bedchamber. She rose and opened the door and looked out into the tangled wilderness of the orchard. But what her eye came to rest upon was an old wooden pump.

It was a triumph of faith over skepticism, that pump. Graham had condemned it utterly, hardly allowing, even, that it was picturesque; but Bill, the odd-job man, had with her encouragement spent a patient hour over it, and in the teeth of scientific probability, lo! it had given forth streams of water as clear as any that had ever been miraculously smitten out of a rock. The partners had forbidden her to drink any of it, except boiled, until it had been analyzed.

She looked about. She had the world to herself. So she carried her rubber tub, her sponge and a bath-towel out to the warped wooden platform and bathed *en plein air*, water and sun together. She came in, deliciously shuddering, lighted a fire, already laid, of shavings and sticks, put the kettle on to boil, and dressed. She felt new born that morning.

This sensation made the undercurrent of a long fully filled day. She almost never had time to look at it, but she knew it was there. It enabled her to take with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

equanimity the unlooked-for arrival—so far as she and her aunt were concerned—of Graham's young tomboy sister, Sylvia. It made it possible for her to say, "Why, yes, of course! I'd love to," when Graham, along in the afternoon, asked her if she wouldn't go for a walk over the farm with him. They spent more than an hour at it, sitting a part of the time side by side atop the gate into the upper pasture, yet not even then had the comfortable sense of pleasant companionship with him taken fright. It was a security that resided, she knew, wholly in herself.

He was holding himself obviously on a very tight rein, and it was quite conceivable that before her visit ended, he would bolt. There was a moment, indeed, when he came with Rush to supper at the apple-house, and got his first look at the transformation she had wrought in it, when that possibility must have been in the minds of every one who saw his face.

SHE had dramatized the result of her two days' labor, innocent of any intention to produce an effect like that. The partners, when they came dropping in from time to time, had learned nothing of her plans, seen none of their accomplishment; so to-night the old-fashioned settle which Bill had knocked together from lumber in the packing-room and she had stained, two of the sorting-tables fitted into the corners beside the fireplace to make a dais, the conversion of another into a capital dining-room table by the simple expedient of lengthening its legs, the rag rug discovered in the village during a flying trip with Sylvia this morning in her car, the sacks of sheeting Aunt Lucile had been sewing industriously all day covered with burlap and stuffed with hay to serve as cushions, the cheese-cloth tacked up in gathers over the windows and hemmed with pins—all this revealed at once had the entrancement of a miracle.

She was a little entranced herself, partly with fatigue, for she had put in, one after the other, two unusually laborious days, but partly, no doubt, with her own magic, with this almost convincing simulation of a home which she and her assistants had produced. It didn't matter that she had gone slack and silent, because Sylvia, who just before supper had shown a disposition to dreamy elegiac melancholy, rebounded, as soon as she was filled with food, to the other end of the scale altogether and swept Rush after her into a boisterous romp, which none of Aunt Lucile's remonstrant asides to her nephew was effectual to quell.

Mary watched her tussling and tumbling about with Rush, pondering the riddle, but making no great effort to find an answer to it. Was she child or woman? To herself what was she? And what did Rush think about her? They were evidently well established on some sort of terms. Rush, no doubt, would tell you—disgustedly if you sought any explanation—that Sylvia was just a kid. That he was fond of her as one would be of any nice kid, and that her rough young embraces, her challenges and her pursuits, meant precisely what those of an uproarious young—well, nephew, say—would mean. Only his eagerness to go on playing the game, his complete absorption in it, cast a doubt upon that explanation.

They went out abruptly after a while, just as it was getting dark, to settle a bet as to which of them could walk the farthest along the top rail of a certain old fence. Miss Wollaston saw them go with unconcealed dismay, but it was hard to see how even a conscientious chaperon could have prevented it so long as the child's older brother would do nothing to back her up. To Mary, half-way in her trance, it didn't seem much to matter what the relation was or what came of it. It was a fine spring night and they were a pair of beautiful untroubled young animals. Let them play as they would.

Their departure did, however, arouse Graham to the assumption of his duties as host, and he launched himself into a conversation with Miss Wollaston; a fine example, Mary thought, of what really good breeding means. Her aunt's questions about life in the navy were not the sort that were easy to answer pleasantly and at large. They drew from him things he must have been made to say a hundred times since his return, and sometimes they were so wide of the mark that it must have been hard not to stare or laugh. He must have been wishing, too, with all his might, down in the disregarded depths of his heart, that the old lady would yield to the boredom and fatigue that were slowly creeping over her. Soon! Before that pair of Indians came back. But by nothing, not even the faintest irrepressible inflection of voice, was that wish made manifest.

IT BROKE over Mary suddenly that this would never happen. Aunt Lucile might die at her post, but she'd never, in Graham's presence, retire through a door which was known to lead to her bedroom. She rose, and going around to her aunt's chair laid a light hand on the old lady's shoulder. But she spoke to Graham.

"Let's go out and bring in the wanderers," she said. "Aunt Lucile has had a pretty long day, and I know she on't be able to go to sleep until Sylvia is tucked n for the night."

When the door had closed behind them and they stood where the path, already faintly indicated, led down to the road, he stopped with a jerk and mutely looked at her.

"Do you know where that fence of theirs is?" she asked.

"Yes, I guess so," he said. Then—it was almost a cry— "Must we go there? Right away?"

"I don't know that we need." Why should he be tortured like that? What did it matter if the rigidity of some of her nightmare-born resolutions got relaxed a little? "Where do you want to go with me?"

He didn't answer for a minute, but when he did speak his voice was steady enough. "There's a place up on the top of this little hill where the trees open out to the east—a lovely place. I went up there last night after Rush had turned in. There'll be a moon along in a few minutes, and you can see it come up from there. Could we wait for it? I suppose Miss Wollaston——"

"No, she'll be all right," Mary said. "Now that she thinks we're looking for them."

As she moved up the slope she added: "I've sort of an interest in the moon myself to-night."

"Perhaps if you'll take my hand," he said stiffly; "it is dark here under the trees."

Her single-minded intention had been to make him a little happier. She liked him better to-night than ever, and that was saying a lot. But this elaborate covering up of what he really wanted, under the pretended need of guiding her, tired her patience. The pretense was for himself, too, as much as for her. He was holding her off at arm's length behind him as if they were scaling an Alp!

In the spirit of mischief, half irritated, half amused, she crowded up to his side and turned her hand so that their palms lay together. And she said in a voice evenly matter-of-fact: "That's nicer, isn't it?"

He didn't succeed in producing anything audible in answer to that, but he began presently, and rather at random, to talk. As if—she reflected mutinously—some fact that must on no account be looked at would emerge, unescapable, the moment he stopped.

But the bewitching loveliness of the place he finally led her to made amends, sponged away her irritation, brought back the Arcadian mood of the day. A recently fallen apple-tree, just on the crest of the hill, offered in its crotched arms a seat for both of them. With an ease which thrilled her he lifted her in his hands to her place and vaulted up beside her. His arm—excusably again, for the hand was seeking a hold to steady him—crept around behind her.

Once more he began to talk, of nature, of the farm, of how it was the real way to live, as we were meant to. One couldn't, of course, cut off the city altogether. There were concerts and things. And the companionship of old friends. Even at that it would be lonely. They had felt it already. That was why it was such a marvelous thing to have her here. She made a different world of it. Just as she had made what seemed like a home out of that old apple-house. No one could do that but a woman, of course.

She was no longer irritated by this. She barely listened, beyond noting his circuitous but certain approach to the point of asking her, once more, to marry him.

Her body seemed drugged with the loveliness of the night, with fatigue, with him, with the immediacy of him, but her mind was racing as it does in dreams.

NATURE! She was not, of course, the gentle sentimentalist Graham was talking about, but one did get something out of close communion with her: A sense of fundamentals. She was a simplifier of ideas. Plain and straightforward even in her enchantments. That moon they were waiting for. Already she was looking down upon a pair of lovers, somewhere—a thousand pairs!—with her bland, unseeing face. And, later to-night, long after she had risen on them, upon a thousand more.

Of lovers? Well, perhaps not. Not if one insisted upon the poet's definition. But good enough for Nature's simple purposes, answering to a desire, faint or imperious, that would lead them to put on her harness, take on her work.

Anthony March had never put on a harness. A rebel. And for the price of rebellion never had heard his music,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

except in his head. Clear torment they could be, he had told her, those unheard melodies. Somehow she could understand that. There was an unheard music in her. An unfulfilled destiny, at all events, which was growing clamorous as the echo of the boy's passion—if it were but an echo—pulsed in her throat, drew her body down by insensible relaxations closer upon his.

The moon came up and they watched it, silent. The air grew heavy. The eery call of a screech-owl made all the sound there was. She shivered and he drew her, unresisting, tighter still. Then he bent down and kissed her.

He said, presently, in a strained voice, "You know what I have been asking. Does that mean yes?"

She did not speak. The moon was up above the trees, yellow now. She remembered a great, broad voice, singing:

Low hangs the moon. It rose late.
It is lagging—O, I think it is heavy with love, with love.

With a passion that had broken away at last, the boy's hands took possession of her. He kissed her mouth hotly, and then again; drew back panting, and stared into her small pale face with burning eyes. Her head turned a little away from him.

Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could give me my mate back again if you only would.
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.
O rising stars!

The languor was gone. She shivered and sat erect, he watching her in an agony of apprehension. She looked slowly round at him.

"You haven't answered?" His voice broke over that into a sob. "Will you marry me, Mary?"

"I don't know," she said, a little dully, like one struggling out of a dream. "I will if I can. I meant to for a while, I think. But——"

He leaped to the ground and stood facing her with clenched hands. "I ought to be shot," he said. "I'm not fit to touch you—a white thing like you. I didn't mean to. Not like that. I meant——"

She stared for an instant, totally at a loss for what he meant. Then, springing down from the branch, she took him by the arms. "Don't!" she cried, rather wildly. "Don't talk like that! That's the last impossibility. Listen. I'm going to tell you."

BUT he was not listening for what it might be. He was still morosely preoccupied with his own crime. He had been a beast! He had bruised, once more, the white petals of a flower!

It was not that her courage failed. He wouldn't believe. He couldn't be made to believe. It was no use. If he looked at her any longer like that, she would laugh.

She buried her face in her arms and sobbed.

He rose to this crisis handsomely, waited without a word until she was quiet, and then suggested that they go and find Rush and Sylvia. And until they were upon the point of joining the other pair, nothing more was said between them that had any bearing on what had happened in the apple-tree. But in that last moment he made an appeal for another word.

He reminded her that she had said she would marry him if she could. This was enough for him; more than he deserved. He was going back to the beginning to try to build anew what his loss of self-control had wrecked. She need say nothing now. If she'd wait, she'd see.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN
A Clairvoyant Interval

IT WAS still May, and the North Carolina mountainside that John Wollaston looked out upon was at the height of its annual debauch of azalea blooms, a symphonic romance in the key of rose-color, with modulations down to strawberry and up to a clear singing white. For him, though, the invalid, cushioned and pillowed in an easy chair, a rug over his knees, these splendors and the perfume of the soft bright air that bathed them had an ironic significance.

He had arrived with Paula at this paradise early in the week, pretty well exhausted with the ordinary fatigues of less than a day's journey in the train. They were feeding him bouillon, eggnogs and cream. On Paula's arm he had managed this afternoon his first walk, a matter of two or three hundred yards about the hotel gardens, and at the end of it had been glad to subside, half reclining, into this easy chair, placed so that through the open door and the veranda it gave upon he could enjoy the view of the color-drenched mountainside.

He had dismissed Paula peremptorily for a real walk of her own. He had told her, in simple truth, that he would enjoy being left to himself for a while. She had taken this assurance for an altruistic mendacity, but she had yielded at last to his insistence and gone, under an exacted promise not to come back for at least an hour.

The sensations of convalescence were new to him. He had never since childhood been seriously ill. He had lived his whole professional life in the security of an unquestioned assurance that he never would be. He was the enemy of disease. For thirty years he had been waging war upon it, an offensive war, his weapon from the first the knife. He had pursued this enemy to its hidden lairs in pain-racked bodies and extirpated it. It had been unthinkable, though he had seen many of his own colleagues go down, that it could ever turn upon him, put him helplessly on the defensive, all but conquer him and leave him a fragile shell like this.

It offered some curious compensations, though, this state of helplessness—a limpidity of vision, clairvoyant almost. For a fortnight he had been like a spectator sitting in the stalls of a darkened theatre watching the performance upon a brilliantly lighted stage, himself—himselves—among the characters, for there was a past and a future self for him to look at and ponder upon. The present self hardly counted. All the old ambitions, desires, urgencies, which had been his impulsive forces, were gone—quiescent, anyhow. He was as sexless, as cool, as an image carved in jade.

(And he was here in this lovers' paradise—this was what drew the tribute of a smile to the humor of the high gods—with Paula. And Paula was more ardently in love with him than she had ever been before.)

The quality of that smile must have carried over to the one he gave her when she came back, well within her promised hour, from her walk. One couldn't imagine anything lovelier or more inviting than the picture she made framed in that doorway, clad as she was in diaphanous lawn, coolly shaded against the bright blaze that came in around her. She looked at him from there, for a moment, thoughtfully.

"I don't believe you have missed me such a lot after all," she said. "What have you been doing all the while?"

"Crystal-gazing," he told her.

She came over to him and took his hands, a caress patently enough through the nurse's pretext that she was satisfying herself that he had not got cold sitting there. She relinquished them suddenly, readjusted his rug and pillows, then kissed him and told him she was going to the office to see if there were any letters, and went out again, this time by the inner door. She was gone but a moment or two; returning, she dropped the little handful which were addressed to him into his lap, and carried one of her own to a chair near the window.

He dealt idly with the congratulatory and well-wishing messages which made up his mail. There was but one of them that drew even a gleam of fully focused intelligence from him. He gave most of his attention to Paula. She was a wonderful person to watch; the expressiveness of her, that every nerve and muscle of her body seemed to have a part in. She had opened that letter of hers with nothing but clear curiosity. The envelope evidently had told her nothing. She had frowned, puzzled over the signature, and then somehow darkened, sprung to arms, as she made it out. She didn't read it in an orderly way even then; seemed to be trying to worry the meaning out of it, like one stripping off husks to get down to some sort of kernel inside. Satisfied that she had got it at last, she dropped the letter carelessly on the floor, subsided a little deeper into her chair, and turned a thoughtful, brooding face toward the outdoor light and away from him.

"ARE you crystal-gazing too?" he asked. She didn't turn at his voice, and her own was monotonous with strongly repressed emotion:

"I don't need to. I spent more than a week staring into mine."

That lead was plain enough, but he avoided, deliberately though rather idly, following it up. The rustle of paper told her that he had turned back to his letters.

"Anything in your mail?" she asked.

"I think not. You can look them over and see if I've missed anything. To a man in my disarticulate situation people don't write except to express the kindness of their hearts. Here's a letter from Mary designed to prevent me from worrying about her. Full of pleasant little anecdotes about farm life. It's thoroughly Arcadian, she says. A spot designed by Heaven for me to rusticate in this summer when—when we get back to town. Somehow, I never did inhabit Arcady. There's a letter from Martin Whitney too, that's almost alarmingly encouraging in its insistence that I mustn't worry. If only they knew how little I did—these days!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You are dearer to me now—at the moment, as we sit here—than ever you've been before."

"Well, that's all right then," she said. "Because those were Doctor Darby's orders. You weren't to be excited or worried about anything. But, John, is it really true that you don't? Not about anything?"

The fact that her face was still turned away as she asked that question gave it a significance which could not be overlooked.

"It's perfectly true," he asserted. "I don't believe I could if I tried. But there's something evidently troubling you. Let's have it. Oh, don't be afraid. You've no idea what an Olympian position one finds himself in when he has got half-way across the Styx and come back. Tell me about it."

"YOU know all about it already. I told you that the first day you could talk—that I was going to give up singing altogether except just for you when you wanted me to. I know I'd been torturing you about it. I thought perhaps you'd get well quicker—want to get well more—if you knew that the torture wasn't to go on. It was true and it is true. Perhaps you thought it was just one of those lies that people tell invalids—one of those don't-worry things. Well, it wasn't.

"But you made me promise I wouldn't do anything—wouldn't break my High Forest contract—until we could talk it all out together. Your temperature went up a little that afternoon, and when Doctor Darby asked me why, I told him. He said I mustn't on any account speak of it again to you until you brought the subject up yourself. I don't know whether he'd call this bringing it up or not, but anyway that's it. I've kept my promise to you, though," she concluded. "I haven't written. They still think I am going to sing up at High Forest this summer."

"I am very glad of that," he said quietly. "I thought the thing was settled by our first talk. I didn't realize that you had taken it merely as an adjournment."

She was still turned rigidly away from him, but the grip of one of her hands upon the arm of her chair betrayed the excitement she was laboring under, while it showed the effort she was making to hold it down.

"I didn't think, though," he went on, "that that resolution of yours to give up your whole career—make ducks and drakes of it in obedience to my whim—was nothing more than one of those pious lies that invalids are fed upon. I knew you meant it, my dear. I knew you'd have done it—then—without a falter or a regret."

"Then or now," she said. "It's all the same. No, it isn't! Now more than then. With less regret. Without a shadow of a regret, John—if it would bring you back to me."

The last words were muffled, for she buried her face in her hands. He heard the ring of undisguised passion in her voice without an answering pulse-beat, sat looking at her thoughtfully, tenderly. The reflection that occupied his mind was with what extravagant joy he would have received an assurance like that only a few weeks ago. On any one of those last days before his illness fastened upon him—the Sunday he had gone to Hickory Hill alone because Paula had found she must work with March that day; the evening when he had made his last struggle against the approaching delirium of fever in order to telephone for an ambulance to get him out of that hated house. What a curious compound of nerve ends and gland activities a man's dreams—that he lived by or died for—were!

She pulled him out of his reverie by a deliberate movement of resolution, taking her hands away from her face, half rising, and turning her chair so that she faced him squarely.

"I want to know in so many words," she said, "why you're glad that I'm still bound to that High Forest thing. You want me to sing there this summer, I suppose that means. As much as you hated the idea of my doing it before. Well, why? Or is it something you can't tell me? And if I sing and make a success, shall you want me to go on with it, following up whatever opening it offers, just as if—just as if you didn't count any more in my life at all?"

Before he could answer, though, she added rather dryly: "Doctor Darby would kill me for talking to you like this. You needn't answer if it's going to hurt you."

"No," he said, "it isn't hurting me a bit. But I'll answer one question at a

(*Continued on page 116*)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Surprises of "Abraham Lincoln"

By Alexander Woollcott

Photo by White Studio.

Frank McGlynn, as Lincoln.

Frank McGlynn, himself.

THE history of the play called "Abraham Lincoln" which, after more than a year of forecasts and forebodings, was finally received in Washington and New York with such praise and enthusiasm, offers at every point fresh illustration of the fact that, in the theatre, you never can tell. The unexpected, the unbelievable thing has happened at every turn in the strange career of this remarkable tragedy.

Perhaps it could have been foreseen that the time was approaching for the great Lincoln play. A half-century had passed by without any one attempting it, but some use of the magic his name and portrait have for all Americans everywhere had been made in various motion-picture experiments and even in certain vaudeville sketches. Then, invisible but present with extraordinary spiritual force, Lincoln was really a character in "The Copperhead," the Augustus Thomas drama of Civil War memories.

Many portents, then, pointed to the advent of a Lincoln play, but who would have believed that the world-circling play on America's greatest man would be written by a minor English poet and still more minor English actor, a quondam insurance "clark" from Birmingham, of whom, before the advent of this piece of his, few Americans had ever heard.

After American readers of the cable news from England had recovered from the mild shock and somewhat condescending amusement caused by the mere announcement of the project, there came the second surprise at hearing that Mr. Drinkwater's tragedy had moved from Birmingham to London, that it was running on and on there to packed and breathless audiences, running, moreover, at no central, fashionable and convenient theatre, but on a negligible suburban stage. Who would have believed that this play—or, for that matter, any play—on Lincoln would run a year in London?

By the time that year was half spent, a great curiosity to see the thing had taken hold of American audiences, a curiosity which the appearance of the script in book form scarcely served to allay. It was immediately perceived that its success here would depend almost entirely on the quality and persuasiveness of the actor entrusted with the central rôle. As a corollary was settled then and there.

final element of surprise in the play's history, it is interesting to note that the actor who has scored so emphatic a personal triumph in that rôle is one whose name, up to the time when he stepped before the New York first-nighters in the opening scene at the première one evening in December, was unknown even to those older chroniclers of the theatre whose memories are a very "Who's Who" of the American stage. His name is Frank McGlynn and the manner of his being chosen adds another curious chapter to the history.

When, in the late spring of last year, it was announced that William Harris, Jr., had bought the play for American production, the question as to who would play *Lincoln* naturally became the subject of many speculative paragraphs in the papers, many a hopeful letter to the management, many an idle discussion around the tables in the Lambs' Club. Perhaps a hundred names were suggested, ranging all the way from Lionel Barrymore to obscure players of lesser talent but of promising physical resemblance to the Emancipator. As it happened, Mr. Barrymore was not free. Certain other actors, tried or considered for the part, proved unsatisfactory, either to Mr. Harris or to Mr. Drinkwater, who had crossed the Atlantic to keep an eye on the proceedings. Benjamin Chapin, the actor who had played Lincoln in the movies, was dead. The hour for the first rehearsal approached and there was no *Lincoln*. Then one morning Lester Lonnergan, director of the production, brought in to Mr. Drinkwater at the Hudson Theatre a tall, gaunt, deep-voiced man and introduced him as his nominee. It was McGlynn.

He and the playwright cast about them for a place where they might go over a scene together undisturbed. The stage of the Hudson was preempted at the time by a George Tyler rehearsal and the long foyer was occupied by George Arliss in the throes of another. Drinkwater and McGlynn were driven to the subterranean smoking-room and there, with no audience, they went over the fifth act, Mr. McGlynn reading the title-rôle and the playwright playing from memory the part of the sleeping sentry whom Lincoln pardons on the eve of Appomattox. The question of who should play *Lincoln* in the American

But where had he come from? Every one was asking that question during rehearsals and it was repeated a thousand and one times after the New York première. Lonnergan told how, months before, when the news of the play's purchase for American production was first printed, he was lunching in an out-of-the-way uptown restaurant and chanced to overhear a man at the next table saying: "If they ever bring that Lincoln play over here, there's an actor named Frank McGlynn who ought to play the part!" Lonnergan listened, smiled to himself, forgot the incident and then, when the difficulties of finding the right actor began to show themselves, he searched his memory for that overheard name, Frank McGlynn.

He did not know him. Up and down the Rialto he began his quest. He buttonholed managers, playwrights and actors to ask them if they knew one Frank McGlynn. Most of them did not. Some few spoke vaguely of having seen such a fellow in minor parts in the days of the old Empire stock and later at Proctor's. Others said he had since been available for vaudeville sketches and road companies. Lonnergan's quest was often complicated by clues which led always to a Frank Maginn, a stocky, square-jawed, amiable player, who, very obviously, could not have been the one that unknown man in the restaurant had meant.

PROBABLY Lonnergan was heartened, if anything, by the famelessness of this actor he was seeking. Probably he knew that, all things being equal, it would be better if the man to play *Lincoln* were to come before his audiences unhampered by their persistent memories of his other impersonations. A visiting star from overseas would be just right, but an accent from overseas would be just wrong. and the great objective remained an obscure actor with all the physical requirements and all the talent too.

McGlynn was little known enough, in all conscience, and it was not until after a month of searching that they found him playing in a road company at Altoona, Pennsylvania. His coming into the part of *Lincoln* followed a struggling quarter-century upon the stage. The actor, born in San Francisco of a New-York-Irish family that had migrated there in quest of gold, had passed his fiftieth year when

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The eve of Appomattox: Lincoln and the young sentry who slept at his post.

his great chance came. In the first New York audience that saw him as *Lincoln* and accepted him forthwith, there must have been many who saw the analogy between his rising at last out of obscurity to meet the Lincoln play's need and the coming of Lincoln himself "from fifty fameless years in quiet Illinois" to serve the great need of America.

DRINKWATER'S play was a natural product of the war and of the disposition, experienced through many trying months by all men who know Lincoln, to turn to him for guidance and comfort and reinforcement—a disposition felt not only by the Birmingham writer and by Lloyd George, but by many an Englishman throughout the world. Not curiosity nor amusement only, but something of the thrill all Americans felt when, in a critical hour of the old empire's history, the Prime Minister took a verse from Lincoln as the text of his speech to anxious mankind, was felt again when word came across the Atlantic that all London was sitting wide-eyed before a Lincoln play.

The John Drinkwater who wrote it was already known to American readers of minor poetry as a singer of grace and imagination. The son of an actor and manager, he had himself played many parts after he deserted the insurance business and had, through the lean years, tried his hand at one or two tragedies. He was, moreover, a director of the repertory theatre in Birmingham, which rivals in importance and aspiration the similar enterprise conducted by Miss Horniman at Manchester.

Returning home from the western front, where his king had used him in the summer of 1918 as a reader to the troops, Drinkwater was all for writing a play that would satisfy his craving to express some justification of the war, some interpretation of a people's "righteous wrath." War nobly directed for noble ends—that was it. And who but Lincoln could serve as the central figure?

Such a play had been vaguely in his mind for several years, and the task of writing the one now before us was a matter of only three weeks. If any one had said to him as he finished the last act: "Your fortune is made, John Drinkwater. This play of yours will be acted all over the English-speaking world and it will make you rich. You have written the most difficult thing—a popular tragedy. Not Birmingham only, but London, Australia, South Africa will see it. The scene of Lincoln's assassination in Ford's Theatre will be enacted in another theatre in the same city. It will be played in that same Springfield which sent your hero to the White House. It will go on and on for years"—if any one had said all this to the hopeful playwright, he might have blushed happily, but, on second thought, he would probably have warned himself that his friend was just a little bit mad.

After it was produced at his own theatre, certain newspapers of weight, like the Birmingham *Post* and the Manchester *Guardian*, hailed the advent of an interesting, and possibly a great, play. But news of it did not cause much stir in America until it was brought to Hammersmith, a suburb of London, and set up there in a theatre run as a hobby by the English novelist, Arnold Bennett, in conjunction with Nigel Playfair.

It is difficult to estimate how much of the success achieved there was due to England's peculiar readiness to be intrigued by something democratic, how much was due to the industry of Mr. Bennett, whose pet and pride "Abraham Lincoln" became. He beat the drum in front of the Hammersmith booth. He cried the play in the streets of London. He boomed it in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair. He led nightly processions to the remote playhouse, himself occupying the stage-box and all but falling from it in the energy of his hand-clapping. Soon the king and queen descended on the play, then our friend and fellow citizen, the Prince of Wales, dropped around to see it, not once but twice, though incog, you understand. Then all society followed suit and to miss seeing "Abraham Lincoln" —well, my dears, it simply wasn't done.

West End theatre managers were all thwarted in their efforts to lure the company to one of their own stages. Meanwhile, American producers were growing curious. One of them read the play and discarded it gaily because of its English accent. He said he just could not stomach the scene where *General Grant* called *General Lee* a "silly old blighter"—a phrase which of course is not really in the text, but which is a fair enough travesty of some that were there. Other American producers visiting London could scarcely be expected to go way out in the suburbs to look at the crazy thing, but they sent a runner to reconnoiter and he reported "One of those Arthur Hopkins plays" which, in the new Broadway lingo, means highbrow or precious.

BUT Mrs. William Harris, Jr., chanced to see the play and it was her own rapturous and insistent cable which led to its purchase and its eventual production in Washington, where it was submitted to the acid test of being played before men and women who had known Lincoln. That would be the test, of course, for, in a sense, we all know Lincoln.

So we all had said: "Ho! Ho! Your Birmingham *Lincoln* with his Irish accent may be all very well in a country that knows not Lincoln, just as 'Disraeli' made a fortune in a country that knew not Disraeli. But 'Disraeli' failed in London." Yet once the Drinkwater play had been naturalized by the speech of the players assembled for it and once its singularly dramatic scenes had come to life before our very eyes, we too felt the magic and knew wherein it lay. The play is potent here as everywhere because it takes you out of the strife and hubbub of here and now, and leads you wondering into the presence of Lincoln.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Later Boat

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Author of "The Wall Street Girl," "The Triflers."

Is there any real advantage in being fifty-three years old? The girl's father thought one thing, the boy another. The clash makes an absorbing and stimulating story by a popular writer. Mr. Bartlett's next story for EVERYBODY'S is called "Possession."

IN A sense Fiske Ralston had nerve when he proposed to Nance Hazleton, but after two years' service abroad a man may be expected to have either more nerve or no nerve at all.

To be fair to Ralston, he did not intend anything of the sort when he came to Hilton. His plan had been merely to stop over a couple of days on his way West. He recognized, as well as Hazleton, the fact that with his only capital the few hundred dollars remaining from his army pay, and with no job in sight, it was decidedly presumptuous of him to ask for the hand of the only child of a man who in the last four years was reported to have made two hundred thousand dollars on top of what he had before.

But when looking into the clear gray eyes of Nance it was very easy to forget such things.

When Ralston received his discharge as an officer of the American Expeditionary Forces, the triumphal processions had already passed between the cheering multitudes along Fifth Avenue and stolen quietly off into history. Flags which for several years had been fluttering from office buildings had become pretty well frayed as a result of their sustained patriotism, and had been either discarded or withdrawn for special occasions. Cigarets were no longer to be had free, and the young ladies who had once been thrilled by serving as chauffeurs to returning heroes were finding their heroes in more conventional circles. The nation was settling down to business again.

Before Ralston left for overseas he had received his degree of A. B. from Harvard, and this was as far as he had progressed in his business career. A week in New York was sufficient to convince him that his army training, whatever else it had done for him, had not advanced him very much further in that direction. Such experience as he had acquired in France was a drug on the market. Many thousand others had returned with this several months earlier. That week was long enough to convince him also that New York was no place for a man without a position. The city at this time was more interested in the prosperous Western relatives of returning soldiers than in the soldiers themselves.

However, he was not complaining. That was not his nature. He was one of the few to come back without a personal grudge against a superior officer, a sense of martyrdom at having been kept "over there" so long, or a tale of mistreatment by the Y. M. C. A. He had not been reclining on any bed of roses in the past few years, either.

Nor had he any kick about conditions as he found them here. He wanted a job—wanted it badly, but he was young, as hard as nails, and New York was not the only city in the United States. He had hoped to land something there because the timetables informed him that the city was within a two hours' ride of Hilton.

Yet during that week Ralston did not write Nance of his return. There was no particular point in so doing, because he could hardly expect her to come on and meet him, and he intended, at the first opportunity, to take a chance and go there. Admitting that Hazleton would not receive him with open arms, he had a hunch Nance would be glad to see him. That was all that counted.

It seemed a century since he had last seen her—since at the senior dance he had held her in his arms and scaled the heights at the very moment when, without heroics, he felt himself about to jump off into space. Ralston was not a man to take unfair advantage of an atmosphere surcharged with patriotic sentiment. But the things he left unsaid and the things she left unsaid were, perhaps, even more significant.

RALSTON knew he was in love with her from pretty near the first time he met her in the fall of his senior year. Dunster, who came from her home town, had introduced him, and he had thought better of Dunster ever since for that kindness. She was in Wellesley, and he went out there at every opportunity that winter, even after Dunster explained further who Hazleton was.

"He's a little king back home," said Dunster, "and Nance is his princess."

Ralston listened indifferently, but as time went on he found it necessary to consider that fact more seriously. His own father, as cashier of a bank in a Middle-Western city, had never been able to make more than enough to meet current expenses. Ralston had himself earned the money which was taking him through college, and he did not have the slightest doubt about being able to make what he needed when he was out. He had natural business ability, any amount of confidence and youth. Until he met Nance this had been the least of his worries. From that point on it assumed new importance. It was one of the things that sent him to France with his lips sealed.

She had written to him over there, and he had always been able to ease the ache of his lonesomeness by writing her. In this fashion they had talked to each other of some pretty big things without, however, speaking directly of what to him was the biggest thing of all. Yet this had never been more than a whisper away.

At the end of a week in New York, Ralston saw clearly enough that if he were going anywhere else it was necessary to leave the city while he still had his carfare, and that wherever he went he must see Nance first. So one March morning he left New York for Hilton, engaged a room there at the Tavern for a couple of days, and appeared before Nance in the middle of the forenoon at the fine brick house with the white-pillared portico on the top of the hill.

From that moment a lot of things happened that Ralston had not reckoned on at all. In venturing this visit he made allowance for the fact that Nance had always possessed every grace and charm that it is legitimately possible for a normal woman to possess; that, in addition to this, she had a lot of fascinating little ways of her own, and that undoubtedly in the last two years she had developed. Taking all those facts into account, he was still willing to bank on himself as a reasonable human being who had gained a lot in self-control in that same interval. And yet when she stood framed in the door of the front room where the maid had left him to wait for her, Ralston felt his head swim.

Neither his memory nor his dreams, it seems, had ever done her full credit. They had been faithful enough to externals—to the slight, dainty figure, to the hazel hair, the gray eyes, to the small nose and mouth and gleaming teeth, even to recording in a vague way her exquisite taste in dress, but they had left out that part of her which was like the perfume to a flower. Before this other something that he felt before she spoke, before she moved, he stood afraid.

In silence a moment she stared at the tall, lean, tanned young man, who, even in broad daylight, looked to her more like some spirit manifestation than a creature of flesh and blood. Then she moved forward, murmuring his name.

"Fiske," she whispered.

HE STEPPED toward her at that into the material world, the every-day world around her, but there still remained something awesome about him even after she felt the tight grip of his fingers upon hers. Until a minute ago she had thought him in France.

Ralston held her hand until her cheeks became the red of poppies.

"I might have known you'd come this way," she gasped.

"I didn't," he answered fiercely. "I didn't or I'm not sure I'd have come. Because now— Oh, Nance, I'd only be lying to myself and to you if I pretended I didn't love you. It was hard enough not to tell you when there was an ocean between us, but here with your sweet self before my eyes, I—I've just got to tell you the truth."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"It was hard enough not to tell you when there was an ocean between us, but here I've just got to tell you the truth."

He drew back after this, holding his breath at the boldness of the step he had taken. But all she said was, meeting his eyes unashamed: "Fiske—you've kept me waiting so long."

He could scarcely believe his ears. "You mean, heart of mine——"

With a quick impulsive motion she held out her two slender arms. He drew her to him and kissed her hair over and over again, because for a moment that was all he could find to kiss.

He never again questioned his nerve after that, nor did any one else. Yet it was soon put to some rather severe tests.

II

SAMUEL H. HAZLETON was a self-made man, and, like most self-made men, proud of the fact. Of course, when you stop to think about it, all men are self-made, but what Hazleton liked to boast about was that he had started his successful business career without a cent. It was thirty years ago that Hazleton had come to Hilton as salesman for a New York wool house and had met Littlefield, then owner of the mills. The latter had liked the brisk young fellow, and, beginning to feel his years, suggested that Hazleton come in and learn the business with a view of some day managing the property. Hazleton appreciated the opportunity and settled here, marrying within the year Judge Shelton's daughter, though his salary at the time was only fifteen dollars a week. But he was working hard, beginning at the bottom, with an ambition by no means fixed where Littlefield had placed it. If it were possible for him to qualify as manager, he saw no reason why it should not be equally possible to qualify as owner.

With that end in view he plugged along, hard and successfully. It took him twenty-five years to reach his goal, but he reached it at a lucky moment—just when the great war broke out, which taxed to capacity every loom in the world. In the last few years he had made more money than Littlefield did in his whole life. Yet it was still of the twenty-five years preceding this later success upon which Hazleton liked to dwell. And the hardest stretches of all were the ones he looked back upon with the most satisfaction, and the ones he chose for purposes of illustration when he gave his annual address before the graduating classes of the local high school, and in the heart-to-heart talks he had with over-eager young employees asking for salary increases.

In the last few years he had seen fortunes made, if not in minutes, in months, and he always felt as though such were cheating—cheating him personally. No man had a right to the reward without paying the price. Every one should serve his apprenticeship of hardship and not expect the luxuries of life until at least fifty.

It was only lately that he had begun to enjoy them, and that was largely through the insistence of Nance, who had taken charge of the house since her mother's death a year ago.

From the day she was born he had always declared that the best was none too good for her. No one ever disagreed with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him on that point, though at times he carried it to extremes, as when he bought a thoroughbred Shetland pony for her to ride at six months.

It used to irritate him because he found so few ways of spending money on her during her infancy. Even after she grew up, he was limited. She did not care much about jewels, and when she was old enough to select her own clothes, she exercised a decidedly more modest taste than her parents. He gave her everything in the way of an education a man could think of, although the extensive trip abroad he had planned for her was cut off by the war.

This last year had done a lot to knit them even more closely together. She had been both mother and daughter to him, and laughed at his funny little ways even more successfully than his wife had ever done. Occasionally she had tried to talk to him about Fiske Ralston, and read selections from the letters he was sending from France. But in this she was not so successful, and if at times she crept away to her room and cried, Samuel H. Hazleton never knew it.

WHEN Hazleton came home to lunch the day of Ralston's arrival, he found that young man waiting for him. It was something of a shock, but with fairly decent grace he managed to worry through the meal. He received a second shock when, Nance having left the room a moment, Ralston leaned across the table and said earnestly:

"I'd like to have a talk with you, sir. May I see you at your office this afternoon?"

"Eh?" exploded Hazleton. "Can't you say what you've got to say now?"

"Not very well," replied Ralston.

"Then we'd better start so that we can reach the office before business hours," growled Hazleton.

Nance appeared disturbed when Ralston told her he was going back with her father, but she didn't have a chance to say anything. She did not have anything particular to say, anyway. She had agreed with Fiske that it was only right and proper that her father should know at once, only—only she could not help being worried about both of them. She kissed her father with her lips, and kissed Ralston with her eyes, and hurried up to her room.

In the office Hazleton seated himself in his swivel-chair, and turned upon Ralston with a challenging "Well?"

The latter stood and met the older man's eyes unflinchingly but respectfully.

"Mr. Hazleton," he began, "I've just proposed to your daughter."

It was as Hazleton had half expected, but when put into cold English it sounded new. He jumped from his chair. "You—you dared do that?" he choked.

"Yes, sir. And she accepted me."

"She did, did she? And now you—expect me to approve?"

"It would make things a lot pleasanter if you did," admitted Ralston.

"Well, I don't. I want to put that as strong as I can."

"I guess that's strong enough."

"I hope it's strong enough to make you reconsider your absurd proposal."

"No, sir," answered Ralston, "it isn't strong enough for that."

"Will you tell me what position you are in to marry a girl like my daughter?"

"No position at all, sir."

"Then—" began Hazleton, a bit encouraged.

"I intend to make that position," interrupted Ralston.

"So that's your idea. I'll have to give you credit for a modicum of sense. Sit down and let's talk that over."

Ralston took a chair placed in position at the end of the desk for the purpose of intimate interviews. It was screwed to the floor. He would have felt more comfortable could he have lighted a cigaret, but he did not venture.

"My boy," began Hazleton, assuming a paternal attitude which had become almost a habit, "my boy, I have all the sympathy in the world for a young man starting his business career, provided he grasps the fact that he is starting—not finishing. I have that sympathy because, from bitter experience, I have learned what a long, hard game it is. I started thirty years ago where you are starting to-day. And it's only recently, within a year or two, that I have reached a point where I have felt that I had a right to relax a little. What I've got behind me you've got ahead of you—thirty years of hard labor."

"Admitting that," returned Ralston, "I don't quite see what it has to do with the present question."

"You don't, eh! Then let me tell you. I've worked hard and I've made money—made a lot of money by the sweat of my brow. That money is power. It gives me certain privileges, among others, the control of my own affairs. Yet you come along—a boy hardly out of your teens—and dare question that by challenging my right to the choicest possession I have on earth—the one possession that includes all others. You, at twenty, presume to meet me on equal terms at fifty."

"I'm twenty-three, to be exact," broke in Ralston.

"I'm fifty-three, to be exact," retorted Hazleton.

"Still that thirty years," smiled Ralston.

"That's my handicap," retorted Hazleton grimly.

"I don't quite get you."

"THAT'S evident or you wouldn't sit there so chuck full of confidence. Let me see if I can make myself clear. I have a thirty-years' start. You are trying to separate Nance from me. That can't be done. She's all I have, and all I have is hers. Every cent I possess is going to her. Ever since she was born what I've made has been made with that purpose. She's going to have a fortune in her own name. You knew that?"

"I hadn't thought of it, sir."

"You don't seem to have done much thinking in any direction."

"A good deal, sir, about Nance herself. Somehow what you're talking about doesn't seem to have much to do with her."

"You haven't picked up any of that Bolshevist stuff abroad?"

"God forbid!" answered Ralston.

"Then if you came and asked me for my mills, what answer would you expect?"

"I'd expect you to name your terms."

"Exactly. In other words, you'd expect to match something you had against what I had. Now in asking for Nance you are asking for more than my mill; you are asking for all I have. What are you offering in return?"

"Good Heavens, it isn't any such cold-blooded proposition as that, is it?"

"I can't say I've worked up any great amount of enthusiasm for the proposition as you present it, young man. You've got to even it up, and, frankly, I don't see where you stand a show with the handicap you're under."

"Of thirty years?"

"Thirty long, hard, plugging years."

Ralston rose. He studied the keen, hard face of the older man with curious interest. Then he smiled.

"There was Germany—" he said half to himself.

III

RALSTON never reported the details of that interview to Nance. This was strictly a matter between him and her father.

"He doesn't know you, Fiske," she ventured.

"That's the least of his troubles, but it would break his heart if I went ahead and married you, so we can't do that."

"To hurt him would spoil everything," she nodded. "The trouble is about—money?"

"And what it stands for to him," he answered. "You see, he doesn't think I'm playing fair. I'm not quite clear yet myself just what I've got to do to satisfy him. I want to think it over a day or two, but in the meanwhile there's one thing we do agree on, and that is that you are a stake worth scrapping for."

Yes, she was a stake worth scrapping for—the only stake in the world worth scrapping for, as Ralston saw life just then. In the last two years he had shifted his standard of values a good deal. He had seen the triviality of things he had once thought big and the bigness of things he had once thought trivial. Men who had schemed to dominate the world had been forced to give way to men never before heard of. Their power, based on gold, had been wrested away from them by a power based on an intangible conception of right.

Ralston went back to his room and spent two sleepless nights in pacing the floor. He had received a challenge and he meant to accept it, though he was still puzzled. It was the matter of those thirty years that disturbed Ralston more than anything else. Viewed as a handicap, they looked like an insurmountable obstacle. One could hardly be expected to overcome a thirty years' start, and that was what Hazleton was banking on.

The man was unreasonable, but that did not alter facts. It was of no more avail to protest about this than it was to protest about conditions in New York. The thing to do was to get busy and face the situation. There had been times in the late war when he had confronted odds almost as great.

On the third morning of his visit to Hilton, Ralston rose with the blood coursing through his veins in a strong steady current. He looked out the window of the Tavern and saw a stark blue sky, and responded like an athlete to the cool air that flooded in at the open window. He dressed, ate his breakfast, and, returning to the little office, idly picked up a copy of the

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

local newspaper. He glanced through the news columns and then through the advertisements, until his eye chanced upon this item:

WANTED—Young man to work in store. Wells & Barney.

Ralston turned to the clerk. "Who are Wells & Barney?" he inquired.

"Hardware," answered the clerk. "Store in the lower village."

"Thanks."

Ralston went out to the piazza and, lighting a cigaret, sat on the rail in the sunshine a moment. The street, the trees, the houses, were as though fresh bathed. It was a clean, tidy little village, looking even now in the barrenness of early spring not unattractive. As it stood, a man could find many a worse place in which to live. That was leaving Nance out of the picture entirely. When one included her, the trees seemed to spring to life as though full-leaved, the grass to turn from brown to green, and last year's flower-beds before the houses suddenly to leap into bloom. It became her village, and as such assumed the setting which befitted her.

THIS line of thinking was started by the item he had seen in the local newspaper, and the somewhat quixotic notion which it had suggested. All he had asked for in New York was a toe-hold. That was all he expected out West. Here was a possible one at hand. It made no difference where or how he started. To start was the thing—the sooner the better, if ever he expected to overtake Hazleton. In the meanwhile, here, no matter how humble his beginning, he could live. The real essential for that was the privilege of seeing Nance now and then.

Ralston tossed his cigaret away and walked briskly down the village street. He was not sure now that his plan was not fantastic, but at that it was no more than Hazleton's must have seemed, at the time he began as a wool-sorter. Even if he took the job as a temporary expedient, this would give him an opportunity to look around.

At any rate he kept straight on, and five minutes later stood before Wells & Barney. In another five minutes he had accepted an offer to come in as clerk on a wage of twelve dollars a week.

"When can you begin?" inquired Wells, a tall, spare man of sixty.

"Now," answered Ralston.

"All right," nodded Wells. "You'll find a broom in the corner. Sweep out the store."

Ralston removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went at it. Before noon Wells was convinced that he had secured as efficient a clerk, in spite of his lack of experience, as it had ever been his good fortune to run across in his forty years of business in Hilton.

To tell the truth, neither Hazleton nor Nance at first took very seriously this new step of Ralston's. The former merely grinned, and even Nance was inclined to smile. She thought Fiske had accepted the position merely to have an excuse for remaining near her in Hilton. It was the sort of thing he would do, and she admired him more than ever for doing it, only she felt a bit guilty at being responsible for his wasting his time in such fashion.

Ralston, on the other hand, had never been more serious in his life. Even if it

"I've just proposed to your daughter," he began.

were difficult to see how this particular job could lead to anything big, he was determined to neglect nothing. He attended faithfully to the work assigned to him, and spent his spare minutes learning everything else about the hardware business that it was possible to learn.

At the same time he started in to learn the town. He grasped every chance to meet people. Through the little group of returned soldiers he found many unexpected opportunities. He went on Sundays to the little Congregational church on the hill, where he was received hospitably, and introduced to a new group. He liked all these people and they liked him. He was young and enthusiastic. It was not long before the pastor realized that in Ralston he had found an energetic assistant for his various social activities about the village.

In the meanwhile Ralston continued to call at the Hazleton house. Mr. Hazelton protested at first, but Ralston had it out with him on that point.

"I'm playing fair with you, sir, and you've got to play fair with me," said Ralston. "Don't get it into your head that I've given up Nance, because I haven't. As soon as I catch up."

"Eh?"

"The race is on," smiled Ralston. "I'm after you."

"Well, you've got your nerve," exclaimed Hazleton.

"I told you I was twenty-three."

"And I told you I was fifty-three."

"That's one thing I'm banking on," answered Ralston cryptically.

IV

HAZLETON had assumed leadership of the town's affairs early in his career for the sake of protecting his business interests. Though he had never been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

willing to take the time to hold office, he had established himself firmly as the local party boss, and dictated all candidates and appointments. He had long ceased to be especially active even in this particular, but his advice, as it was pleasantly called, was still sought and accurately followed. As a matter of fact, this had never worked any harm to the town, because his knowledge and judgment of the candidacies was generally sound, and he had few personal favors to ask. Yet such an influence is never altogether wholesome. Its effect was particularly bad upon the younger men, who were obliged to curry favor with him, instead of depending upon their individual efforts for political advancement.

Ralston discovered this situation that fall when a special election was to be held to fill the office of tax-collector, left vacant by the death of Jenkins, who had held it for twenty years. It was Moulton, one of the most active members of the local branch of the American Legion, who suggested that Ralston run.

"It's time some of us young fellows took a hand in the town affairs," he declared. "Here's a good chance to break in."

"You're right," agreed Ralston. "But why don't you run yourself?"

"Hazleton is backing Buxton, and—well, I can't afford to lose my job in the mill," answered Moulton.

"You don't mean to say he'd fire you for running?"

"Inside of three months my services would no longer be required," nodded Moulton. "That is the way it has worked out for the last twenty-five years."

"Good Lord, then it *is* time some one took a hand!" exclaimed Ralston.

"You'll probably get trimmed good and plenty," said Moulton, "but it will mark a beginning, and won't cost you anything."

"What's the necessity of getting trimmed?" inquired Ralston.

"Because there are not a half dozen men in town who will dare come out publicly for you."

"But if they'll back me at the polls?"

"Most of them won't even know you're running. Hazleton controls the local paper and Hazleton will furnish the band for Buxton, so that all the noise will be on his side. I'm telling you the truth. If you run, you won't get anything but a licking, but even that much will be worth while if you can stand the gaff."

"I'm not worrying about that, but believe me, if I go into this, Hazleton isn't going to have any such cinch as you picture."

"Well, you know one bunch of silent votes you can bank on, anyway," declared Moulton.

RALSTON smiled. "I'm afraid we count a lot more on a service flag than in the ballot-box. We'll have to go outside the Legion if we get into this fight."

And Ralston did go in—with both feet. The result was as picturesque a campaign as the town had seen since the Civil War. He announced his candidacy by the simple process of standing on a soap-box before the Hazleton mills, and talking to the operatives when they came out at the end of the day's work. He talked to them simple and straight. The office of collector, he said, was open to any one who cared to run, though it had been the custom to make a political issue of it. He was out to break that custom. It was a position calling only for honesty, and a moderate amount of business ability and energy. He felt sure he qualified in those respects, and from all he could learn so did his opponent. Perhaps he had some advantage, however, in being younger. At any rate he would guarantee to do the work, if they cared to entrust it to him.

"Dad," she scolded, "you're very, very late."

That was the substance of his speech, and of his later speeches made in the evening to the audiences filing out from the movies. But what counted most was his easy, good-humored platform presence. He expressed a personality that appealed to the crowds. On the night before election he saw them turning away from the band concert and Buxton's heavy, gray-bearded pomposity, to listen to him. It was a surprise to him, and filled him with fresh confidence. He had been afraid his youth would count against him, only to learn that it was his biggest asset. He did not realize how big until after the close of his last rally, when a man sidled up and informed him that Hazleton would like to see him right away at the office of the *News*.

"What for?" inquired Ralston.

"I dunno. He says it's important."

Ralston went out of plain curiosity. He was ushered in to Hazleton, who sat alone in a dingy rear office.

"Good evening, sir," he began politely. "I understood you wanted to see me."

"Yes," admitted Hazleton. "For your own sake. I wanted to tell you that we are getting out a special edition to-morrow. It isn't too late for you to withdraw."

"Withdraw! Why should I want to withdraw?" asked Ralston.

"Because," answered Hazleton quietly, "I promised that office to Buxton."

"I see. But I don't recall you consulted me on that arrangement."

"Consult you!" exploded Hazleton. "Why the devil should I consult you?"

"I have a notion that to-morrow will answer that question for you."

HAZLETON'S eyes narrowed. "Look here, young man. You aren't hinting that a price——"

Ralston cut off the sentence as with a knife. "Careful, sir," he warned.

"Then what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you what I mean, Mr. Hazleton," answered Ralston. "It is simply that from now on if you have any preference as to who is going to conduct the affairs of this town, you are going to consult me. And not me alone, but all the bunch that are starting thirty years behind you. You are going to do that more and more as the years go on, for we are coming strong. I've just got hold of that idea, but the more I think of it the more I realize that it's a corker. After all, the value of most everything lies in the way you look at it, doesn't it?"

"However, I don't get you on that brilliant idea," returned Hazleton.

"You don't, sir? I was a little bit hazy on it at first myself. But here is the way it works out: You told me once, sir, that you are fifty-three years old."

"I did."

"The way you put it was that you had thirty long plugging years behind you, and that I had that many ahead of me."

"Well?"

"I have thirty years ahead of me. That's the point! You spoke of that as a handicap. But, good Lord, sir, don't you see that it's you that is handicapped? All that time is behind you, so that you can't use it. You may have another thirty years ahead of you. I hope so. But if you have, you must grant me the same probability, which gives me sixty. Always I'm going to have thirty years more than you. Except for an accident, nothing can prevent that. When I'm fifty-three, you'll be eighty-three. I don't want to rub it in, sir, but you're moving off, and I'm moving on."

Hazleton sprang to his feet. "You young beggar!" he burst out. "You think you can dispose of me as easy as that?"

"I'd doubt it, if it were anything else but pure mathematics," answered Ralston.

"With me figuring as a cipher?" challenged Hazleton.

"No, sir. Not by any means. Only—don't you see that in this sort of a race there's a dead-line? It sounds kind of raw to put it that way, but you have the consolation of knowing that my turn is coming after yours. Somebody is getting ready to trail us. That doesn't worry me yet, because I've got a long way to go.

(*Continued on page 124*)

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Never Say Die

By Don Marquis

In the January number Don Marquis of The New York Evening *Sun* led off "The Colyumists' Confessional;" but he failed to mention one leading character in his column, which has grown dear to the hearts of his readers. We refer to Archie, the cockroach. But Archie is avenged: here he is in a whole story by himself. Mr Marquis is cruelly vague about his name, but nevertheless this is Archie. Mr. Marquis promises EVERYBODY'S other stories. He promised this one for two years. Can our readers help?

THERE seemed nothing left but suicide.

But how? In what manner? By what method? Mr. Gooley lay on his bed and thought—or tried to think. The pain in his head, which had been there ever since the day after he had last eaten, prevented easy and coherent thought.

It had been three days ago that the pain left his stomach and went into his head. Hunger had become a cerebral thing, he told himself. His body had felt hunger so long that it refused to feel it any longer; it had shifted the burden to his brain.

"It has passed the buck to my mind, my stomach has," murmured Mr. Gooley feebly. And the mind, less by the process of coherent and connected thought than by a sudden impulsive pounce, had grasped the idea of suicide.

"Not with a knife," considered Mr. Gooley. He had no knife. He had no money to buy a knife. He had no strength to go down the three flights of stairs in the cheap Brooklyn lodging-house where he lay, and borrow a knife from the landlady who came and went vaguely in the nether regions, dim and damp and dismal.

"Not with a knife," repeated Mr. Gooley. And a large cockroach, which had been crawling along the footpiece of the old-fashioned wooden bed, stopped crawling at the words as if it understood, and turned about and looked at him.

Mr. Gooley wondered painfully, for it was a pain even to wonder about anything, why this cockroach should remind him of somebody who was somehow connected with a knife, and not unpleasantly connected with a knife. The cockroach stood up on the hindmost pair of his six legs, and seemed to put his head on one side and motion with his front legs at Mr. Gooley.

"I get you," said Mr. Gooley, conscious that his mind was wandering from the point, and willing to let it wander. "I know who you are! You were Old Man Archibald Hammil, the hardware merchant back in Mapletown, where I was a kid, before you dried up and turned into a cockroach."

AND Mr. Gooley wept a few weak tears. For old Archibald Hammil, the village hardware merchant, had sold him the first knife he had ever owned. His father had taken him into Hammil's store to buy it on his seventh birthday, for a present, and it had had a buckhorn handle and two blades. Again he saw Old Man Hammil in his dingy brown clothes, looking at him, with his head on one side, as this cockroach was doing. Again he felt his father pat him on the head, and heard him say always to remember to whittle *away* from himself, never *toward* himself. And he saw himself, shy and flushed and eager, a freckle-faced boy as good and as bad as most boys, looking up at his father and wriggling and wanting to thank him, and not knowing how. That was nearly forty years ago—and here he was, a failure and starving and——

Why had he wanted a knife? Yes, he remembered now! To kill himself with.

"It's none of your damned business, Old Man Hammil," he said to the cockroach, which was crawling back and forth on the footboard, and pausing every now and then to look at him with disapproval.

Old Man Hammil had had ropes in his store, too, and guns and pistols, he remembered. He hadn't thought of Old Man Hammil's store in many years; but now he saw it, and the village street outside it, and the place where the stores left off on the street and the residences began, and berry bushes, and orchards, and clover in the grass—the random bloom, the little creek that bounded the town, and beyond the creek the open country with its waving fields of oats and rye and corn.

His head hurt him worse. He would go right back into Old Man Hammil's store and get a rope or a gun and end that pain.

But *that* was foolish, too. There wasn't any store. There was only Old Man Hammil here, shrunk to the size of a cockroach, in his rusty brown suit, looking at him from the footboard of the bed and telling him in pantomime not to kill himself.

"I will too!" cried Mr. Gooley to Old Man Hammil. And he repeated, "It's none of *your* damned business!"

But how? Not with a knife. He had none. Not with a gun. He had none. Not with a rope. He had none. He thought of his suspenders. But they would never hold him.

"Too weak, even for me," muttered Mr. Gooley. "I have shrunk so I don't weigh much more than Old Man Hammil there, but even at that those suspenders would never do the business."

How did people kill themselves? He must squeeze his head till the pain let up a little, so he could think. Poison! That was it—yes, poison! And then he cackled out a small, dry, throaty laugh, his Adam's apple fluttering in his weazened throat under his sandy beard. Poison! He *hadn't* any poison. He hadn't any money with which to buy poison.

And then began a long, broken and miserable debate within himself. If he had money enough with which to buy poison, would he go and buy poison? Or go and buy a bowl of soup? It was some moments before Mr. Gooley decided.

"I'd be game," he said. "I'd buy the soup. I'd give myself that one more chance. I must remember while I'm killing myself, that I'm not killing myself because I *want* to. I'm just doing it because I've *got* to. I'm not romantic. I'm just all in. It's the end; that's all."

Old Man Hammil, on the footboard of the bed, permitted himself a series of gestures which Mr. Gooley construed as applause of this resolution. They angered Mr. Gooley, those gestures.

"You shut up!" he told the cockroach, although that insect had not spoken, but only made signs. "This is none of your damned business, Old Man Hammil!"

Old Man Hammil, he remembered, had always been a meddlesome old party—one of the village gossips, in fact. And that set him to thinking of Mapletown again.

THE mill-pond near the school-house would soon be freezing over, and the boys would be skating on it—it was getting into December. And they would be going into Old Man Hammil's store for skates and straps and heel-plates and files. And he remembered his first pair of skates, and how his father had taught him the proper way to keep them sharp with a file. He and the old dad had always been pretty good pals, and——

Good God! Why *should* he be coming back to that? And to Old Man Hammil's store? It was that confounded cockroach there, reminding him of Old Man Hammil, that had done it. He wanted to die decently and quietly, and as quickly as might be, without thinking of all these things. He didn't want to lie there and die of starvation, he wanted to kill himself and be done with it without further misery—and it was a part of the ridiculous futility of his life, his baffled and broken and insignificant life, that he couldn't even kill himself competently—that he lay there suffering and ineffectual and full of self-pity, a prey to memories and harassing visions of the past. all mingled with youth and innocence and love, without the means of a quick escape. It was that damned cockroach, looking like Old Man Hammil, the village hardware merchant, that had brought back the village and his youth to him, and all those intolerable recollections.

He took his dirty pillow and feebly menaced the cockroach. Feeble as the gesture was, the insect took alarm. It disappeared from the footboard of the bed. A minute later, however, he saw it climbing the wall. It reached the ceiling, and crawled to the center of the room. Mr. Gooley watched it. He felt as if he, too, could crawl along the ceiling. He had the crazy notion of trying. After all, he told

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

himself light-headedly, Old Cockroach Hammil up there on the ceiling had been friendly—the only friendly thing, human or otherwise, that had made overtures to him in many, many months. And he had scared Cockroach Hammil away! He shed some more maudlin tears.

What was the thing doing now? He watched as the insect climbed on to the gas-pipe that came down from the ceiling. It descended the rod and perched itself on the gas-jet. From this point of vantage it began once more to regard Mr. Gooley with a singular intentness.

Ah! Gas! That was it! What a fool he had been not to think of it sooner! That was the way people killed themselves! Gas!

Mr. Gooley got himself weakly out of bed. He would get the thing over as quickly as possible now. It would be damnably unpleasant before he lost consciousness, no doubt, and painful. But likely not more unpleasant and painful than his present state. And he simply could not bear any more of those recollections, any more visions.

He turned his back on the cockroach, which was watching him from the gas-jet, and went methodically to work. The window rattled; between the upper and lower sashes there was a crevice a quarter of an inch wide. He plugged it with paper. There was a break in the wall of his closet; the plaster had fallen away, and a chink allowed the cockroaches from his room easy access to the closet of the adjoining room. He plugged that also, and was about to turn his attention to the keyhole, when there came a knock on his door.

Mr. Gooley's first thought was: "What can any one want with a dead man?" For he looked upon himself as already dead. There came a second knock, more peremptory than the first, and he said mechancially, "Come in!" It would have to be postponed a few minutes, that was all.

The door opened, and in walked his landlady. She was a tall and bulky and worried-looking woman, who wore a faded blonde wig that was always askew, and Mr. Gooley was afraid of her. Her wig was more askew than usual when she entered, and he gathered from this that she was angry about something—why the devil must she intrude her trivial mundane anger upon himself, a dead man? It was not seemly.

"MR. GOOLEY," she began severely, without preamble, "I have always looked on you as a gentleman."

"Yes?" he murmured dully.

"But you ain't," she continued. "You ain't no better than a cheat."

He shrugged his shoulders patiently. He supposed that she was right about it. He owed her three weeks' room rent, and he was going to die and beat her out of it. But he couldn't help it.

"It ain't the room rent," she went on, as if vaguely cognizant of the general trend of his thoughts. "It ain't the room rent alone. You either pay me that or you don't pay me that, and if you don't, out you go. But while you are here, you must conduct yourself as a gentleman should!"

"Well," murmured Mr. Gooley, "haven't I?"

And the cockroach, perched on the gas-jet above the landlady's head, and apparently listening to this conversation, moved several of his legs, as if in surprise.

"You have not!" said the landlady, straightening her wig.

"What have I done, Mrs. Hinkley?" asked Mr. Gooley humbly. And Old Cockroach Hammil from his perch also made signs of inquiry.

"What have you done! What have you done!" cried Mrs. Hinkley. "As if the man didn't know what he had done! You've been stealin' my gas, that's what you have been doin'—stealin', I say, and there's no other word for it!"

Mr. Gooley started guiltily. He had not been stealing her gas, but it came over him with a shock for the first time that that was what he had, in effect, been planning to do. The cockroach, as if it also felt convicted of sin, gave the gas-jet a glance of horror and moved up the rod to the ceiling, where it continued to listen.

"Stealin'!" repeated Mrs. Hinkley. "That's what it is, nothin' else but stealin'. You don't ever stop to think when you use one of them gas-plates to cook in your room, Mr. Gooley—which it is expressly forbid and agreed on that no cooking shall be done in these rooms when they're rented to you—that it's my gas you're using, and that I have to pay for it, and that it's just as much stealin' as if you was to put your hand into my pocketbook and take my money!"

"Cooking? Gas-plate?" muttered Mr. Gooley.

"DON'T say you ain't got one!" cried Mrs. Hinkley. "You all got 'em! Every last one of you! Don't you try to come none of your sweet innocence dodges over me. I know you, and the whole tribe of you! I ain't kept lodgers for thirty years without knowing the kind of people they be! 'Gas-plate! Gas-plate!' says you, as innocent as if you didn't know what a gas-plate was! You got it hid here somewheres, and I ain't going to stir from this room until I get my hands on it and squash it under my feet! Come across with it, Mr. Gooley, come across with it!"

"But I *haven't* one," said Mr. Gooley, very ill and very weary. "You can look, if you want to."

And he lay back upon the bed. The cockroach slyly withdrew himself from the ceiling, came down the wall, and crawled to the foot of the bed again. If Mrs. Hinkley noticed him, she said nothing; perhaps it was not a part of her professional policy to draw attention to cockroaches on the premises. She stood and regarded Mr. Gooley for some moments, while he turned his head away from her in apathy. Her first anger seemed to have spent itself. But finally, with a new resolution, she said:

"And look I will! You got one, or else that blondined party in the next room has lied."

She went into the closet and he heard her opening his trunk. She pulled it into the bedroom and examined the interior. It didn't take long. She dived under the bed and drew out his battered suitcase, so dilapidated that he had not been able to get a quarter for it at the pawn-shop, but no more dilapidated than his trunk.

She seemed struck, for the first time since her entrance, with the utter bareness of the room. Outside of the bed, one chair, the bureau, and Mr. Gooley's broken shoes at the foot of the bed, there was absolutely nothing in it.

She sat down in the chair beside the bed. "Mr. Gooley," she said, "you *ain't* got any gas-plate."

"No," he said.

"Mr. Gooley," she said, "you got *nothing at all!*"

"No," he said, "nothing."

"You had a passel of books and an overcoat five or six weeks ago," she said, "when you come here. It was seein' them books, and knowing what you was four or five years ago, when you lived here once before, that made me sure you was a gentleman."

Mr. Gooley made no reply. The cockroach on the foot of the bed also seemed to be listening to see if Mrs. Hinkley had anything more to say, and suspending judgment.

"Mr. Gooley," said the landlady, "I beg your pardon. You was lied on by one that has a gas-plate herself, and when I taxed her with it, and took it away from her, and got rid of her, she had the impudence to say she thought it was *allowed*, and that everybody done it, and named you as one that did."

Mrs. Hinkley paused, but neither Mr. Gooley nor the cockroach had anything to contribute to the conversation.

"Gas," continued Mrs. Hinkley, "is gas. And gas costs money. I hadn't orter jumped on you the way I did, Mr. Gooley, but gas-plates has got to be what you might call corns on my brain, Mr. Gooley. They're my sensitive spot, Mr. Gooley. If I was to tell you the half of what I have had to suffer from gas-plates during the last thirty years, Mr. Gooley, you wouldn't believe it! There's them that will cheat you one way and there's them that will cheat you another, but the best of them will cheat you with gas-plates, Mr. Gooley. With the exception of yourself, Mr. Gooley, I ain't had a lodger in thirty years that wouldn't rob me on the gas. Some don't think it's stealin', Mr. Gooley, when they steal gas. And some of 'em don't care if it is. But there ain't none of 'em ever thinks what a *landlady* goes through with, year in and year out."

SHE paused for a moment, and then, overcome with self-pity, she began to sniffle.

"And my rent's been raised on me again, Mr. Gooley! And I'm a month behind! And if I ain't come across with the two months, the old month and the new, by day after to-morrow, out I goes; and it means the poorhouse as fur a I can see, because I don't know anything else but keeping lodgers, and I got no place to go!"

She gathered her apron up and wiped her eyes and nose with it. The cockroach on the footboard wiped his front set of feet across his face sympathetically.

"I got it all ready but fifteen dollars," continued Mrs. Hinkley, "and then in comes the gas bill this morning with *arrears* onto it. It is them *arrears*, Mr. Gooley, that always knocks me out! If it wasn't for them arrears, I could get along. And now I got to pay out part of the rent money onto the gas bill, with them arrears on it, or the gas will be shut off this afternoon."

The pain in Mr. Gooley's head was getting worse. He wished she would go. He hated hearing her troubles. But she continued:

"It's the way them arrears come onto the bill, Mr. Gooley, that has got me sore.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Mr. Gooley," she began severely, "I have always looked on you as a gentleman."

About a week before you come here again to live, Mr. Gooley, there was a fellow stole fifteen dollars' worth of my gas all at once. He went and killed himself, Mr. Gooley, and he used my gas to do it with. It leaked out for twenty-four hours up on the top floor, before the door was busted in and the body was found, and it came to fifteen dollars, and all on account of that man's cussedness, Mr. Gooley, I will likely get turned out into the street and me sixty years old and no place to turn."

Mr. Gooley sat up in bed feebly and looked at her. She *was* in real trouble—in about as much trouble as he was. The cockroach walked meditatively up and down the footboard, as if thinking it over very seriously.

Mrs. Hinkley finally rose.

"Mr. Gooley," she said, regarding him sharply, "you look kind o' done up!"

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Gooley.

She lingered in the room for a few seconds more, irresolutely, and then departed.

Mr. Gooley thought. Gas was barred to him now. He couldn't bring himself to do it with gas. There was still a chance that the old woman might get hold of the gas money and the rent money, too, and go on for a few years, but if he selfishly stole twelve or fifteen dollars' worth of gas from her this afternoon it might be just the thing that would plunge her into immediate destitution. At any rate, it was, as she had said, like stealing money from her pocketbook. He thought of what her life as a rooming-house keeper must have been and pitied her. He had known many rooming-houses. The down-and-outers know how to gauge the reality and poignancy of the troubles of the down-and-out. No, he simply could not do it with gas.

He must think of some other method. He was on the fourth floor. He might throw himself out of the window onto the brick walk at the back of the building, and die. He shuddered as he thought of it. To jump from a twentieth story, or from the top of the Woolworth Tower, to a certain death is one thing. To contemplate a fall of three or four stories that may maim you without killing you, is another.

(*Continued on page 128*)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Tricks in All Trades

A Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter Story

By Thomas Addison

Here is Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter again, with his fair-price bulletin-board. The last time EVERYBODY'S readers saw this anti-profiteering clothing-man, he was selling puttees to college boys. In this story he has to face the stiff opposition that his square-dealing policy has aroused among competitors. It's a good hard fight, and Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter has others like it ahead of him in the pages of EVERYBODY'S.

TIMOTHY RUGG, the Atlanta "Cotton King," was sitting with Duncan Potter, haberdasher, in the latter's bachelor apartment in the Grand Hotel. It was after ten o'clock of a December night in 1918. Rugg had been talking long and, on his part, fruitlessly with the composed, lean-faced younger man he was proud to call his friend. Now he let his plump person sink back in his chair, ran fidgety fingers through his shock of gray hair, and abandoned himself to a whimsical despair.

"By hokey, Potter," he exclaimed, "if there was any drink left in this gay city of Jasonville, you'd drive me to it!"

Potter's firm, well-chiseled lips curved upward at the corners in a spare smile as he replied to this: "Simply because I prefer to stick to a trade I know? You would have a poor excuse."

"Better that than none," grinned the rotund Georgian. He went on, waxing earnest again: "You are cut out for bigger things than the men's furnishing line, my boy. I'm offering you a chance to swing a deal with me that would make people stop and take off their hats when your name was spoken—and you refuse! It's past understanding."

Potter's gray eyes twinkled, but he said nothing. Rugg continued aggrievedly:

"Where would John D. be to-day if he'd stuck to the produce commission business and passed up oil? You are of the caliber for large affairs. You have proved it, and yet——"

"Proved? How?" interjected Potter.

"How?" cried the other. "Why, confound it, didn't you come up here from that Anderson store of yours, and with a new stand on a side street beat that bunch of buccaneer competitors, who tried to put you out of business—Petersen, Ficklestein, *et al.*? Answer me that!" Rugg leveled a pudgy finger at him, holding him up, as it were, at the pistol's point.

"I don't claim any particular credit for it," said Potter carelessly. "My cost-price bulletin-board did the trick. All I had to do was post my factory invoices on it, and let customers figure out for themselves my profit."

"Twenty per cent., when those robber rivals were making anywhere from fifty to a hundred! Who thought of the bulletin, Mister Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter? Some little miss passing by from school, or a keen business brain that knew how to blaze a short cut to an objective while the other fellow was plugging along in the same old rut? Doesn't it prove——"

Potter broke in on him again: "It proves that I know my trade, Friend Rugg, nothing more."

"Hah!" The Cotton King breathed noisily. "I suppose you'll say next it was a part of your trade to put over that puttee deal last month—sell ten thousand pairs to a lot of fad-crazy college boys! I suppose that was a mere prosaic incident in the haberdashery business. Eh?"

"That," said Potter gravely, "was a mistake of judgment."

"What!" Rugg brought it out explosively. "A mistake? When you cleaned up fifty thousand dollars apiece for us? Oh, my soul!"

"It was a side issue. I had no warrant to tackle it. The shoemaker should stick to his last. It was only by sheer good luck that I pulled out of that scrape—luck, and the quick wit of Mrs. June Carter, my clerk."

Rugg made an impatient movement, and got up. "Potter," he said seriously, "luck is only another word for opportunity, a shorter word. What we call lucky men are plucky men, with vision and a belief in it. When luck comes their way, they take hold of it with both hands and wring the juice out of it. That little widow is a fine girl. She has brains. But—if you hadn't known how to grab the suggestion she made, and saddle and drive it to your own ends, it would have gone for nothing. She never could have done it herself; and being the honest little woman that she is, she says so."

"It was the idea that counted," maintained Potter as he rose. "Must you go?"

"Yes. I'm off for Atlanta on the early train, and I need sleep after a session like this. Man, as a nightcap for you, I'll say again you have the capacity for big things. That chain of haberdasheries in half a dozen towns you dream of is all right in its way, but it's pedling peanuts to what you could do if you'd go in with me. Better reconsider," he threw out with a last lingering hope.

Potter shook his head. "Some day, perhaps, but not now. I've got my teeth set in this job of mine, and I'm going to hang to it."

"Bulldog!" snorted the chubby capitalist, and followed it with a deep-throated chuckle. "Well, every dog has its day, and I'll have mine with you. See you again soon. Good night."

He left the haberdasher standing in the door, a slight, almost frail, figure of medium height, yet somehow of a compelling presence.

II

POTTER had a sixty-day lease-option on the store at 127 Liberty Street next to his on the west. The option was about to expire, and it was up to him to close it or let it go. There were those who were hungry for that lease.

"The trouble is," said Potter, "it is a little too much store. I ought to have room to expand, but I don't care to take on a ten-acre lot for the purpose."

He was speaking to Mrs. June Carter, a trim, brown-eyed, comely young woman whom he had brought up from his Anderson place when he invaded Jasonville. Usually reserved and self-resourceful, Potter had grown into a habit of consulting with this nimble-witted clerk of his, for she had won his business regard; the strictly personal equation involved in their intercourse he endeavored to ignore.

"It would mean a greatly increased expense," she replied. "But you have considered that. As for the extra space, you could put in a men's ready-to-wear-suit department. It is a good first cousin to furnishings. They should go well together."

"I'd thought of it. But there's Bowen's department-store and five other clothiers in the city. I'd have to fight for a paying share of the business, Bowen especially. He has a big suburban trade."

She looked at him, with a small smile, bringing into view a shadowy little dimple in her cheek. Potter had noticed it before, and not unpleasantly. He noticed it now.

"WELL," she said, "it would not be the first time that you had fought—and won. And I think I can see where the trade is coming from, a lot of it, and soon."

"You mean," he returned quickly, "the boys they'll be sending home from France? Yes, but it will take a long time to get them back."

"But they will come. Over five hundred went away from Jasonville, and as many, I reckon, from round about here. A thousand new customers, you might say, eager to put off khaki for cheviot and serge. And they don't want to be robbed in the exchange."

"I'll think it over," said Potter.

He did, and decided to do it; and with Potter to decide was to act.

The old tenants moved out in January. Potter's plans for rearrangements had been prepared in advance. An arch cut through the partition wall would give communication from one store to the other; and having space at his command he determined to give the annex a spacious effect, something no other place of the kind in town could boast, except Bowen's. There should be no crowding of customers; comfort and leisure would be the dominant tone.

"And near the door," Mrs. Carter suggested, "let us have a great jar of real flowering plants — none of those old rubber substitutes. I'd love to tend them."

It was a little startling to Potter; it savored to him of a parlor restaurant.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Hadn't we also better have in a stringed orchestra for afternoons and Saturday nights?" he proposed, the corners of his mouth twitching upward.

She flushed softly. "I know what you are thinking of. But we are to have a store different from the rest, and flowers—real flowers—why, they are welcome anywhere. Beauty and business should not be incompatible if intelligently harmonized."

Potter dismissed the subject with a curt. "We will have the flowers," and busied himself with other things.

In a few days carpenters and painters were at work on the annex. Rufus Painter, manager of Potter's Anderson store, had sent on Billy Howe, one of his pre-war clerks just released from training-camp, and Potter felt that he could safely absent himself for a time. So he prepared to go North to order his spring and summer styles of ready-to-wear suits, for spring comes early in this Southern country. Rugg was going shortly, he had learned, and Potter planned to meet him at Atlanta and go on with him.

"You are in absolute charge," he said to Mrs. Carter at the final moment. "Young Howe is a good clerk, but he'll take his orders from you. I've told him so."

The saleswoman colored with pleasure. But she said simply, "Thank you, Mr. Potter."

"You will have an eye on the alterations," he continued. "You know what I want, and how it is to be done. I shall look to find everything running to the finishing point on my return."

"You shall not be disappointed," she promised with quiet confidence.

The merchant's grave face brightened with one of his rare open smiles. "I don't expect to be," he told her. "Good-by."

"Good luck," she said.

They shook hands, and he left. He liked that parting. A lot of women would have swamped him with a gush of empty words.

III

MR. MARK ORRISON was the men's clothing buyer for Bowen's department-store. He was a youngish, robust person with a "who said rats?" expression that had gained for him the reputation of one everlastingly alert to every wile in the pursuit of his vocation.

On a Wednesday morning in late January, Mr. Orrison was having breakfast in the St. Julian Hotel, New York, when Duncan Potter and Timothy Rugg entered and were seated at a neighboring table. Bowen's man knew Potter by sight, but the pleasure was not reciprocal. Potter had been too occupied with his own affairs as yet to cultivate the social side of business life in Jasonville as expressed in the Rotary Club and similar organizations.

"For two cents I'd mash your mug in."

Mr. Hardy automatically extended his hand, but addressed his salesman.

"Come to buy for that new store of his," communed Mr. Orrison with himself. "I wonder when he rung in?"

It had got around Jasonville, as such things somehow do, that Potter was going into the clothing line along with his furnishings. The news was not received with enthusiasm by the trade. The man's stand against the unholy profiteering rampant in the city, and, in particular, his tell-tale bulletin-board that indubitably proved his claim of a net profit not in excess of twenty per cent.—these things were ill calculated to engender a passionate admiration for him in the competitive breast.

Mr. Orrison stretched his ears to catch perchance a word that might furnish a clue to Potter's prospective calls on the trade, but the fat, jolly-faced man at the other table seemed to be doing most of the talking, and it dealt with anything but clothes.

"ANYWAY, it's a cinch that's what he's here for," concluded Bowen's buyer to his own satisfaction. "Let me see—" He finished his breakfast with an abstracted air, and went out to the desk, where he took a look at the register. The Jasonville haberdasher was among the early morning's arrivals.

Mr. Orrison lit a cigar, sought a retired seat, and devoted ten consecutive minutes to a mental hunt for a monkey-wrench to throw into Potter's sartorial machinery. He found it apparently, for with a cunning grin he got up and closeted himself in a telephone-booth. He was still there when Potter and Rugg issued from the breakfast-room a half-hour later.

"Shall we meet somewhere for lunch?" suggested Rugg.

"I think not. I'm going to keep a hot trail all day. But dinner, yes. Say at seven."

"And then a show, eh?" Rugg chuckled. "Something for the tired business man. Shooting folly as it flies. Rest your brain, use your eyes. Hah! By hokey, that's a rhyme! I'll get to be one of these long-haired literary cusses if I don't look out." He went off in great good humor.

Kane & Curtis was one of several houses that made a specialty of catering to the Southern clothing trade. Potter made his first call at this place. He sent in his card, and Mr. Kane in person came out to him.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Potter," he proclaimed in a hearty voice. "Glad to know any one from Jasonville. A fine, growing city, sir. Have you just got in?"

Potter was conscious that he was the subject of a quick, curious appraisal from the other's eyes.

"Yes," he answered. "I'm practically just off the train." He stated his errand, and added, "I am at present unknown to you, but I have here bank references——"

Mr. Kane waved the letter aside with an indulgent smile. "Have a chair," he invited. "I must correct you, if you'll permit. You are not unknown to me, by name at least. I've heard of 'Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter.'" He laughed jocularly. "You've been setting a pretty rapid pace down there in Jasonville. Er—ah—the *Manufacturers' Record* had a piece about you."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Timothy Rugg was doing an elephantine two-step.

This was news to Potter, but he abstained from comment on it. He remained standing, and said: "I am pressed for time—my stay in New York is limited—and so if I may be shown through your line——"

Again Mr. Kane interrupted. He did it by taking a chair himself, and motioning his visitor to another. "It may save time if we talk a little first," he observed. His voice was yet resonant with heartiness, though now Potter thought he detected a hollow note in it. He composedly sat down. Something was coming; he would see what it was. Kane proceeded:

"Er—Mr. Potter, I'd like to ask if you expect to pursue in your clothing department the policy that—er—seems to have governed your other line?"

Potter regarded him steadily. Then he said with quiet emphasis: "I shall discount any bill I may buy of Kane & Curtis. As I am asking no favors of the house I find it difficult to imagine what interest it can have in the conduct of my business."

In the pause that followed the manufacturer's face lost something of its professional urbanity. And it reddened. "Oh, my dear sir!" he protested. His voice was yet pitched in a mellow key. "No offense was meant. But, if you will allow me, we have a decided interest in the conduct of your business. That is, of course, if we take you on our books. Er—that—er—bulletin-board of yours, you know——"

"Yes?" said Potter, and stopped there. So this was the specter at the feast!

"Yes," echoed the senior partner. He placed the tips of his fingers together as he went on and moved his hands gently up and down. "I don't think we would care to see our invoices posted on that board. It is—ah—um—an innovation that does not appeal to us."

"WHY?" inquired Potter mildly.

"Because, sir, it is the nature of a betrayal of confidence. We have other customers in Jasonville to consider. They do not care to have their costs published to the world."

"Naturally," agreed Potter. "It would be publishing their profits; it would open people's eyes."

Mr. Kane coughed superfluously. There was nothing the matter with his throat, but he coughed twice, and said: "Your method is irregular. It's unnecessary. It—it's bolshevism!"

Potter restrained a smile. "It's the surest way to win custom. I've proved it. I'm in business not either for my health or for just something to do. I'm out to make money; but not all at once. I want to give the other fellow a chance, the man who comes into my shop hoping for a square deal. I won't rob him because I can—he might be a plumber, and rob me when his turn came. It's a sort of moral insurance I'm taking out." He stood up. "Shall we look over your line?"

Mr. Kane also found his feet. He was the mirror of suave regret. "It distresses me to say, sir, that our spring styles are not at present on view. I trust that you will find what you want elsewhere. Good morning, Mr. Potter. I am delighted to have met you."

Potter lingered. "Do you happen to remember the date of the *Record* in which I appeared?" he questioned. "It slipped my notice in some way. I take the *Record*."

"Eh? Oh! Um!" Mr. Kane frowned with the effort to refresh his memory. "Perhaps it was in the *Economist*."

"I see that also," Potter's eyes danced. "Perhaps—one forgets these things so easily—some thoughtful friend of mine in Jasonville wrote you in advance of my coming. However, it is a matter of no moment. Don't try to recollect. Good morning."

But he went away in a troubled mood. Some one was trying to put a spoke in his wheel, and in this case had succeeded. He wondered what the cards held for him at the next place on his calling-list.

IV

MR. ALPHEUS JONES, a recent and bright young salesman, met Potter as he issued from the elevator into the Ellington Company's showrooms. He was out for a record, this young man, and a new customer landed would mean a star to his credit with the house.

"Our goods," he said to Potter, "are well known in your city. The buyer for the Bowen store was in here only yesterday. I had the pleasure of selling him a very sizable bill."

"Ah?" murmured Potter. The intelligence interested him.

"Yes, sir. They make a specialty of the Kartenheimer brand, but they don't confine themselves to it." He wagged his head sagely. "Good for a leader, but the money isn't there. We show you where that lies. Take this sack suit—waist seams, fancy pockets, all the novelty effects. Nineteen-fifty; to retail at thirty-five. Some profit, what?" Mr. Jones grinned expansively. "Orrison, Bowen's buyer, bought six dozen."

"Bowen will sell them at thirty-five?" queried Potter.

"Not less, you bet," declared the star-chaser with a sly lowering of an eyelid.

"We will come back to these," Potter told him. "Show me something in tropical weight, mohairs and panamas."

"Now," bubbled the salesman, "we are getting to the candy. This way, please. In one of our Kool Kloth suits the first cop you met would have just cause to run you in—they are next to nothing on you. But *chick*—Say, if you had only forty-two cents in your pocket you'd feel like a prince 'cause you'd look like one."

Mr. Jones, as he led the way to a farther aisle, laughed ardently at his own joke. His grave customer was smiling, and this augured well. He was particularly pleased, for coming toward them he saw the secretary of the company. He stopped the official, and said:

"Mr. Hardy, meet Mr. Duncan Potter of Jasonville. He is starting up a clothing department to his regular line, and I'm showing him our spring and summer styles."

Mr. Hardy automatically extended his hand, but addressed his salesman, and with evident and singular solicitude: "Have you sold him?"

Perceiving that he hadn't, Mr. Hardy thereupon pitilessly blotted out the alluring star to which Mr. Jones would hitch his vendor wagon. "I will wait on Mr. Potter," he said in a tone that bade the other begone and be hanged to him.

Potter instantly divined that another spoke was to be inserted in his wheel. He determined to forestall the operation.

"You have seen that sketch of me in the *Manufacturers' Record?*" he inquired affably. "'Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter.' Posts his costs and lets the public figure his profits."

Mr. Hardy nodded. It saved explanations, or, rather, the suppression of them.

"And you don't care to sell to one so lacking in the fine observances of the trade?" hinted Potter.

"You have had this experience before, I see," commented Mr. Hardy glacially. "No, sir! We are not seeking dealings with cut-raters. We can't afford it."

"I am prepared to pay spot cash. I am not asking terms."

The secretary shrugged. He wore an expression of stoical fatigue. "It is not a question of cash, sir; it's a question of principle. A 'sacrifice sale,' now—where one is overstocked—is different. One winks at cut prices in emergencies. But you have not even started. Scrap your board, and we will be glad to sell you."

"I will scrap it," said Potter evenly, "when the devil comes finally into his own. In the meantime it will give me pleasure to send you cards to my opening next month."

THIS was brave talk, but in the street again Potter paused to ponder his problem. Something like organized propaganda had been instituted against him, it seemed. Possibly Bowen's buyer—this man Overson, or whatever his name—was the active agent. He wondered how far he had carried his endeavor. Certainly not to the entire clothing manufacturing trade of the city; it would be conspiracy, and there was a remedy for that.

"If I could prove it!" thought Potter.

He set his mouth grimly, and proceeded to Stern & Warren. He did not give his name, but asked at once where the buyer for Bowen's might be found.

"Mark Orrison? Why, yes, he's at the St. Julian," responded the man. "He was in here Monday. I don't think he has left the city. Are you in the clothing line?"

"No," said Potter truthfully. "I have a personal message for Mr.—how do you spell it? . . . Thanks."

Four more calls Potter made that forenoon, these with the intention of buying if he could. But the result was the same at each place—his name and address given, and the sale came to a halt.

He lunched musingly on a chair-arm in a white-tiled hole-in-the-wall. Afterward he

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Potter and his clerks worked, as they could snatch the time, to dress the store. And they worked nights until late.

made his way to J. B. Saxton, Inc., a house that, so far as he knew, had no special leaning to the Southern trade. It was not a large concern, but its goods bore a high reputation. It was almost to his surprise that he found his name evoked no prejudice. He spent several hours looking over the line and making his selections, and he came away with the carbon of his order in his pocket.

IT WAS five o'clock when he returned to his hotel. With his key the clerk handed him a slip on which was written a telephone number. It was marked "Urgent."

"Rugg," said Potter to himself.

But it was not Rugg; it was J. B. Saxton, Inc. They regretted to inform him that his order had been booked under a misapprehension of facts. And they were pained to say that they must cancel it. Potter demanded no explanation.

"I understand," he said easily. "But I have a copy of my order O. K'd by your Mr. Worth. Let me impress on you that I expect it to be filled exactly as written. That is all from me."

He hung up and returned to the desk. He learned that Mr. Mark Orrison had not checked out yet, and that he was up in his room. He was turning to the elevator when he saw Timothy Rugg advancing. Rugg had just come in from the street.

"Well, how's everything?" he saluted jovially. "I'm looking for something new in youths' spring suits. Got anything that'll set off my delicate figger?"

Potter drew him aside, and related his experiences of the day. "I'm going to get this in a newspaper if I have to buy the space," he added. "And I shall engage a lawyer——"

"I've got him!" cried Rugg. "Knows every kink in the ropes. And I think we can fix the newspaper end. Stevens of the *Morning Register* is a friend of mine."

"That may help," said Potter. "Now, I'm going up to see this man Orrison."

"I'll go with you," offered Rugg. "He may prove troublesome."

"Thank you," said Potter, "but I'll chance that. I will come to you afterward in your room."

He went up alone.

Bowen's buyer was betrayed into a moment's confusion when he saw who it was at his door. "Oh—ah—Mr. Potter!" he stammered.

"You have had the advantage of my name till now," Potter said to him. "I thought I'd come up and equalize the situation."

Orrison had regained his composure. He realized what the visit portended, but it was not his intention to incriminate himself.

"I knew you by sight," he remarked. "I've passed your store frequently."

"I," returned Potter, "heard of you for the first time to-day—at the Ellington Company." He had ignored the proffered chair. He stood, a slight, fine figure, fronting the burly buyer, who topped him by half a hand's span.

"Well," said the latter, "now that we are acquainted, sit down. It won't cost you anything." He attempted a nonchalant air, but it was not a success.

Potter was totally unresponsive. He replied: "I am not staying. I have a question to ask. The answer is simple—yes or no."

Orrison knew what it was in advance. There was to be no beating around the bush by this man, he perceived. He laughed flippantly. "Assuming that the privilege is yours, though I'll say I don't like your tone, fire ahead."

"Did you mention my name to the Ellington Company, to any one connected with it?"

"Why should I?" Orrison countered.

"That is not an answer, sir."

"Why should I not, then? One may speak of the President if he gets the notion."

"It depends on how you speak of him; there's an espionage law to take care of that. My case is different. Myself must care for how my name is used. That is what I am here for."

(*Continued on page 82*)

But when he got there he stopped and gaped.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

MAJOR BLANK, in his dugout, wrote a message and handed it to a colored runner. "Read this carefully," he said, "and then deliver it to Captain Parks, Company C. If anything happens, destroy the message and deliver it verbally to Captain Parks."

Ten minutes later the major looked up to see the runner still there. "What are you doing here?" he shouted. "When I give an order I want it obeyed at once!"

"Lawd, Major," replied the frightened man, "I can't read readin', let alone read writin'!"

"YOU seem to be very fond of jazz music, Mr. Nuriah."

"Yes, I like it best of all. You don't have to put on formal attire when you listen to it; nobody asks you who wrote it, and you don't have to pretend you understand it."

A NEGRO preacher was expounding the subject of miracles. "Mah beloved brefren," he said, "de mos' wonderful miracle was 'bout de loaves and fishes. Five thousand loaves an' two thousand fishes, and de twelve 'postles had to eat 'em all! De miracle is, brefren, dat all de 'postles didn't bust!"

"ARE you the plumber?" asked Mrs. Cooke.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm the plumber, all right."

"Well," she replied, "I just want to caution you to exercise care when doing your work. All my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me slippin', lady, I've got nails in me shoes."

A CLERGYMAN who advertised for an organist received this reply:

DEAR SIR:

I notice that you have a vacancy for an organist and music-teacher, either lady or gentlemen. Having been both for several years I beg to apply for the position.

A MELANCHOLY-LOOKING man entered the establishment of a photographer.

"I should like a picture of myself weeping beside my wife's grave," he explained.

"I fear I have not the necessary accessories here," said the photographer. Then he added facetiously: "Couldn't we arrange to have the portrait made at the grave itself?"

"No," said the man; "that's in New York State. It would be too expensive to go there. Just you fix up some kind of grave here in the shop. I could weep on that. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."

AN OBSERVANT young lady from Boston, on her first trip West, saw, when crossing the plains, a herd of branded cattle.

"Oh, see the engraved cows!" she remarked enthusiastically.

TWO friends were talking over old times and the changes that had come since they were boys. One of them, a musician, was particularly struck by the prevailing extravagance. "When I learned to play the violin," he said, "I played on one equipped with steel strings. Now, even children play on instruments strung with the best Italian gut."

"Italian gut!" gasped his friend. "That is a great change; they were using catgut the last I knew of."

OIL brought a golden crop to the farm of John Bearwalk, Ute Indian. Mr., Mrs., and the little Bearwalks moved into the county seat. Dreams were to be realized. No such hilarity had been heard on Main Street since the night before the town went dry. Two coal-black horses were pulling a white, box-like structure slowly. Its white, glassy sides were hung with spotless curtains, and a golden cross shone out from the rear. On the top sat an Indian squaw, holding the reins. Behind her sprawled half a dozen native children, while two dogs barked viciously. Below, within the glass compartment, an Indian brave lolled on his blanket. He puffed at his pipe and gazed from his cage impassively, yet deep within his eyes lay a gleam of purest content. John Bearwalk had bought the town hearse.

"HOW very few statues there are of real women!"

"Yes, it's hard to get them to look right."

"How so?"

"A woman remaining still and saying nothing doesn't seem true to life."

"ESTHER," questioned the teacher of a member of the juvenile class, "what is the difference between electricity and lightning?"

"You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," came the prompt reply.

A WITTY actor was telling a story to a number of fellow players at a club one night, and there was also present a dyspeptic newspaper man who suffered from insomnia.

The company, with the exception of the newspaper man, roared at the story.

"What's the matter?" asked some one.

"Nothing."

"Why didn't you laugh at that good story?"

"Well, it's this way: I am going to save it until I get home. I find that I can always sleep better when I go to bed laughing."

SAMMY, sitting by the side of a road somewhere in France, was fishing in a shell crater full of water. The captain, passing by, looked at him curiously for a few minutes, and then asked:

"Not biting very well, heh?"

Sammy turned around grinning and said: "Sure they are; you're the fifth to-day."

"YOU don't mean to say, Squibbs, that you haven't learned how to drive your car yet! Why, they tell me your wife has been teaching you for a week."

"Well, it isn't my fault. Just as I begin to learn how, she starts in and explains it all over again."

"DID the woman give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?" asked the court.

"Yes, your honor," answered the policeman.

"What was her reason?"

"She said she wanted to die."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Gambler

The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Don't tilt the dice-box with Fate—don't pit your skill against the Skid that lurks at every turn of the wheel, when streets are wet and treacherous.

No matter how skillfully and carefully you may drive, you and your passengers are *in imminent danger* when the rain whips streets into black deadly skidways *unless* your wheels are equipped with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

For Dependable Security

Give your Weed Tire Chains a chance to perform their mission. Don't leave them in the garage or tool box—put them on the tires. Only a moment of your time and their steel forged protection will be securely chaining your car to safety.

Weed Tire Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

American Chain Company, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line — All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes — From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

District Sales Offices:

Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, Portland, Ore., Philadelphia, San Francisco

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES

(*Continued from page 79*)

"Oh!" Orrison looked down disparagingly on the slender form of the merchant. "Is this a threat?" he flung out.

"It is a fact," stated Potter unmoved. "Your evasion of my question proves an affirmative to it."

"Oh!" said Orrison again. "Well, what of it?"

"This: it is you who have made it a business to post me to the trade here. It is you who have branded me as a man after only a decent profit—branded, I say, for your kind look upon me as a criminal stealing custom from your rapacious counters. Well, I'll acknowledge that you've been successful, so far——"

Potter purposely paused. The buyer grinned in spite of himself; but it faded in the same instant.

"So far!" resumed Potter. "My turn is to come. And I'm here to say to you," he finished calmly, "that I'd be ashamed to know a dog who had so small a sense of honor as you have shown."

Orrison went a dirty chalk color.

"Why, you little half-shelled shrimp!" he bellowed. "You have the cheek to butt into my room and preach to me? Why—why—by God, for two cents I'd mash your mug in!"

He shoved his clenched hand to within an inch of Potter's face. It hung there quivering with desire. But Potter held his place. His eyes, steel gray now, bored relentlessly into the maddened eyes opposed to him. For a palpitating breath of time the two remained riveted as they were. Then Potter turned and walked leisurely out of the room.

Rugg scanned him curiously as Potter came in to where he sat waiting for him. "Did Orrison own up?" he asked.

"Not in words. But I satisfied myself. He did it."

Something in his manner forbade pursuit of the subject, and Rugg changed it.

"I did a little telephoning while you were gone," he announced. "Got your lawyer, Elwood Channing. Caught him at his club. He is coming here after dinner."

Potter nodded his thanks. Rugg continued: "And I got in touch with Stevens. He's managing editor of the *Register*. It's a business man's paper. Stevens is sending a reporter up here. That is, he will send one if you will give names. He's got to have that, he says, or it's no story. I've personally guaranteed him against possible libel suits, though those fellows, I'm betting, will be glad to keep the covers pulled up over their heads."

"You're a friend, Timothy," Potter said simply. "Yes, I'll give names, but not Orrison's. I can't prove what I know about him."

Rugg scratched his head distressfully. "It's a poisonous shame, but—oh, well, let that snake crawl a while. I'll call Stevens. Then we'll dine." He chuckled wryly. "We can't shoot folly as it flies to-night—we are stalking big game."

VI

THE ensuing morning as Mr. Mark Orrison sat in the rotunda of the St. Julian glancing over the *Register* before sallying forth on the business of the day, his eye fell upon a heading that washed his countenance of its alert expression and left it a dismayed blank.

He read the caption twice, and looked vaguely about him for help. Potter had said his turn would come, and apparently it had. This is what he saw:

PICKING ON POTTER

Southern Merchant Blacklisted Here Because He Won't Profiteer

Clothing Manufacturers Refuse to Sell Him Goods

Mr. Orrison gave a dazed attention to the story that followed. It smacked of possible damage suits against certain houses. He read what Kane & Curtis had said, what the Ellington Company said; in short, what was said by all those of whom Potter had attempted to buy. And, lastly, what J. B. Saxton, Inc., had done, and then said. Mr. Orrison cast his eyes up to heaven. He apostrophized that indefinite region.

"I never called Saxton up!" he bleated. "Some of those others must have done it—sent out a general alarm." Which, be it said here, was so; Saxton was among the last to get the news.

Mr. Orrison was relieved to find that nowhere was he himself mentioned, though there was a hint that the sinister hand of competitive interests was discernible in the matter. After a prayerful consideration of the facts at hand he decided to gather up at once the loose ends of his business and depart for home. The story had of course been telegraphed to Jasonville. Old Man Bowen would want to know the ins and outs of it.

Potter, on the advice of his attorney, spent the day quietly in and about the hotel.

"There may be developments," Channing had said. "I'm going to sue out a mandatory injunction against Saxton, compelling him to fill your order. It's not often done, but I'm going to ask for it. I don't think they'll care to fight. Stick around where they can get at you if they wish."

It was not till late in the afternoon that anything happened. Rugg had come up from down-town, and was sitting with Potter in his room when the telephone rang. It was Mr. Worth of J. B. Saxton. His voice was bland to caressiveness.

"I want to say, Mr. Potter, that we shall take pleasure in shipping that order. We are sorry that yesterday——"

"Don't mention it," cut in Potter, bland as the other. "That special lot I put aside for express shipment—for my opening, you know—will go forward at once, I presume?"

"To-night, Mr. Potter. If there is anything further we can do——"

"Why, yes, there is. My attorney will send his bill to you. Kindly pay it. Mistakes are expensive, I have observed in my experience. Doubtless you have observed the same."

"Oh, but I say! A moment, Mr. Potter, please."

In the pause that followed, Rugg, who had caught the entire conversation, due to an unusually good connection, exclaimed softly: "Aha! That was a sockdologer!"

Mr. Worth spoke again: "Under the circumstances, Mr. Potter——"

"The peculiar circumstances," suggested Potter.

"Ah, yes, yes—why, we consent. And we trust that you will call on us again, sir, before you leave."

"Certainly. With the greatest good-will in the world."

Potter's lips were deeply curved as he ended the interview. His eyes jumped with a boy's roguishness. He took down the receiver again, and asked for the Ellington Company, and Mr. Hardy. Rugg pricked up his ears.

"Duncan Potter of Jasonville talking," Potter said, and went on immediately: "I am filled up on my spring styles, but for summer weights I am open yet. Your Mr. Jones was about to show me some mohairs yesterday when we were interrupted. But to-morrow I can spare an hour——"

Here Mr. Hardy, evidently recovered from a shock, interposed. Not Mr. Jones, but he himself, would be delighted to show Mr. Potter through the line, and at any hour that would suit his convenience. He would be glad of the opportunity to explain the unfortunate position he had taken the day before, and, in short, to retire from it. And so on for sixty straight seconds. When he came to a stop, Potter said casually:

"It is Mr. Mark Orrison, not you, I hold to blame."

"Well, yes, it was he who told us—" Mr. Hardy suddenly checked himself as he perceived the trap into which he had been led.

Potter passed it over at once. "If you don't mind," he remarked, "I would like to have Mr. Jones wait on me to-morrow. The sale ought to go to him. Call it ten o'clock."

He turned a little hastily. A queer shuffling noise was going on behind him. Timothy Rugg had lifted himself out of his chair, and was doing an elephantine two-step about the room.

"We've got Orrison's scalp!" he crowed. "Tumty, tum, tum. Tumty, tum, tum."

Potter laughed. Then a frowning knot showed between his eyes. "Somehow I don't care about it now, Timothy," he said.

Rugg stopped his caperings. "You don't? Suffering Susan! Why?"

"Well, I've never heard that one gets any good from following up a skunk. Let Orrison smother in his own bad odor." Potter smiled. "Suppose we get tickets for that show to-night; I feel like celebrating."

VII

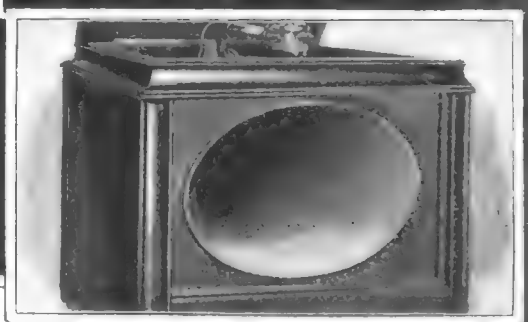
POTTER got home on Monday morning. Rugg had dropped off at Atlanta in the night, but he promised to come on to Jasonville for the opening of the new store. Potter had set it for Tuesday of the following week. On the way down from New York he had drafted out page ads for the *Evening News* and the *Herald*. He would run them on Thursday and Sunday.

Potter went direct from the train to his haberdashery. He was anxious to see how the alterations had progressed. It was early—lacking some minutes to seven—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

The ULTONA
PLAYING A BRUNSWICK RECORD



The TONE AMPLIFIER

How to judge a phonograph

Follow this way of Brunswick owners

Before you buy a phonograph, we suggest hearing several. It will be to your advantage to make tone tests for yourself.

Please do not think that this is difficult or that it takes a musically trained ear.

In over 300,000 homes music-lovers enjoy The Brunswick because they have followed the above advice. Critical people have chosen Brunswicks because they have come to appreciate the betterments afforded by the Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

A Brunswick creation

We introduced the Ultona and it created a sensation, for up to its coming no phonograph could play all records properly.

The Ultona was the only all-record reproducer which, at the turn of a hand, would present to each make of record the proper diaphragm and the proper needle.

Then came as a second advancement, the Brunswick Tone Amplifier. After a long study of acoustic principles of phonographic reproduction we departed from the old-time idea of a cast metal throat. We moulded rare woods into an all-wood projection chamber and thus gave tonal vibrations that freedom of action which ended harsh and strident notes.

Now Brunswick records

We bring now as a further contribution to the phonographic art, our own make of records. We include all the fine standards of today, yet add what we consider a vast improvement. And this we know will be the verdict of the public.

Each Brunswick Record is interpreted by a noted director or an accomplished artist technically trained in the art of recording. Thus we unite the talent of the artist with the genius of the composer. Thus we bring an additional element into record making.

We want you to judge Brunswick Records by those same severe tests with which people have judged Brunswick Phonographs. And that is by comparison.

Remember Brunswick Records will play on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

A Brunswick dealer will be glad to play The Brunswick for you, with Brunswick Records and with others.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
General Offices: 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Company, 819 Yonge Street, Toronto

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WANTED THIS YEAR

A grave dearth of story-plots now confronts motion picture producers. They will pay you handsomely for any suitable story-ideas. Literary genius is not a prime factor. Learn how you can write for the screen in your spare time.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Cecil B. De Mille, Director General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Thomas H. Ince, Head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios.

Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director.

Rob Wagner, Motion picture writer for Saturday Evening Post.

5000 New-Story Ideas for Photoplays

(This figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.)

This year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. Many of them will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with story-ideas who are willing to learn in what form producers want them submitted. $100 to $500 is being paid for comedies; $250 to $2,000 for five-reel dramatic scripts. This dearth in photoplays opens a wonderful opportunity for *you*.

A little over 2 years ago the photoplay famine began. Producers are now searching the country for new writers who know the technique of motion picture story writing. Few can come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised. So Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal), assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence. It brings the studio to you. It tells you in clear, interesting language the fundamental principles necessary to market *your ideas*.

In only 2 years we have developed dozens of new writers. But the demand for *more* motion picture story writers is great—and growing.

$3,000 for a Story Plot

Our students come from all walks of life—mothers, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, etc. One student, recently enrolled, received $3,000 for his first story. The recent successes of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred, were written by Palmer students. And many of our students have taken staff positions in studios.

Special Contributors

A series of lectures by the following foremost authorities, covering every technical phase of the motion picture industry, is included in the Palmer Plan:

Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky Scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's Scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox Scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinemetographer, etc., etc.

Elaborate FREE Book

For those who are really interested in this great new opportunity, we have prepared a book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." It lays before you the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you have any story telling ability, you owe it to yourself to write for this book. Remember that many photoplaywrights have never written a line for periodicals. Producers want outline plots written from a knowledge of their specific needs.

There is one peculiar thing to remember about the Palmer Plan: Unlike any other course in special training, one single successful effort immediately pays you for all your work.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Department of Education,
526 L. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Department of Education,
526 L.W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

and he would be able to look things over before his clerks arrived.

But he was mistaken in this. As his taxi whirled up to the door he found that he was preceded on the scene. Mrs. Carter was there. He could see her through the window.

"The workmen. She came to let them in. That was Howe's place," he reflected annoyedly as he entered the shop.

Mrs. Carter had come forward. She welcomed him quietly.

"How do you do?" she said. "Did you have a successful trip?"

"Yes, thank you. How are things going—" He ceased. His eye, questing through the archway into the annex, apprised him that although the painting was finished the carpenter work was but little farther advanced than when he left. He turned a cold face to his saleswoman. "You have disappointed me. Now—" Further comment was unnecessary.

HER cheek pinked at his tone. "I have been unfortunate," she told him. "All the city carpenters were called out on strike Wednesday. Mr. Painter sent me two non-union men from Anderson, but they lasted only half a day. The others won them over."

"I beg your pardon," Potter said contritely. "I should have known it was no fault of yours. But why didn't you wire me?"

"Would it have helped?" she asked.

Potter had to confess that it wouldn't. He walked into the annex and looked around. The floor was swept as clean as a monk's cell. In a corner reposed a broom with an apron thrown over the handle. Potter recognized the apron. He had seen it on Mrs. Carter when she was assisting him in the stock-room at odd times.

Near the door on a draped pedestal were the jardinières of flowering plants, a rich splash of color in the bare room. He studied it a moment, and turned to inspect a row of vertical dust-proof clothing showcases, unboxed and lined against the wall.

"They came in Saturday," Mrs. Carter explained. "I thought that at a pinch—if you decided to open as things are—we would have them ready. They are easily moved about."

"You gave up your Sunday to this," remonstrated Potter. "You couldn't have done it Saturday. That's our busiest day."

"It was nothing," she argued. "Billy Howe and I came down a while. We thought we might as well get the place in what order we could. And we were rather looking for you to-day."

"You were thoughtful," said Potter gravely. A delayed question recurred to him. "Why are you here at this hour, if the men are not coming?"

Her fine eyes lighted with a little glow of repressed elation. "Because," she returned, "I am hoping that they are. I was going to tell you that. The men held a meeting last night. There was talk of a compromise with the contractors. The *Herald* says this morning that the strike is called off, and Billy Howe is out after our men now to make sure they are coming back. He called me out of bed to the telephone at six o'clock to give me the *Herald's* news. Billy Howe is a live wire, Mr. Potter—a splendid boy!"

Potter's frank smile swept her face. "You can afford the praise, and to spare," he said. "Thank you both."

Billy Howe came in victoriously leading his men. They agreed to work overtime until the job was finished, and promised it for Thursday night. Potter had breakfast sent in for himself and his clerks. They ate it in pleasant fellowship in the stock-room, and finished it in time to begin the regular business of the day at eight o'clock.

When Potter's ad came out in Thursday's *Evening News*, Old Man Bowen, as his buyer reverently dubbed him, pondered it frowningly. He was a short, stout, choleric person with a high sense of the favor his presence conferred upon this world. Nevertheless he was an acute, shrewd business man, and could rate a rival at his real worth.

Years before, Bowen had begun business as a clothing merchant in a small way, and had built up his great store from that foundation. His men's suit department was his pet even now. He delighted in seeing it grow. But this upstart Potter with his single and revolutionary profit in a floodtime like the present irked Mr. Bowen exceedingly. He wished devoutly that he could put the man in a hole and seal it up with an involuntary petition in bankruptcy.

The story from the New York *Register* had been read by the trade in Jasonville, and acted in the nature of a notice to be wary of Duncan Potter in a fight; yet Bowen felt an itch to join issue with him. He called in Orrison now, and passed him the *News*.

"Potter will have another in Sunday's paper, of course," he observed. "And I see he is featuring the Saxton line after all; made 'em back down from their position. H-m-m. I'd pay a hundred dollars to stop that opening on Tuesday." He gave his employee a broad look. Its meaning, without the spoken context, could have passed as blamelessly as a baby's stare.

"A hundred dollars. Profligate old soul!" thought Orrison. But he said: "It would be worth it, sir, if only to show him—by Jove! See here, Mr. Bowen. P. T. Black owns that building, and he's a friend of yours."

Bowen's heavy-lidded eyes disclosed a glint of sardonic humor. "If a man who is under a hard load of obligations to another can be called a friend, then—yes—Black is a friend of mine. Why?"

Orrison drew his chair a little closer. Under the circumstances he could afford, he felt, to be chummy with his boss. "It's just a chance, sir, but you never can tell," he began.

They talked a while. Then Bowen graciously dismissed his buyer, and put on his hat. He was going to make a personal call on P. T. Black. The matter he had in mind could not be discussed over the telephone.

VIII

THE carpenters more than kept their promise. The annex was ready for occupancy by Thursday noon. Potter and his clerks worked, as they could snatch the time from the haberdashery, to dress the store. And they worked nights until late. They were certain now that everything would be shipshape and ready for Tuesday.

On Sunday Potter's second ad came out. Bowen, as he read it at the breakfast-table,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

JOHNSON'S

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

PREPARED WAX

THE easy, practical way to polish and preserve finished surfaces is with Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth. It polishes perfectly over any finish — varnish, shellac or oil. Johnson's Wax forms a thin, protecting coat over the varnish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser top.

Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a beautiful, artistic lustre of great beauty and durability. It gives a hard, dry, velvety polish which will not collect dust or show finger prints. It cleans and preserves the varnish — prevents checking and cracking.

Unusual care and skill are used in the manufacture of the Johnson Products as all of our employees have, for several years, been our partners and share in the profits of the business.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is made in paste, liquid and powdered form. Use the **Liquid Wax** for polishing furniture, leather goods, woodwork and automobiles. We advise the **Paste Wax** for polishing floors of all kinds — wood, linoleum, tile, marble, etc **Johnson's Powdered Wax** will immediately put any floor in perfect condition for dancing.

Your dealer has "**JOHNSON'S**"—don't accept a substitute,

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Established 38 years

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Huck Runs Away

It was such a nuisance to have to put on a collar for Sunday and black his boots and wash his face every single day, to say nothing of his ears. Huckleberry Finn had had just about all he could stand—so he *had* to run away.

Let Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer take you by the hand and lead you back.

MARK TWAIN

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels? Have you read all the short stories? Have you read all the brilliant fighting essays?—all the humorous ones and the historical ones?

Think of it—25 volumes filled with the laughter and the tears and the fighting that made Mark Twain so wonderful. He was a bountiful giver of joy and humor. He was yet much more, for, while he laughed with the world, his lonely spirit struggled with the sadness of human life, and sought to find the key. Beneath the laughter is a big human soul, a big philosopher.

FREE *4 Volumes*

Paine's Life of Mark Twain

It happens that we have a few sets of the fine 4-volume edition on hand—not enough to dispose of in the usual way.

There are only a few—this coupon brings you one free. Never again will you have a chance to get one except at the full regular price.

Send the Coupon Now

You can put this aside and forget it until a month from now—and wish you hadn't—or you can cut the little coupon and send it along with nothing but your name and address. Better send the coupon. Things like long rows of Mark Twain aren't going to be cheaper in money—and they're going to be a lot more in joy and inspiration. They are the fountain of youth. Send the coupon and drink at it.

Cut out this coupon and mail it today

HARPER & BROTHERS Every. 4-20
10 Franklin Square, New York City

Send me, charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with trimmed edges, and Paine's Life of Mark Twain, in 4 volumes, bound to match, FREE.

If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense; otherwise I will send you $2.50 within 5 days and $3 a month for 14 months
For cash deduct 8 per cent from remittance.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION.....

If you prefer the beautiful half leather binding, change terms to $3 within 5 days and $3 a month for 13 months.

permitted a caustic smile to stir his florid features. So the opening really was to be on Tuesday. Well, well!

On Monday, at five in the afternoon, while Potter was in the annex taking a final survey of his display, a man entered through the connecting arch and addressed him.

"Duncan Potter?" he inquired.

"Yes."

The man thrust a paper into the merchant's hand, and departed as he had come. Potter opened the paper. It was a writ of injunction. In essence it commanded him to show cause why P. T. Black should not vacate the lease granted to the premises at 127 Liberty Street, inasmuch as they were being diverted from the purpose specified in the lease. The writ was returnable on Wednesday.

IN BRIEF, Potter had been caught napping when he signed that lease. He had stated his business as that of haberdasher; and men's suits, the order contended, did not come under that head. It was a fine point, but it served. If he proceeded with his opening, he would be in contempt of court, and his case prejudiced at the start.

Who, Potter asked himself, could have trumped up this move against him? Black, the lessor, could have no object, personally, in doing it. A competitor was back of it, some one who wished him to break his word to the public and bring discredit upon him. But which of them? There were five ready-to-wear stores in the city, and Bowen's. His thought jumped to Orrison—had he put Bowen up to this?

Potter went into the other room, and acquainted Mrs. Carter and Howe with the situation; it was a thing not to be concealed. The saleswoman flamed into anger.

"Oh, how contemptible!" she cried. "What an infamous trick to play! Is there no honor left in business?"

"Whoever is behind it I'd like to give him five years at Kitchen Police," barked Billy Howe. He could think of no punishment more chastening.

Potter went to his safe and looked over his copy of the lease, though he knew very well beforehand what it said. Still, he wished to make sure. Yes, there it was, plain as a pipe-stem, he was down as a haberdasher, only that. He consulted the lease of 125 Liberty Street, his first store. It was a wide-open one—he could vend anything except inflammables. What a dolt he had been when he signed this second lease!

Well, he had but one recourse. He must seek out a lawyer, and see if the injunction could not be dissolved. Even as he thought of this he recognized its futility. It would come too late. The courts did not convene until ten. To argue the motion——

Potter left off his communings. Rugg was coming in at the door. He peeped into the annex, and sang out:

"Ha! Here you are, all primed and ready to shoot. I just got in. Thought maybe I'd catch you before you closed for the night. Great place you've got, D. P. And flowers! By hokey, I'll bet that's Mrs. Carter's idea."

He shook hands all around, and sensed as he did it that something was wrong. "Hullo!" he vociferated. "Has any one lost something? You look it." He stood off and surveyed them anxiously.

Potter explained about the leases. "If I only could swap them!" he finished.

Rugg stared at him. Then he tossed his shaggy head challengingly. "There's but one thing to do, my boy: Open anyway! Let your lawyer do the worrying."

"That occurred to me; but to defy a court order—well, I won't do it, Timothy."

Mrs. Carter uttered a little cry. She spoke breathlessly. "It means an all-night's work, but it can be done. Why not just change stocks from one store to the other? It will satisfy the lease, and stop a lawsuit."

Rugg looked at Potter in the conjectural silence that ensued. Then he broke it. "Duncan," he said solemnly, "perhaps we might have thought of that next week or next year, but right now—Pah! If wits were fish we'd be two blind minnows." He shucked off his coat. "I'm going to help. Here, youngster," to Billy Howe, "Run out and round up a crew of men. Two dollars an hour. I'm paying the bill for the fun I'm getting out of this."

Potter smiled at Mrs. Carter. It was his way of thanking her. She knew it, and felt repaid.

Mr. Mark Orrison started out on a joyous excursion to Liberty Street on Tuesday morning. He would regale himself with the sight of Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter's discomfiture. But when he got there he stopped and gaped. People were thronging in and out of the clothing-store. And those coming out evidently were in a satisfied mood. Potter's ready-to-wear department, with its let-live profit, had scored a success.

"FLOWERS!" sniffed Mr. Orrison. "Huh! But how the devil—Bowen said he had fixed it—oh, by Jove, I see now!"

It had required all this time for the truth to penetrate to his understanding. But it lodged there at last. As it did, it so chanced that Potter came to the door with a departing customer. His eye fell upon the buyer standing across the way. It was made clear to him then, beyond a doubt, who had engineered this last move against him.

Potter looked over at the man fixedly and with a profound contempt. No other sign did he give; he turned and went in. Orrison felt an urge to walk on.

"The little pin-eyed shrimp!" he muttered savagely. "He has done me out of a hundred bones."

He reported the situation to Bowen. That gentleman went up in the air and exploded violently. "And you never gave a thought to it!" he stormed, discarding all blame to himself. "See here, Orrison. You bungled that job in New York, and you've bungled this. You're a mushhead. Go draw your pay and get out of here. I'm through with you!"

The name of Mr. Addison's next Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter story is ***"Sealed Proposals."***

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Plan for Good Roads—Now!

Bad Roads waste money

Before—

Photograph shows condition of road leading from La Crosse, Ind., before "Tarvia-X" was used

NOW is the time to plan for good roads—and by that we mean roads that are good all the year round—free from mud, bumps and ruts in winter and spring, and free from dust and dirt in the summer and fall.

Such roads are the greatest asset any community can have.

They stimulate business. They increase property values. They lower taxes. They cut delivery cost. They tap new sources of supply. They broaden your markets. They also add much to the comfort and convenience of life.

And good roads, contrary to popular opinion, are *not* expensive.

The experience of thousands of towns all over the country, which use Tarvia regularly, absolutely prove this. In many instances the mere *saving* in maintenance amounts to *more* than the cost of the Tarvia treatment.

Whether you require a good binder for new construction, a dust preventive or a patching material—there is a grade of Tarvia to meet your needs.

As we said at the beginning: "*Now is the time to plan for good roads.*"

So talk to your neighbors, to your road officials, and last but most important, write about your road problems to our Special Service Department, and booklets covering the subject and further information will be supplied promptly without charge.

Tarvia Roads save money

After—

The completed [illegible] "Tarvia-X"

Tarvia

Preserves Roads—Prevents Dust

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes* this Department can greatly assist you.

New York, Cleveland, Birmingham, Seattle, Youngstown, Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Peoria, Toledo, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Columbus

The Barrett Company

Syracuse, Duluth, Milwaukee, Richmond, Latrobe, Boston, Detroit, Nashville, Washington, Elizabeth, St. Louis, New Orleans, Salt Lake City, Johnstown, Buffalo, Bethlehem, Lebanon

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited — Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason—that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. About their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes
ARTHUR B. REEVE
The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. But—all these seem old-fashioned—out of date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE POE 10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's masterpieces in 10 volumes.

When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off there in Paris—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817

Every. 4-20

Cut out this coupon and mail it today

Harper & Brothers, 10 Franklin Square, New York City

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe—in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory, I will return them within 5 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1 within 5 days and $2 a month for 14 months.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

YOU'RE GOING TO BE HANDED SOMETHING

(*Continued from page 20*)

If General Wood's strength should lessen, Governor Allen of Kansas will forge to the front. Kansas is a Wood stronghold and Allen is a friend of the General.

Nicholas Murray Butler's candidacy involves his profession. He is a university president. That little simple declarative sentence will about compose the history of his boomet.

When it comes to discussing the Democratic possibilities, one seeks rather in vain for a reasonable premise. But a beginning must be made, and so let us bring Palmer forward. At this writing his claims to the approval of public opinion depend on the developments of his attitude toward radicalism and his pledge to reduce the high cost of living.

The Democratic Possibilities

ONE of the finest things we know about him is the story of how he came to be Alien Property Custodian and not the successor of Lindley Garrison as Secretary of War. Upon Garrison's resignation, and possibly before that, the President had decided that he would like to have him for the War Office.

"Mr. President," he said, when the portfolio was tendered him, "you can not appreciate what it would mean to me to be a member of your Cabinet. But I should be a traitor to myself and a traitor to my country if I were to accept the war portfolio. I am a Quaker. Three hundred years of Quakers stand back of me. And the United States requires not a man of peace for a war secretary, but one who can think war, dream war, think in terms of marching men, of drilling men, of killing men. I can not do those things. To pretend that I can would be no less than treason."

And so Newton Diehl Baker was offered the war portfolio and accepted it.

James M. Cox, of Ohio, all things being equal, will develop strength as a candidate in a natural and forceful way. He is a power in his state and a leader of his party in the Central West. Twice in the past decade he has snatched Ohio away from Republican control: first, in 1902, and a second time in 1916. He carried the state for Wilson and elected himself governor by 146,086 plurality in 1912. In 1914 he was defeated by Willis by 31,258. But he came back in 1916 and turned the tables on Willis, beating him by a margin of 5,000.

He is only forty-eight years old. He was born on a farm and grew up in a printer's office. His fingers have been smeared with printer's ink his life long. He owns the *Dayton Daily News* and the *Springfield Press-Republic*, and is the head of The News League of Ohio. Men like him and he makes friends. He represented the third Ohio congressional district from 1909 to 1913. He has given Ohio two good administrations. He is fearless, and when he fights, he fights very, very hard. Not Bryan nor any other of the big thunders of the party is too big for him to tackle.

It is questioned whether William Gibbs McAdoo would accept the nomination if it were offered to him. As the son-in-law of the President, he would have to meet the challenge of the title of "Crown Prince." He quit the Treasury portfolio because he couldn't live on a Cabinet officer's salary. And it would seem rather inconsistent to leave the motion-picture income which is now his, for a slim chance of making only seventy-five thousand dollars a year. But aside from the personal equations involved, there is a geographical one to be considered. Mr. McAdoo hails from Georgia, and William Jennings Bryan has decided that the times do not require a Southern candidate, which, by the same token, would seem to dispose of Josephus Daniels, Colonel House and Oscar Underwood.

The Democratic organization fears Bryan. He forced Wilson upon it in 1912 under the menace of "take him or take me." And he wrote into the platform a single-term limitation which was intended to be his stepping-stone to the nomination. But when 1916 rolled round, the Baltimore platform, like a good many other engagements, had become a scrap of paper. And Wilson, not Bryan, was the nominee.

What of Hoover?

AMONG Democrats it is conceivable that in the event of Wilson withdrawing, Bryan will, being denied the nomination, bolt and sound the tocsin for the formation of a third party. The elements to which he would appeal have been best enumerated by himself in describing where a man must stand to be eligible for the Democratic nomination this year:

"Among those who are first for the people and against Wall Street; secondly, for the home against the saloon; and thirdly, for woman suffage."

It is a case of now or never with The Big Thunder of the Chautauqua Circuit. Four years hence he will be sixty-four years old, women will be voting in all the states, the last saloon will have taken its place among the exhibits in the natural-history museums, and only Wall Street will be left to occasion any excitement.

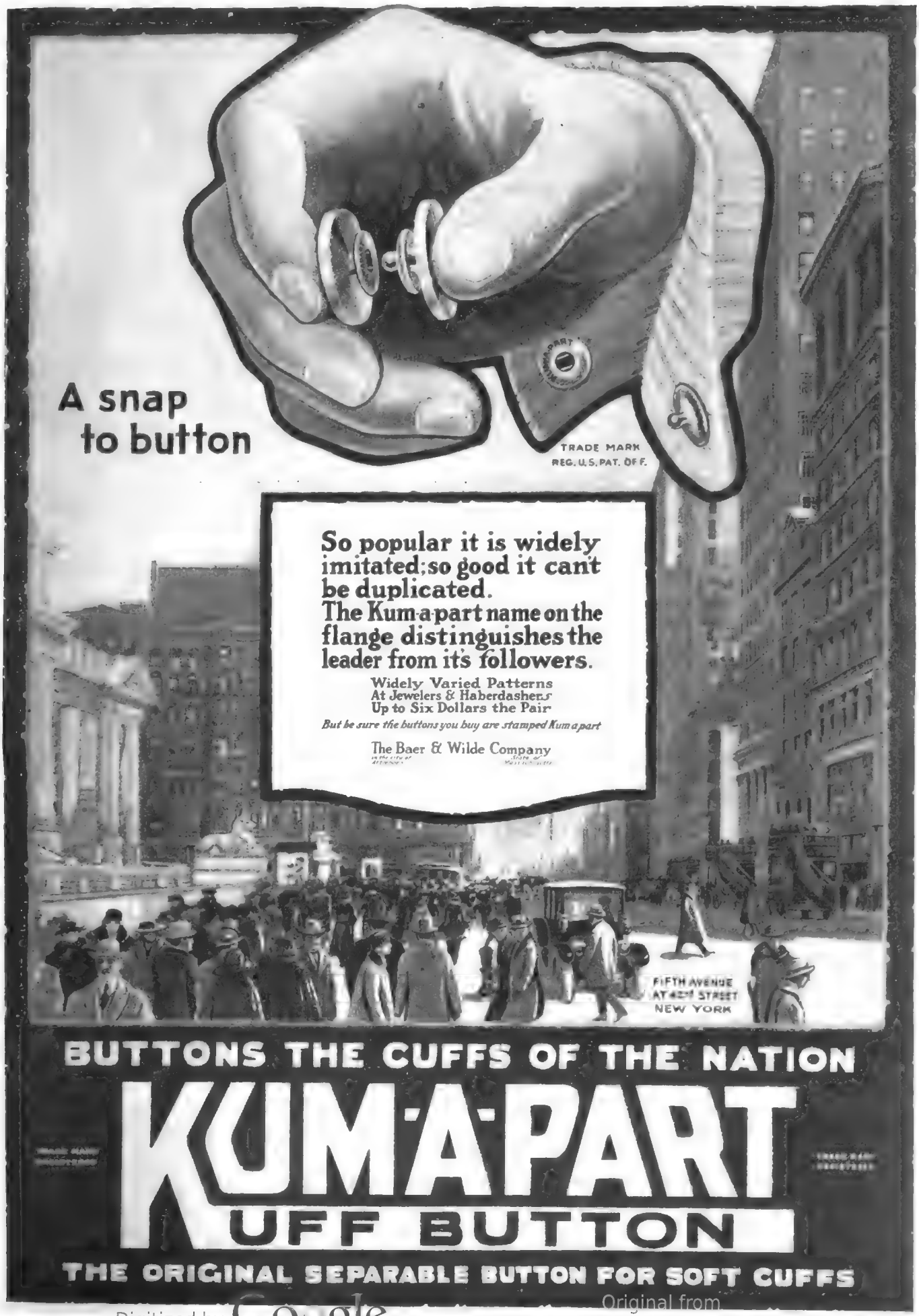
The only other report which may be made of a third-ticket possibility concerns the projections of a group which feels that Herbert Hoover is the one American who can "save the nation." This group bases its claims to Hoover's recognition on his businesslike functioning as food administrator. Frankly it would prefer the Republican nomination. Failing the Republican nomination, the Hoover following is of the opinion that the Democratic ticket might do. And failing the Democratic nomination, their processes of reasoning, assuming that the Republicans nominate a party god and that Wilson or Bryan is a candidate, bring them to the equation of a third party.

There you have the facts. They are not a palatable dose by any means. If you, Mr. Citizen, or you, Mrs. Citizen, don't stand up and let yourself and your neighbors be heard about this, you're going to have something else "handed to you." It is in you to say whom the Republicans shall nominate at Chicago and whom the Democrats shall nominate at San Francisco. You compose those parties, not this little group of politicians nor that littler group of politicians.

The world and the future wait on your decision.

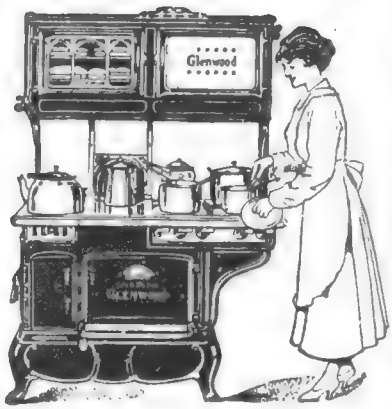
Get into your primaries! Get busy!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN


A snap to button
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
So popular it is widely imitated; so good it can't be duplicated.
The Kum-a-part name on the flange distinguishes the leader from its followers.
Widely Varied Patterns
At Jewelers & Haberdashers
Up to Six Dollars the Pair
But be sure the buttons you buy are stamped Kum a part
The Baer & Wilde Company
FIFTH AVENUE AT 42ND STREET NEW YORK
BUTTONS THE CUFFS OF THE NATION
KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
THE ORIGINAL SEPARABLE BUTTON FOR SOFT CUFFS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This Wonderful Range With Two Ovens



Bakes Bread, Pies, Biscuits Broils, Roasts, and Cooks Nine Different Vegetables All At One Time.

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Gold Medal

Glenwood

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It

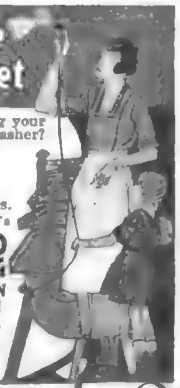
"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 182 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

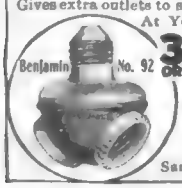
Double Service From One Socket



Why do without light when using your electric light socket for the washer? The

BENJAMIN TWO-WAY PLUG

Gives extra outlets to single sockets. At Your Dealer's



3 for $3.50 OR $1.25 EACH

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
Chicago
New York
San Francisco

ARPEGGIO HELPS

(*Continued from page 48*)

Nutt and Mehan's, where dimly he could divine Spence Cordy's face.

As they thundered down Cook Street, Arpeggio was solemnly saying good-by to it forever. Heavens, how high and how heavy the bus was! How it tottered and grumbled. He cried "Look out!" and sprang a foot in the air only to find that Fleda had sounded the horn. Vaguely he saw the faces of friends and acquaintances turn to look after them. To think that he should never see them again! He remembered that in his haste he had not kissed his mother good-by that morning. Gall o' bitterness, why had he come?

Gradually he realized that the bus was running with extraordinary smoothness. He stopped shutting his eyes every time a vehicle was to be met. As they struck the Plank Road, he was smitten with wonder to hear a low, delighted laugh. He was hanging on for his dear, departing life, but he risked a glance at Miss Burnett. Yes, she was laughing. And her sparkling face was glowing, but composed.

"How on earth j'ou come to dast?" Arpeggio breathed out.

"Study your list," she commanded. "Who comes after the Austins?"

Obediently Arpeggio applied himself to his list, had out his pencil, numbered the calls in their order. When the two Austins came to the gate, bundled and shouting, Fleda ordered Arpeggio below and inside, to take care of them. The length of the steep hill down from the Austins', Arpeggio, eyes shut, sat with one arm around June and one around Elmer. If these helpless innocents were to be sacrificed——

They had stopped at the Warners', and two more came bounding in.

"*Where next?*"

"Sanford's," he ordered hoarsely. Four children to die now, four to die. The Sanfords would make seven.

"What maketh you keep your eyeth thut?" demanded Elmer Austin, coincidentally sticking a finger in each one.

"I don't know," confessed Arpeggio, opening them. "My help don't seem to be really needed for that, does it?"

The Sanfords were in. *Where next?* Hunniwell's and Carter's and Morse's and Wheelihan's. Arpeggio chuckled as he gave the last order. "Now Cordy's." One little Cordy was added. Now—*now!* This was where they would go over the steep bank into Duck Creek—children, life, reputation, all.

Arpeggio bowed his head, braced himself, ran one leg out to bar the door, and waited. The bus swung safely by the bank and into lower Cook Street. There was his own place, and his mother feeding his doves. He put his head out at the door and hallooed at her like a savage. He thought that he heard, "Shut up, Mr. Shadd!" from the bus top—or did he still imagine it?

Then, on Cook Street and all safe, Arpeggio gave himself up to a moment of sheer joy, with his nineteen children. In preparation for recess at the school that general-exercise morning, he was copiously equipped with bull's eyes and peanuts. He whispered to June Austin to put her hand in his pocket, and Bedlam and Babel occurred. The company threw themselves upon him—but for the first time in his life when he was in the presence of children, Arpeggio was not thinking about them.

"The little fluff-kit," he muttered.

The hands of the town clock were angled to five minutes to nine when the green bus drove up before the schoolhouse. The teachers were all outside, and the children were in expectant groups. The word had gone round, and in some way the feeling was kindled that on the success of the day depended the hope of that new central school, wistfully dreamed gymnasium and all. When the bus appeared, they broke into cheers and ran to it.

Of course Arpeggio had an unfair advantage. He was there by the wheel to help her down, leaving the children to scramble out or to fall out, according to their whim. Fleda put out her arms, and slipped all her soft furry coat into his arms and he lifted her down.

"Ugh!" she said. "I thought I'd have to give it up once—these gloves smelled so."

She was a little pale now, but she was very happy. They walked toward the schoolhouse, and at the foot of the steps she stood still while the children and teachers filed by.

"That's the confoundest stunt I ever see slipped over in my life," Arpeggio said, with homage. "But how j'dast—how j'dast?" the knight questioned the lady.

She touched the blister in her palm, and looked up at him.

"Why," she said, "don't mention it much in Banning. I never have. But last Presidential election we girls ran away and hired a motor bus and distributed literature. And we drove it ourselves—the bus. I got brave when I saw this one was the same make—that's all. Why, that bus is nothing. I'm going to buy me one—for shopping."

The school bell began to ring—as Arpeggio loved to hear it. It broke upon the March wind, swung and sang with it, and called to him. He put out his hand to Fleda. Dimly there came to him something of what she had meant that day when she had first talked with him.

"You blame little winner!" he said.

Banning liked the story. And the referendum was only a week away. Whether the story turned the tide, Banning will never know, for few can be found who were not avowedly for the central school from the dim beginnings of time.

When the measure was known to have carried, Arpeggio listened indulgently to the snarlings of Stack and Purcell.

"Pack o' nonsense," said Stack.

"You idiots," said Arpeggio, "if you once get to playin' the game for the town, there's as much sport in it as graftin was."

"Yah," said Purcell. "Pack o' women——"

"No, sir," Arpeggio countered. "No, sir. One woman. Rootin' for somethin' besides herself and hers. Can't lay hold o' that either, can you, you lizards?"

To his mother that night Arpeggio remarked, after a long period of silence.

"Ma, don't it beat all? How a woman can look like a kitten, and yet—mother the children for the hull town?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Better Way to Sleep

Sleep that renews your energy—sleep from which you awaken refreshed, rested, bright-eyed and clear-brained, fit for the day's work. That is the kind of sleep you enjoy when the

WAY Sagless Spring
"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"

is the foundation of your sleeping outfit.

It's patented hollow cable construction gives perfect support to the body in any position, allowing every muscle to relax. No squeaking or rattling to disturb your slumber. All metal—perfectly sanitary—no loose strands or exposed sharp corners to tear bedding.

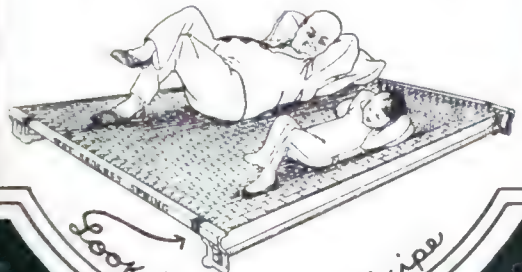
Guaranteed for a quarter century—not to stretch, sag or break. But remember, you can get the genuine Way Sagless construction *only* in the ***genuine*** Way Sagless Spring—the kind with the red stripe on the frame.

30 nights' free trial—to prove all we claim for it. Ask the "Way" dealer.

Write for the "Way" booklet.

Way Sagless Spring Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Branch Factories in Chicago and Cleveland; Distributing Warehouses at Pittsburg, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis. Made and sold in North Atlantic States by Burton-Dixie Corporation, N.Y. Southern Distributors: Chattenden & Eastman Company, Burlington, Iowa; Belknap Hdwe & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.; Peck & Hill Furniture Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver



Look for the red stripe

25 YEAR GUARANTEE

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

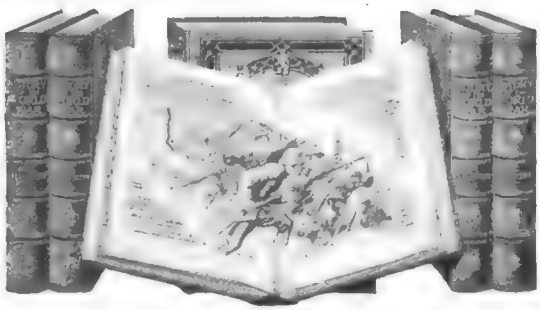
Colleges Study This History

Yale University has ordered 400 copies of selected chapters from Simonds' "History of the World War" for use as a text-book in its history classes. President Hadley says of it: "I have had so much pleasure from what Simonds has already written about the War that I shall be particularly glad to have the results of his observations and conclusions in a more permanent form."

Albert Bushnell Hart, noted authority on History and Professor of Government at Harvard University, writes: "I have found Simonds' 'History of the World War' very useful in a course which I recently gave on the diplomacy of America in the war. The book has been very usable for classes. We have had a set—or sets—in constant use in the college library."

President Wilson says:

"My dear Mr. Simonds: I must not allow the rush of these days to prevent my turning aside at least for a moment to express my very deep appreciation of the fine support you are giving to the things that are worth while in this great settlement we are trying to effect. Your approval and support are of the greatest service and I do not want to wait any longer to let you know that I am sincerely grateful."



Roosevelt said:

"No other man in this or any other country can quite parallel the work that Mr. Simonds has done."

Lloyd George says:

"This 'History' will constitute a most valuable treatise for those who at this or any other time wish to consult an independent authority on the cause of this titanic struggle."

FRANK H. SIMONDS'

History of the World War

5 Large Volumes—Size 10¼ x 7¼ x 1¾"—1000 Illustrations

Ever since the day in July, 1914, when one flaming editorial of his startled the world, Frank H. Simonds has been the one pre-eminent writer on the war. He is quoted by newspapers the world over. The British Government has had his articles reprinted and distributed broadcast. The French Government has conferred upon him alone of all the historians of the war, the Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

General Pershing Sent for Simonds

Just as soon as possible after the armistice, General Pershing sent for Simonds and placed at his disposal his records of America's part in the war. He sent him over the battlefields; he let him talk with commanding generals, with officers, and with privates. Even Colonel House, that sphinx of the political world, talked with Simonds for hours and hours about phases of the war that are known even now only to a select few.

And these two great Americans did this not out of any favoritism for Simonds, but because they realized that his history would be the one standard History of the World War and they wanted to be sure that all his facts were right—that they came direct from the fountain-head.

Famous statesmen and generals from all the Allied countries felt the same, and those who from intimate personal knowledge know better than anyone else some part or phase of the conflict, have gladly contributed that knowledge to Simonds' "History of the World War." Here are a few of them. There are many others almost equally famous.

These Men Helped to Write This History

Admiral Viscount Jellicoe	**General John J. Pershing**
Admiral William T. Sims	**General Peyton C. March**
Admiral Albert Gleaves	**Major-Gen. Wm. L. Sibert**
Rear-Admiral Henry T. Mayo	**Major-Gen. Wm. C. Gorgas**
Rear-Admiral Ralph Earle	**Major-Gen. G. W. Goethals**
Colonel Winston Churchill	**Ex-Ambassador Morgenthau**
Secretary of the Navy Daniels	**Premier Hughes of Australia**
Secretary of War Baker	**General Smuts of So. Africa**
Lord Northcliffe	**Rudyard Kipling**
Premier Borden of Canada	**Ex-President William H. Taft**

Marshal Ferdinand Foch

How They Saved the Regiment!

There is one British regiment that believes that St. George appeared in the moonlight riding a white horse and showed them how to escape from an overwhelming force of Germans. And all that myth grew out of the glorious deed of a dog and a little six-year-old baby. But the story is more exciting than any St. George story could possibly be.

Once more this war has proved that truth doesn't have to stick to probabilities. Read the story of this French baby and his adoring British regiment in

6 VOLUMES

200 True Stories of the Great War FREE

FREE—A Wonderful Gift

It happens that we have left over from a huge edition about 800 copies of a wonderful set of books—the real experiences of real people.

800 sets is not enough to sell in our usual way, so we have decided that to the first 800 who send this coupon we will give, entirely free of charge, one of these sets.

In Frank H. Simonds' History you get the larger aspects of the War. In this set of books you get the intimate, personal aspects.

Each and every one of these two hundred tales is a story of romance almost beyond belief. Here are unexpected endings. Here is suspense—here terror and despair—here glad tidings—here happy endings.

Sometimes the escaped spy tells his own story. Now the woman who fell into the hands of the Turks tells her story. Now a man in the Foreign Legion tells unbelievable tales of those glorious blackguards—those heroic rascals; the story of a beautiful English woman of title who ensnared German spys; the story of the disgraced Englishman who fought his way back.

There are only a few of these sets to be given away. Just a remnant of a huge edition that was snapped up by eager readers.

FREE—If Your Coupon is Mailed at Once

"True Stories of the War"—6 Volumes

Only 800 Sets Now Left

Send the coupon at once—today—without any money. You will receive, all charges prepaid, Frank H. Simonds' History of the War. At the same time you will receive—*entirely free of charge*—this set of books in six volumes containing 200 True Stories of the Great War. If you do not like either set, you can return both—otherwise you can keep the Simonds' History and pay for it in little payments, and keep the other set FREE.

But remember, 800 sets won't last long. 35,000 of these sets have already been sold—so act promptly. Do not miss this last chance. Send the coupon today.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
Publishers of the American Review of Reviews
30 Irving Place, New York City

Evrbdy. 4-20

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.,
30 Irving Place, N. Y. C.

Please send me, all charges prepaid, the first 4 volumes of the "History of the World War" by Frank H. Simonds and other famous contributors. Also the six volumes of "True Stories of the Great War." If not satisfactory I will return both sets in five days, otherwise I will remit $1.00 in five days, and then $2.00 a month for 12 months for the Simonds' History only, and retain the True Stories FREE. In return I am to receive without additional charge the fifth volume of Simonds' History as soon as it is released from the press. The set will contain the complete history of the World War from beginning to end.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you prefer the more Sumptuous ½ Keratol binding, just change the terms to "$2.00 in five days, and then $3.00 a month for 10 months."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HIDDEN CREEK

(*Continued from page 14*)

of warmth, his aching life-long loneliness was remotely comforted, because a girl skimming ahead of him had tilted her chin up so that she could see the stars. She reached the top of the mesa several minutes before he did, and disappeared.

She was now, he knew, on the edge of a great plateau, in summer covered with the greenish silver of sage-brush, now an unbroken glittering expanse. He stood still to get his breath and to listen to the very light crunch of her steps. He could hear a coyote wailing off there in the foothills, and the rushing noise of the small mountain river that hurled itself down upon Millings, ran through it at frenzied speed, and made for the cañon on the other side of the valley.

Below him Millings twinkled with lights, and he could even here distinguish the clatter of Babe's voice. But when he came to the top, Millings dropped away from the reach of his senses. Here was dazzling space, the amazing presence of the mountains, the pressure of the starry sky.

Far off, already across the flat, that small dark figure moved. She had left the road which ran parallel with the mountain range, and was walking over the hard sparkling crust. It supported her weight, but Dickie was not sure that it would do the same for his. He tried it carefully. It held, and he followed the faint track of small feet. It did not occur to him, dazed as he was by the fumes of whisky and the heady air, that the sight of a man in swift pursuit of her loneliness might frighten Sheila. For some reason he imagined that she would know that he was Sylvester's son, and that he was possessed only by the most sociable and protective impulses.

He was, besides, possessed by a fateful feeling that it was intended that out here in the brilliant night he should meet her and talk to her. The adventurous heart of Dickie was aflame.

WHEN the hurrying figure stopped and turned quickly, he did not pause, but rather hastened his steps. He saw her lift her muff up to her heart, saw her waver, then move resolutely toward him. She came thus two or three steps when a pitfall in the snow opened under her frightened feet, and she went down almost shoulder deep. Dickie ran forward.

Bending over her he saw her white heart-shaped face and its red mouth, as startling as a June rose out here in the snow. And he saw, too, the panic of her shining eyes.

"Miss Arundel—" his voice came thin and tender, feeling its way doubtfully as though it were too heavy a reality—"Let me help you. You *are* Miss Arundel, aren't you? I'm Dickie—Dickie Hudson, Pap Hudson's son. You hadn't ought to be scared. I saw you coming out alone and took after you. I thought you might find it kind of lonesome up here on the flat at night in all the moonlight—hearing the coyotes and all. And, look-a here, you might have had a time getting out of the snow. Once a fellow breaks through, it sure means a floundering time before a fellow pulls himself out——"

She had given him a hand, and he had pulled her up beside him. Her smile of relief seemed very beautiful to Dickie.

"I came out," she said, "because it looked so wonderful—and I wanted to see—" She stopped, looking at him doubtfully as though she expected him not to understand, to think her rather mad. But he finished her sentence.

"—to see the mountains, wasn't it?"

"Yes." She was again relieved, almost as much so, it seemed, as at the knowledge of his friendliness. "Especially that big one." She waved her muff toward the towering peak. "I never did see such a night! It's like—it's like—" She widened her eyes, as though by taking into her brain an immense picture of the night she might find out its likeness.

Dickie, moving uncertainly beside her, murmured, "Like the inside of a cold flame, a very white flame."

SHEILA turned her chin, pointed above the fur collar of her coat, and included him in the searching and astonished wideness of her look.

"You work at the Aura, don't you?" she asked with childlike *brusquerie*.

Dickie's sensitive undecided mouth settled into mournfulness. He looked away.

"Yes, ma'am," he said plaintively.

Sheila's widened eyes, still fixed upon him, began to embarrass him. A flush came up into his face.

She moved her look across him and away to the range.

"It *is* like that," she said—"like a cold flame, going up—how did you think of that?"

Dickie looked quickly, gratefully at her. "I kind of felt," he said lamely, "that I had got to find out what it was like. But," he shook his head with his deprecatory smile, "but that don't tell it, Miss Arundel. It's more than that." He smiled again. "I bet you, you could think of somethin' better to say about it, couldn't you?"

Sheila laughed. "What a funny boy you are! Not like the others. You don't even look like them. How old are you? When I first saw you I thought you were quite grown up. But you can't be much more than nineteen."

"Just that," he said, "but I'll be twenty next month."

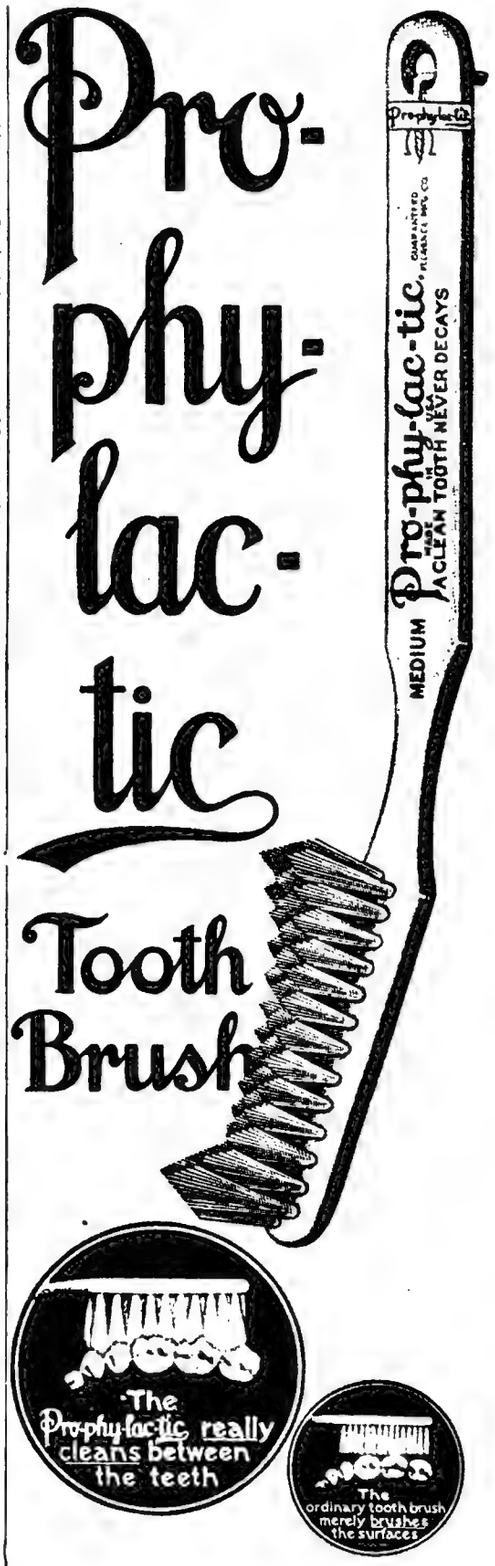
"You've always lived here in Millings?"

"Yes, ma'am. Do you like it? I mean do you like Millings? I hope you do."

Sheila pressed her muff against her mouth and looked at him over it. Her eyes were shining as though the moonlight had got into their misty grayness. She shook her head; then as his face fell, she began to apologize.

"Your father has been so awfully kind to me. I am so grateful. And the girls are awfully good to me. But Millings, you know?—I wouldn't have told you," she said half angrily, "if I hadn't been so sure you hated it."

They had come to the edge of the mesa, and there below shone the small scattered lights of the town. The graphophone was playing in the saloon. Its music, some raucous comic song, insulted the night.



Cleans every part of every tooth every time it's used. And "A Clean Tooth Never Decays." Always sold in the Yellow Box.

FLORENCE MFG. CO., Florence, Mass.

Canadian Address

425 Coristine Bldg., Montreal, Canada

B7

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Grandma Knows Musterole Is Best

Remember the time when you had that dreadful congestion of the lungs—and Grandma slapped a stinging, messy mustard plaster on your chest? How you writhed and tossed and begged Grandma to "take it off"?

That was many years ago. Now, Grandma gets the jar of Musterole, for now she knows Musterole is *better* than a mustard plaster.

She knows that it relieves colds, congestions, and rheumatic aches and pains.

And what is best, it relieves *without discomfort or blister.*

Musterole is a clean white ointment made of oil of mustard and other home simples.

Just rub it gently over the spot where there is congestion or pain. It penetrates down under the skin and generates a tingling, pleasant heat. Healing Nature does the rest. Congestions and pains both go away.

Peculiarly enough, Musterole feels delightfully cool a few moments after you have applied it.

Never be without a jar of Musterole.

Many doctors and nurses recommend it. 30c and 60c jars. $2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

BUNION Cure Sent FREE

Instant Relief!

Don't send a cent. I **prove** it at **my expense.** Your name and address brings the FREE TREATMENT that means **instant relief,** and **proof** that your bothersome bunion can be banished. I don't care how **bad** it is —how many times you have **failed** to get rid of your pest—how **unbelieving** you are that there is help for you —**I know my business** and I'm going to send you—FREE—my wonderful **home treatment** that will remove the **cause** and rid you of that **bunion misery.** Send no money. Just tell your friends when your bunion disappears. Your name and address brings the FREE treatment at once in plain sealed envelope. Write!

FOOT REMEDY CO., 3661 Ogden Ave., Dept. 93, Chicago

Don't Send a Penny

Cash By Return Mail

Send by mail or express any discarded Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Old Gold, Silver, Platinum, Magneto Points, False Teeth or Bridgework. Nothing too small or too large. We send value in cash at once and hold your goods 10 days. Your goods returned at our expense if our offer is unsatisfactory. Highest bank reference.

Yonover Bros., F-1037 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

"Why no," said Dickie, "I don't hate Millings. I never thought about it that way. It's not such a bad place. Honest, it isn't. There's lots of fine folks in it. Have you met Jim Greely?"

"Why no, but I've seen him. Isn't that Girlie's—'fellow'?"

Dickie made round respectful eyes. He was evidently very much impressed.

"Say!" he ejaculated. "Is that the truth? Girlie's aiming kind of high."

It was not easy to walk side by side on the rutted snow of the road. Sheila here slipped ahead of him and went on quickly along the middle rut, where the horses' hoofs had beaten a pitted path.

She looked back at him over her shoulder with a sort of malice.,

"Is it aiming high?" she said. "Girlie is much more beautiful than Jim Greely."

"Oh, but he's some looker—Jim."

"Do you think so?" she said indifferently, with a dainty touch of scorn.

Dickie staggered physically from the shock of her speech. She had been speaking—was it possible?—of Jim Greely.

"I mean Mr. James Greely, the son of the president of the Millings National Bank," he said painstakingly, and a queer confusion came to him that the words were his feet and that neither were under control. Also, he was not sure whether he had said "Natural" or "National."

"I do mean Mr. James Greely," Sheila's clear voice came back to him. "He is, I should think, a very great hero of yours."

"Yes, ma'am," said Dickie.

Astonished at the abject humility of his tone, Sheila stopped and turned quite round to look at him. He seemed to be floundering in and out of invisible holes in the snow. He stepped very high, plunged, put out his hand, and righted himself by her shoulder. And he stayed there, lurched against her, for a moment. She shook him off and began to run down the hill. His breath had struck her face. She knew that he was drunk.

DICKIE followed her as fast as he could. Several times he fell, but on the whole he made fairly rapid progress, so that by the time she dashed into the Hudsons' gate he was only a few steps behind her. Sheila fled up the steps and beat at the door with her fist.

Sylvester himself opened the door. Back of him pressed Babe.

"Why, say," she said, "it's Sheila and she's got a beau already. You're some girl——"

"Please let me in," begged Sheila, "I—I am frightened. It's your brother, Dickie—but I think—there's something wrong——"

Sylvester put his hand on her and pushed her to one side.

He strode out onto the small porch. Dickie wavered before him on the top step.

"I thought I'd make the ac—acquaintance of the young lady," he began doubtfully. "I saw her admiring at the stars and I——"

"Oh, you did," snarled Hudson. "All right. Now go and make acquaintance with the bottom step." He thrust a long hard hand at Dickie's chest and the boy fell backward, clattering ruefully down the steps with a rattle of thin knees and elbows. At the bottom he lay for a minute, painfully huddled on the snow.

"Go in, Miss Sheila," said Sylvester. "I'm sorry my son came home to-night and frightened you. He usually has more sense. He'll have more sense next time."

He ran down the steps, but before he could reach the huddled figure, it gathered itself fearfully together and fled, limping and staggering across the yard, through the gate, and around the corner of the street.

Hudson came up, breathing hard.

"Where's Sheila?" he asked sharply.

"She ran up-stairs," said Babe. "Ain't it a shame? What got into Dick?"

"Something that will get kicked out of him good and proper to-morrow," said his father grimly.

He stood at the bottom of the steep narrow stairs looking up, his hands thrust into his pockets, his under lip stuck out. His eyes were unusually gentle and pensive.

"I wouldn't 'a' had her scared that way for anything," he said, "not for anything. That's likely to spoil all my plans."

He swore under his breath, wheeled about, and going into the parlor he shut the door, and began walking to and fro. Babe crept rather quietly up the stairs. There were times when even Babe was afraid of Poppa.

CHAPTER FIVE

Intercession

BABE tiptoed up the first flight, walked solidly and boldly up the second, and ran up the third. She had decided to have a talk with Sheila, to soothe her indignation, and if possible, to explain Dickie. It seemed to Babe that Dickie needed explanation.

Sheila's room was at the top of the house—the very room, in fact, whose door opened on the bird-cage of a balcony between two cupolas. Babe came to the door and knocked. A voice answered sharply "Come in," and Babe, entering, shut the door and leaned against it.

It was a small, bare, whitewashed room, with a narrow cot, a wash-stand, a bureau, and two extraordinary chairs—a huge one that rocked on damaged springs enclosed in pleated leather like the case of an accordion, and one that had been a rocker but stood unevenly on its diminished legs. Babe had protested against Momma's disposal of the "girl from Noo York," and had begged that Sheila be allowed to share her own red, white and blue boudoir below. But Sheila had preferred her small room. It was red as a rose at sunset, still and high, remote from Millings, and it faced the Hill.

Now, the electric light flared against the bare walls and ceiling. Sheila's hat and coat lay on the bed where she had thrown them. Her face was flushed, her eyes gleamed, that slight exaggeration of her chin was more pronounced than usual.

Babe put her head on one side. "Oh, say, Sheila, why bother about Dickie? Nobody cares about Dickie. He'll get a proper bawlin'-out from Poppa to-morrow. But I'd think myself simple to be scared by him. He's harmless. The poor kid can't half help himself now. He got started when he was awful young."

"Oh," said Sheila as sharply as before, "I'm not frightened. I'm angry—angry at myself. I *like* Dickie. I like him."

Babe's lips fell apart. She sat down in the accordion-pleated chair and rocked.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Just a Few Great Books Gave Him His Start

Fifteen minutes a day, and the right books —that's the secret of a liberal education

HE talked like a man who had traveled. He knew History; and something of Science. He wrote in a style of wonderful beauty and simplicity—such a style as only comes to a man from reading the works of master writers.

Yet did you ever think of this?

You, yourself, have probably read as many books as Lincoln read in the first thirty years of his life.

Why is it that you have gained only a smattering of knowledge from your books while he gained a liberal education from his?

The answer is that he knew what few books were really worth while: he made every moment count.

Why not decide right now—today—that you will stop wasting your reading? Why not say to yourself: "In my own small way I am going to do what Lincoln did. I will read in such a way that six months from now I will be a bigger, more effective, more interesting man or woman than I am today."

You can do it: two hundred thousand Americans have proved that you can do it, through

Dr. Eliot's
Five Foot Shelf of Books

The pleasantest, easiest way to learn to think clearly and talk interestingly

From all the millions of books on Travel, History, Science, Biography, Essays, Drama and Poetry, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard, has selected four hundred and eighteen and arranged them in fifty volumes.

These books, he says, if a man or woman will give them only fifteen minutes a day, will give him the essentials of a liberal education.

A liberal education—think of it. The power to think clearly and talk interestingly, to be a marked man or woman in any company. And all in exchange for a few minutes of pleasant reading each day.

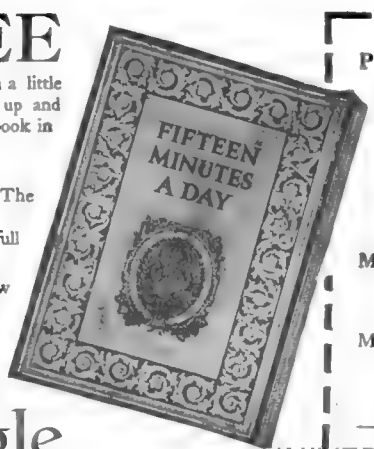
A Valuable Little Book FREE

All your questions about the Five Foot Shelf are answered in a little book entitled "Fifteen Minutes a Day." A copy is wrapped up and ready to be mailed to you—entirely free. It's a great little book in itself. It contains:

1. Dr. Eliot's own story of the Five Foot Shelf;
2. A stimulating talk by Hamilton Wright Mabie on "The Art of Reading;" and
3. Many illustrations from the Five Foot Shelf including a full page picture of Marie Antoinette riding to her death.

It tells what the books are that Dr. Eliot has selected, and how the reading courses and the marvelous encyclopedic index are arranged. Send for this guide book to good reading. Send for it now; and begin at once as Lincoln did to make your reading count.

One reader says of this free book: "It opened the door to a whole new world of pleasure and growth for me." Your copy is ready: send for it now.



P. F. Collier & Son Company,
416 West 13th Street, New York City

Send to me by mail at this address my copy of the free book about Dr. Eliot's Famous Five Foot Shelf of Books.

My Name is_____

My Address is_____

Ev 4-20

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

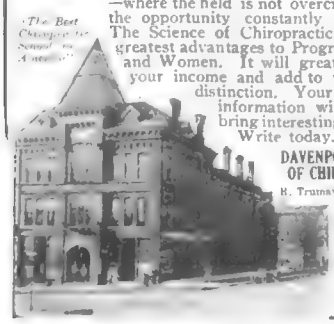
"Gold Bond"
TRADE MARK
Clothes
ARE CREATED FOR YOUNG MEN

INSURED & PROTECTED BY A GOLD BOND CERTIFICATE of GUARANTEE

The Milton Ochs Co.
Cincinnati

Enter A New Profession

—where the field is not overcrowded and the opportunity constantly increasing. The Science of Chiropractic offers the greatest advantages to Progressive Men and Women. It will greatly increase your income and add to your social distinction. Your request for information will promptly bring interesting literature. Write today.



DAVENPORT SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC
B. Trumbull Smith, Pres
529 Brady St.
Davenport, Iowa

STUDY HUMAN NATURE

Make People Like You get along better, make more money, develop a winning personality, learn to know people as they are. Send 5 cents (stamps) for "Personal Power," a little book that points the way. Address PROGRESS LEAGUE, 2531 Union Sq., New York

A squealing shaking noise accompanied the motion. Her fingers sought and found against the chair-back a piece of chewing-gum which she had stuck there during her last visit to Sheila.

"I can *see* you likin' Dickie," she remarked ironically.

"But I do, I tell you. He was sweet. He didn't say a word or do a thing to frighten me——"

"But he was full, Shee, you know he was."

"Yes. He'd been drinking. I smelt it. And he didn't walk very straight, and he was a little mixed in his speech. But all the same he was as good as gold. And friendly and nice. I might have walked home quietly with him and sent him away at the door. And he wouldn't have been seen by his father." Sheila's eyes filled. "It was dreadful—to—to knock him down the steps!"

"Say, if you'd had as much to put up with from Dickie as Poppa's had——"

"Oh," said Sheila in a tone that welled up as from under a weight. "If I had always lived in Millings, I'd drink *myself!*" Babe looked red and resentful, but Sheila's voice rushed on.

"That saloon is the only interesting and attractive place in town. The only thrilling people that ever come here go in through those doors. I've seen some wonderful-looking men. I'd like to paint them. I've made some drawings of them—men from over there back of the mountains."

"You mean the cowboys from over the Hill, I guess," drawled Babe contemptuously. "Those sage-brush fellows from Hidden Creek. I don't think a whole lot of them. Put one of them alongside of one of our town boys! Why, they don't speak good, Sheila, and they're rough as a hill trail. You'd be scared to death of them if you knew them better."

"They look like real men to me," said Sheila. "And I never did like towns."

"But you're a town girl."

"I am not. I've been in cities and I've been in the country. I've never lived in a town."

"Well, there'll be a dance one of these days next summer in the Town Hall, and maybe you'll meet some of those roughnecks. You'll change your mind about them. Why, I'd sooner dance with a sheep-herder from beyond the bad lands or with one of the hands from the oil-fields than with those Hidden Creek fellows. Horse-thieves and hold-ups and Lord knows what all they are. Nothing solid or respectable about them. Take a boy like Robert, now, or Jim——"

SHEILA put her hands to her ears. Her face between the hands looked rather wicked, in a sprite-like fashion.

"Don't mention to me Mr. James Greely of the Millings National Bank!"

Babe rose pompously. "I think you're kind of off your bat to-night, Sheila Arundel," she said, chewing noisily. "First you run out at night with the mercury at four below and come dashing back scared to death, banging at the door, and then you tell me you like Dickie, and ask me not to mention the finest fellow in Millings!"

"The finest fellow in the finest city in the world!" cried Sheila, and laughed. Her laugh was like a torrent of silver coins, but it had the maliceful ring of a brownie's "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Babe stopped in the doorway and spoke heavily.

"You're short on sense, Sheila," she said. "You're kind of dippy—going out to look at the stars and drawing pictures of that Hidden Creek trash. But you'll learn better, maybe."

"Wait a minute, Babe!" Sheila was sober again, and not unpenitent. "I'm coming down with you. I want to tell your father that Dickie was sweet to me. I don't want him to—to—what was it he was going to do to-morrow?"

"Bawl Dickie out."

"Yes. I don't want him to do that. It sounds awful."

"Well, it is. But it won't hurt Dickie any. He's used to it."

BABE, forgiving and demonstrative, here forgot the insult to Millings and Jim Greely, put her arm round Sheila and went down the stairs, squeezing the smaller girl against the wall.

"I guess I won't go with you to see Poppa," she said, stopping at the top of the last flight. "Poppa's kind of a rough talker sometimes."

Sheila looked rather alarmed. "You mean you think he—he will bawl me out?"

"I wouldn't wonder," Babe smiled, showing a lump of putty-colored chewing gum between her flashing teeth.

Sheila stood half-way down the stairs. She had not yet quite admitted to herself that she was afraid of Sylvester Hudson, and now she did admit it. But with a forlorn memory of Dickie, she braced herself and went slowly down the six remaining steps. The parlor door was shut, and back of it, to and fro, prowled Sylvester. Sheila opened the door.

Hudson's face, ready with a scowl, changed. He came quickly toward her.

"Well, say, Miss Sheila, I am sure-ly sorry——"

Sheila shook her head. "Not half so sorry as I am, Mr. Hudson. I came down to apologize."

He pulled out a chair and Sheila sat down. Sylvester placed himself opposite to her and lighted a huge black cigar, watching her meanwhile curiously, even anxiously. His face was as quiet and sallow and gentle as usual. Sheila's fear subsided.

"*You* came down to apologize?" repeated Hudson. "Well, ma'am, that sounds kind of upside down to me."

"I behaved like a goose. Your son hadn't done or said anything to frighten me. He was sweet. I like him so much. He was coming home and saw me walking off alone and he thought that I might be lonely or frightened or fall into the snow—which I did," Sheila smiled coaxingly; "I went down up to my neck and Dickie pulled me out and was—lovely to me. It wasn't till I was half-way down that I—that it came to me, all of a sudden, that perhaps—he'd been drinking——"

"Perhaps," said Sylvester wryly. "It's never perhaps with Dickie."

Sheila's eyes filled. For a seventeen-year-old girl the situation was difficult. It was not easy to discuss Dickie's habit with his father.

"I am so—sorry," she faltered. "I behaved absurdly. Just because I saw that he wasn't quite himself I ran away

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

from him and made a scene. Truly, Mr. Hudson, he had done nothing the least bit horrid. He'd been sensible and nice and friendly—Oh dear!" For she saw before her a relentless and incredulous face. "You won't believe me now, I suppose!"

"I can't altogether, Miss Sheila, for I reckon you wouldn't have run away from a true-blue friendly fellow, would you?"

"Yes, Mr. Hudson. I would. Because, you see, I did. It was just a sort of panic. Too much moonshine."

"Yes, ma'am. Too much moonshine in Dickie. I hope—" he leaned toward her and Sheila, the child, could not help but be flattered by his deference—"I hope you're not thinking that Dickie's unfortunate habit is my fault. I'm his father and I own that saloon. But it's not my fault nor the Aura's fault either. I never did spoil Dickie. And I'm a sober man myself. He's just naturally ornery, no account. He always was. I believe he's kind of lacking in the upper story."

"Oh *no*, Mr. Hudson!"

THE protest was so emphatic that Sylvester pulled his cigar out of his mouth, brushed away the smoke and looked searchingly at Sheila. Against the crimson plush of an enormous chair-back her small figure looked extravagantly delicate and her little pointed fingers on the arms startlingly white and fine. A color flamed in her cheeks, her eyes and lips were possessed by the remorseful earnestness of her appeal.

"Well, say, if *you* think not!" Sylvester narrowed his eyes and thrust the cigar back into a hole made by his mouth for its reception, "you're the first person that hasn't kind of agreed with me on that point. I can't see why he took to the whisky anyway. Moderation's my motto, and always was. It's the motto of the Aura. There ain't a bar east nor west of the Rockies, Miss Sheila, believe *me*, that has the reputation for decency and moderation that my Aura has. She's classy, she's stylish—well, sir—she's exquisite—" he pronounced it ex-*squisit*—"I don't mind saying so. She's a saloon in a million. And she's famous. You can hear talk of the Aura in the best clubs, the most se-lect bars of Chicago and Noo York and San Francisco. She's mighty near perfect. Well, say, there was an Englishman in there one night two summers ago. He was some Englishman, too, an earl, that was him. Been all over the world east, west, and in between. Had a glass in his eye—one of those fellers. Do you know what he told me, Miss Sheila? Can you guess?"

"That the Aura was classy?" suggested Sheila bravely.

"More'n that." Sylvester leaned further toward her and emphasized his words with the long forefinger.

"'It's all but perfect'—that's what he said, 'it only needs one thing to make it quite perfect!'"

"What was the thing?"

But Hudson did not heed her. "Believe me or not, Miss Sheila, that saloon——"

"But I do believe you," said Sheila with her enchanting smile. "And that's just the trouble with Dickie, isn't it? Your saloon is—must be—the most fascinating place in Millings. Why, Mr. Hudson, ever since I came here, I've been longing to go into it myself!"

She got up after this speech and went to stand near the stove. Not that she was cold—the small room, which looked even smaller on account of its huge flaming furniture and the enormous roses on its carpet and wall-paper, was as hot as a furnace—but because she was abashed by her own speech and by his curious reception of it. The dark blood of his body had risen to his face, he had opened his eyes wide upon her, had sunk back again and begun to smoke with short excited puffs.

Sheila thought that he was shocked, and she was very close to tears. She blinked at the stove and moved her fingers uncertainly. "Nice girls," she thought, "never want to go into saloons!"

Then Sylvester spoke. "You're a girl in a million, Miss Sheila!" he said. His voice was more cracked than usual. Sheila transferred her blinking, almost tearful, look from the stove to him. "You're a heap too good for dish-washing," said Sylvester.

For some reason the girl's heart began to beat unevenly. It was as if, after walking for many hours through a wood where there was a lurking presence of danger, she had heard a nearing step. She kept her eyes upon Sylvester. In his there was that mysterious look of appraisal, of vision. He seemed nervous, rolled his cigar and moved his feet.

"Are you satisfied with your work, Miss Sheila?"

Sheila assembled her courage. "I know you'll think me a beast, Mr. Hudson, after all your kindness—and it isn't that I don't like the work. But I've a feeling—no, its more than a feeling!—I *know* that your wife doesn't need me. And I know she doesn't want me. She doesn't like to have me here. I've been unhappy about that ever since I came. And it's been getting worse. Yesterday she said she couldn't bear to have me whistling round her kitchen. Mr. Hudson," Sheila's voice broke childishly, "I can't help whistling. It's a habit. I couldn't work at all if I didn't whistle. I wouldn't have told you, but since you asked me——"

SYLVESTER held up his long hand. Its emerald glittered.

"That's all right," he said. "I wanted to learn the truth about it. Perhaps you've noticed, Miss Sheila, that I'm not a very happy man at home."

"You mean——?"

"I mean," said Sylvester heavily—"*Momma*."

Sheila overcame a horrible inclination to laugh.

"I'm so sorry," she said uncertainly. She was acutely embarrassed, but did not know how to escape. And she *was* sorry for him, for certainly it seemed to her that a man married to Momma had just cause for unhappiness.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself for bringing you here, Miss Sheila. You see, that's me. I'm so all-fired soft-hearted that I just don't think. My heart's stronger than my head, as the palmists say."

He rose and came over to Sheila, standing beside her and smiling so that the wrinkle stood out sharply across his unwilling lip. "Did you ever go to one of those fellows?" he asked.

"Palmists?"

"Yes, ma'am. Well now, say, did they

$95 An Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the International Correspondence Schools!"

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are *you* doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, it will! Put it up to *us* to prove it. Mark and mail this coupon *now!*

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2653, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	SALESMANSHIP
Electric Lighting and Rys.	ADVERTISING
Electric Wiring	Window Trimmer
Telegraph Engineer	Show Card Writer
Telephone Work	Sign Painter
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	Railroad Trainman
Mechanical Draftsman	ILLUSTRATING
Machine Shop Practice	Cartooning
Toolmaker	BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Gas Engine Operating	Private Secretary
CIVIL ENGINEER	BOOKKEEPER
Surveying and Mapping	Stenographer and Typist
MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	Cert. Pub. Accountant
STATIONARY ENGINEER	TRAFFIC MANAGER
Marine Engineer	Railway Accountant
Ship Draftsman	Commercial Law
ARCHITECT	GOOD ENGLISH
Contractor and Builder	Teacher
Architectural Draftsman	Common School Subjects
Concrete Builder	Mathematics
Structural Engineer	CIVIL SERVICE
PLUMBING AND HEATING	Railway Mail Clerk
Sheet Metal Worker	AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
Textile Overseer or Supt.	Auto Repairing / Spanish
CHEMIST	AGRICULTURE / French
Navigation	Poultry Raising / Italian

Name_____

Present Occupation_____ 7-25-12

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

ROUGH ON RATS

Clear your house and keep it free of rats and mice with old reliable "Rough On Rats." Kills them all quickly—and they

"Don't Die in the House"

"Rough on Rats" successfully exterminates these pests where other preparations fail. Mix it with foods that rats and mice will eat. Change the kind of food whenever necessary. Don't be pestered—get "Rough on Rats" at drug and general stores. Send for booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice".

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.
Originator of "Rough On Rats"

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She Keeps Her Hold on Youth

INTO the noonday of life she has carried the glory of her youth. The leaping pulse of perfect health, the beauty of yesteryear, still are hers.

Pyorrhea, which afflicts so many over forty, has passed her by. In its blighting touch, Pyorrhea is akin to age. Its infecting germs deplete vitality. They cause the gums to recede, the lips to lose their contour, the teeth to loosen and decay.

Take care that this enemy of health and beauty does not become established in *your* mouth. Watch for it. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection.

If you have tender or bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

ever tell you that you were going to be the pride and joy of old Pap Hudson? Give me your little paw, girl!"

Sheila's hand obeyed rather unwillingly her irresolute polite will. Hudson's came quickly to meet it, spread it out flat in his own long palm and examined the small rigid surface.

"Well, now, Miss Sheila, I can read something there."

"What can you read?"

"You're going to be famous. You're going to make Millings famous. Girl, you're going to be a picture that will live in the hearts of fellows and keep 'em warm when they're herding, winter nights. The thought of you is going to keep 'em straight and pull 'em back here. You're going to be a—a sort of a beacon light."

HE WAS holding her slim hand in an excited grip. He was bending forward, not looking at the palm but at her. Sheila pulled back, wincing a little.

"What do you mean, Mr. Hudson? How could I be all that?"

Sylvester let her go. He began to pace the room. He stopped and looked at her, almost wistfully.

"You really think that I've been kind of nice to you?" he asked.

"Indeed you have!"

"I'm not a happy man and I've got to be sort of distrustful. I haven't got much faith in the thankfulness of people. I've got fooled too often."

"Try me," said Sheila quickly.

He looked at her with a long and searching look. Then he sighed.

"Some day maybe I will. Run away to bed now."

Sheila felt as if she had been pushed away from a half-opened door. She drew herself up and walked across the huge flowers of the carpet. But before going out she turned back. Sylvester quickly banished a sly smile.

"You won't be angry with Dickie?" she asked.

"Not if it's going to deal you any misery, little girl."

"You're *very* kind to me."

He put up his hand. "That's all right, Miss Sheila," he said. "That's all right. It's a real pleasure and comfort to me to have you here and I'll try to shape things so they'll suit you—and Momma too. Trust *me*. But don't you ask me to put any faith in Dickie's upper story. I've climbed up there too often. I'll give up my plan to go round there to-morrow and——" He paused grimly.

"And bawl him out?" suggested Sheila with one of her Puckish impulses.

"Humph! I was going a little further than that. He would likely have done the bawling. But don't you worry yourself about Dickie. He's safe for this time— so long's you don't blame me, or—the Aura."

His voice on the last word suffered from one of its cracks. It was as though it had broken under a load of pride and tenderness.

Sheila saw for a moment how it was with him. To every man his passion and his dream: to Sylvester Hudson, his Aura. More than wife or child, he loved his bar. It was a fetish, an idol. To Sheila's fancy Dickie suddenly appeared the sacrifice.

The next instalment of ***"Hidden Creek"*** *will appear in the May number.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Business

INTERESTING LITTLE ANNOUNCEMENTS CONVENIENTLY CLASSIFIED FOR QUICK READING

Business Chances

Start an Easy and Lucrative Business. We teach you how to establish a successful collection agency and refer business to you. No capital required. Little competition. Wm. P. Taylor, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "Made gross commissions of over $8,000.00 in 1918 and one day recently showed commissions of $165.00." O. H. Overholser, Dayton, Ohio, writes: "Averaged over $360.00 net monthly commissions last year." Start now in spare time. You can achieve the same success as 4,300 others. Write today for free "Pointers" and new plan. American Collection Service, 781 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

Classified Advertising is most successful where the inquiries developed are from readers of a reliable type—who answer ads because they mean business—and not out of idle curiosity. EVERYBODY'S readers are clean-cut Americans who are in earnest about the things they do. Advertisers will find them responsive to any straightforward appeal. And our readers know that none other than reliable advertisers are permitted to use these columns

Enter a Business of Your Own and Earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly, in professional fees, making and fitting a foot specialty to measure; readily learned by anyone at home in a few weeks; easy terms for training, openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to; no capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address Stephenson Laboratory, 19 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Get Into Business for Yourself! Establish and operate "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Booklet free. Ragsdale Co., Drawer 94, East Orange, N. J.

Mr. Gallagher Made $336.00 in One Week selling guaranteed collection cabinets. Sells for $25. Used by all business men. Write to-day. Sayers Mfg. Co., 2877 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Stories, Photoplays, etc.

Sales Help for Writers—My sales advice and helpful criticisms may permit you to sell your stories, photoplays and story ideas at well above the usual prices. Fees moderate. Inquiries invited. G. A. Strader, Consulting Editor, 500B Fifth Ave., N. Y. (Formerly of Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures.)

Your Story may bring real money after it has had my constructive criticism or revision. Fees moderate. Correspondence invited. Laura D. Wilck, Broker in MSS., 922A, Longacre Bldg., N. Y.

Write Photoplays; $25 to $300 paid any one for suitable ideas, experiences or suggestions. Experience unnecessary; complete outline sent Free to any one. Write Producers League 390, St. Louis, Mo.

Photoplays Wanted. Big prices paid. You can write them. We show you how. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Send for Free Details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, D2., Chicago.

Free to writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful Story and Play Writing. Absolutely free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 78, Auburn, N. Y.

Write News Items and Short Stories for pay in spare time. Copyright book and plans Free. Press Reporting Syndicate, 606 St. Louis, Mo.

Fun and Entertainment

Reward to Artists and beginners, $10 to $20 a night. Twenty big hits for exhibition chalk drawing. Trick picture, etc. All easy to draw. No talk or chatter required. Price $1.00. MacKay Studio, 106 Midvale Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Materials, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments for all occasions, Make-Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 85, Chicago.

Investments

Investors—A recently established Massachusetts corporation desires to place a part of its stock among readers of EVERYBODY'S and offers for sale a limited amount of Seven per cent. Preferred Stock. Bonus 50% Common. Payments may be made in monthly instalments. Address Box B110, Classified Ad. Dept., EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, Butterick Bldg., New York.

How Money Makes Money. Few People Realize the power of accumulated savings. Small or large sums invested in leading American industries to net 7% to 9% and more. Send for plan how to invest on $1.00 a month. Ricker Barnes & Co., 8-S Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Business Service

Incorporation in Arizona completed in 1 day. Any capitalization, least cost, greatest advantages. Transact business anywhere. Laws, By-Laws and forms free. Stoddard Incorporating Co., 8-A, Phoenix, Ariz.

Musical

Violins—Deep, Mellow, Soulful—on easy credit terms. High grade, wonderful instruments of my own make. Development of many years' expertness. Write for book. Gustav Henning, Block 234, Miami, Florida.

Instruction

Do you want to better your position? We will train and place you before you pay us. Study at home or at our College. Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Accountancy, etc. Ask for Plan AA. Greenfield Business College, Greenfield, Ohio.

Come to a Real School. Learn Sign, Scenic and Auto Painting, Paperhanging, Decorating, Showcard Writing. Catalogue Free. Chicago Painting Schools, 131 North Wells St., Chicago.

Learn Landscape Architecture and Gardening! Uncrowded Profession! Inexpensive! Easily Mastered! Earn as you learn. Write for Information. American Landscape School, 12C, Newark, N. Y.

Lincoln-Jefferson University — Home Study in College, Theological, Law, Music, Business and Graduate Schools. Usual degrees granted. Lock Box 239L, Chicago, Illinois.

Business Course at Home. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting by Mail. Write for free booklet. Lancaster Business College, 48 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

Finger Prints. Lessons based on Henry System. Primary Classification. Preparing Court Exhibits. Price $1. George Wagner, 1966 Broadway, New York.

Photo Finishing

Mail us 15c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 15c for six prints. Or send 35c for one 8 x 10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 268 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Special Offer—Your next Kodak Film Developed 10c, and prints 2c. each. Best workmanship. Enlargements a specialty. 24 hours service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "12" and sample print. Johnston & Tunick, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

These little ads tell of opportunities and services that are more or less unusual.

Correspondence with the advertiser is frequently necessary to give you a thorough understanding of his proposal.

The business behind each offer is responsible and reliable—otherwise the announcement would not be allowed to appear.

Should your dealings with any advertiser prove other than satisfactory, your prompt report to the publishers will be appreciated.

Real Estate

Land! Land! Make big money farming in Mich. best hardwood co's raising grasses, grains, stock, truck and fruit. Only $15 to $35 per A. Near schools, churches, markets, hardroads, R. R., etc. Small down payment; bal. easy terms. The biggest Co., the lowest prices; the best land. What more can you ask? Write to-day for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., V1263 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"Water is Wealth" in Stanislaus County where irrigation has done much for the farmer. Write for Free Booklet, Dept. E, Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, Cal.

Patent Attorneys

Patents. Write for Free Illustrated Book and Evidence Of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for our free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured—Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 10 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patent What You Invent. It may be valuable. Write me. No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Estab. 1882. "Inventor's Guide" Free. Franklin H. Hough, 543 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patent Sense. "the book for inventors and manufacturers." By return mail Free. Established 1869. Write Lacey & Lacey, Dept. GM, Washington, D. C.

Help Wanted

500 Agents Wanted At Once For Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound, 300% Profit, Enormous Repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own Your Own Business. You cannot fail to make big money. Barber, Ohio, made $600 last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 326, 1312-1314 E. 61st., Chicago.

Salesmen and saleswomen to call on the better class of homes to take orders for our Sanitary wire-grip brushes, dustless mops and dusters. Used everywhere and all the time in homes, hotels, all public buildings, stores, garages, etc. Unusually big commissions for selling staple goods, protected territory and unique sales plans that get the orders. Big factory and convenient branches. You don't wear out much shoe leather with the big North Ridge line. Write at once for details. North Ridge Brush Co., 128 Clark Ave., Freeport, Ill.

Agents: Join hands with a successful Agency House. 15 Years Success. Over 350 products well known throughout the country. Soaps, Flavors, Perfumes, Laundry Specialties, Food Products, Etc. Write quick for money making plan. American Products Co., 1565 Amer-Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Representatives, men and women, wanted to handle a first class industrial issue of seven per cent. preferred stock with common as bonus, on a commission basis. State qualifications and references to Box B109, Class. Ad. Dept., EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, Butterick Bldg., N. Y.

Salesmen—City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 143D, Chicago, Ill.

Men or Women—Make $50—$75 week selling Joas Crystal Compound. Washes clothes quick without rubbing or boiling. Wonderful seller. Send 10c for Sample and Big Profit Plan. Utility Mfg. Co. Dept. 5, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Agents: Sell your own goods. We put up laundry tablets under agent's own name; furnish boxes, samples, circulars, all complete. 200% profit. Parker Company, Howe, Indiana.

Agents—$40-$100 a week. Free samples. Gold Sign Letters any one can put on store windows. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431Y. N. Clark, Chicago.

Sales Agents Wanted in every county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Company, 20 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Government Positions are desirable. Let our expert prepare you for Departmental, Railway Mail, and other examinations. Catalogue E free. Write to-day. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

Salesmen, Get Our Plan for Monogramming Autos, traveling bags, sporting goods, etc., by a simple and neat transfer method. Very large profits. Motorists' Accessories Co., Mansfield, O.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders a day easy. Write for free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 41, East Orange, N. J.

Write News Items and Short Stories for pay in spare time. Copyright book and plans Free. Press Reporting Syndicate, 608 St. Louis, Mo.

Sell Insyde Tyres. Inner armor for auto tires. Prevents punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 56, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Personal

Are you Self-Conscious, embarrassed in company, lacking in self-control? These troubles overcome. Address, Desk 5, The Veritas Science Institute, 1400 Broadway, New York.

Razor Blades re-sharpened, 3c each. An edge that satisfies. We guarantee our work. No checks accepted. Blade Shop, Room A8, Bible House, New York City.

For Office and Desk

"Modern" Duplicator — A Business Getter; $1.50 up. 50 to 75 copies from pen, pencil, typewriter; no glue or gelatine. 40,000 firms use it. From dealers or on 30 days' trial from us. You need one. Booklet free. L. S. Durkin, Reeves Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

Old Coins Wanted

Watch Your Change: Have you a nickel of 1912 with S. Mint? We will pay 10% for it. This is one of thousands of coins we pay high cash premiums for. Some as late as 1916. It will pay you to get posted. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. E, Fort Worth, Texas.

New York Representation

Mr. Manufacturer: I can make a success of the New York Market for you on a commission basis. Can point to excellent record. Address Room 442, 280 Broadway, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Digitized from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DICTATED—BUT NOT RED

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Sam! Just show him how the contraption works." Ezra pushed his nephew into the front seat beside the chauffeur. "He's smart. He can learn to gee and haw the darned thing in a jiffy. What's that there button for, Sam?"

In a trance beneath which throbbed a deep, dull pain, the orator listened to Sam and eyed the mysterious gages, buttons and levers. Then occurred a wonderful transformation: Ira's soul had flown again—he was at the Pillsburg station, the New York express was thundering in: the Beloved, Annabel Hicks, Trevison, all the leaders, were alighting. They caught sight of their host in his great car, and a subtle change spread over their features. A gleam of absolute conviction! A ray of social recognition! The magnate of Knob Hill was really one of the Best People! The car proved it. They could trust him to lead the proletariat——

"And all for only one thousand dollars, including a tin garage," he heard his uncle booming once more. "Gosh! I nearly laughed in old Pennington's phiz when he named the price. Why, the rig's worth fifteen hundred, ain't it, Sam?"

"Yessuh," grinned Sam. "Now how about that telegram you got foh the young gemmen, suh? You ast me to remind you about it."

"Oh, yes. Right!" Ezra fumbled through a pocket and produced a yellow envelope. "I'm forever leaving letters in my jeans—Here, Ira!"

Ira, all aglow with the vision of himself as a seven-passenger motorist, opened the message. But it was some time before he could assimilate it. It ran:

> Advisable not to draw against your account with us until checks have been cleared. Eighth National Greenwich Bank stops payment on Trevison check No. 2881 for $5,000, under instructions from attorneys Trevison estate pending report and audit.
>
> CASHIER, RIALTO NATIONAL BANK.

XVI

The Pirates of Plutocracy Try Scuttling the New Ship of State.

IRA felt himself racing through empty space. Inside of his head all the Principles of Presence and Poise were rattling around like dry peas in a withered pod. He was a speck of dirt flung contemptuously forth by the volcano of plutocracy. Why did the Trevison attorneys stop payment? And how had it all happened overnight?

"Advisable not to draw against your account." And the account was already drained! Those water-pipes, the bathtubs, the needle spray, those lovely rugs and pictures, the Mount Vernon furniture, and this seven-passenger dream—not to mention hours and hours of Union Labor working overtime at double rates! They had eaten up all the money. And now, it appeared, he didn't have the money to eat up. Well, what then?

A glacier glided down the leader's vertebræ. Miffins would get his big check back from his bank, probably tomorrow; Miffins would foam and yell for cash, and there would be no cash. Then the deadly machinery of the plutocrat's law would begin grinding. Ira saw himself peering through the bars of a prison door, his pasty, sunless face drawn with endless pain, and his ninety-nine pounds of exempt skin and bones shrunken to a geometrical line. Oh! That could never be! Better disappear from American History! Better slink away in the night and become a leader of the desperate and the outlawed! The Robin Hood of the Proletariat! Better——

"BY THE way, Ira," Ezra's voice yanked him back to time and place, "I'd better be running back to town soon. Something's come up, and I want you to tell me all you can about it, so's I can make the right moves! The cashier at my bank told me there'd been two inquiries there about you to-day. He thought I ought to get wise to them, he being an old friend of mine. One of the inquirers was Secret Service. The man didn't admit it, but the cashier knew he was the same chap who was here last winter on the trail of some Germans who were spilling sand in the machines at the brass works. The man asked if you was pro-German."

"Ha! Ha!" Ira's laugh was the laugh of a mechanical doll. "Very funny!"

"Foolish, ain't it?" Ezra looked relieved. "You ain't any more for the Germans than I am. But"—he chafed his chin—"we ought to put the fellow right. It might be a nuisance, if he got a wrong steer, it'd spoil your plans here——"

"Yes, of course." Ira panted. "You'd better see him, Uncle, and fix things up——"

"You come along too," Ezra urged. "He'll take what you say for yourself with better grace than from me. Now, the other inquirer was named Arthur Carr. The cashier said he was the darnedest looking human he ever set eyes on——"

"Carr? Arthur Carr?" Ira frowned. "I don't recall anybody with that name."

"Hard-looking customer. Skinny. Gimlet eyes. Said he was from a collection agency down in New York and wanted to get a line on your credit." Ezra bit off a hunk of licorice and watched a crow above his corn-field.

"He's no friend of mine." Ira emitted a dry, crackly giggle. "Anyhow, I settled up all my bills down in New York——"

"That's the right way." Ezra wagged his head. "Well, you look up that Secret Service chap—he's stopping up at the Rexmore, the cashier says. And while you're with him, I'll get hold of this Carr chap and tell him about your credit. I guess when he hears about your account, he'll crawl into his hole and pull it in behind him."

"Ha!" Ira sucked in the air that produced this merry laughter; and the effect was not all that he had intended. For Ezra looked suddenly at him with that blue left eye and that mottled gray right eye above the poker mouth. "Yes indeed! Let's be going. By all means!"

The ride to Pillsburg was a thousand years of horror and chaos. The leader struggled to find footing in his shattered universe, but all in vain, until they were dropping down the steep hill into the town. Then the light broke, as if Destiny had turned the switch on.

"Sam, drop me at the telegraph office," he commanded in his old fluency. "Needn't wait for me, Uncle, I'll drift up to the hotel. Meet you there later."

As his car vanished around the corner, Ira stepped up to the telegraph desk and wrote as follows:

To his bank:

> Thanks for wire about check. Am instructing my New York agents to make deposits for me to-day. Accept same for my account if turned in by Sophie Delatour, Committee Treasurer.

To Sophie:

> New developments of utmost importance, too confidential to write about. Drop all other work immediately and raise fresh campaign funds. Five thousand dollars more needed by to-morrow night. Failure may seriously injure cause. Letter follows.

To Burin and Trevison the same as to Sophie, but to Trevison's were added these words:

> Learn that your attorneys are interfering with your inalienable right to donate money to great Cause. I strongly advise you to curb their insolence. It may upset plans of the first magnitude.

The glacier which had crawled down his spine had melted under the bright sun of hope, leaving him only a bit dampish. He had solved that horrible bank mess. What did he have an Arrangements Committee for anyway, if not to raise cash when needed? Why was he the leader, if not to command? And who were they, if not loyal followers eager to obey? If Trevison could pull in almost a thousand dollars in an hour simply by touching his tradespeople, what could he do in a solid day, approaching men of means and progressive ladies with liberal views and drawing accounts?

"They'll have ten thousand in the bank by to-morrow night," Ira sang to himself as he swung into the Rexmore. "Why! Helen McVittle alone would give that much—and so would Bobtail Flush—" Then he asked if Mr. Henry Jones was in; and the clerk sent him up to Mr. Jones's room

MR. JONES, solid citizen and Secret Service agent, listened attentively, while Ira, in the brief space of one hour and twenty minutes, surveyed his own life and the great days that were to come. He had no interest in the Germans. He declared that his heart had broken when the draft-board officials, after weighing him, had whooped and said: "My boy, your country needs you—at Coney Island." He revealed himself as the Pershing of the thinking classes. He loved Liberty and Democracy. He——

"This is very interesting," Mr. Jones finally remarked. "But I've got to get back to New York to-night. Some other time I'd like to hear the rest——"

"I'll walk along with you to the station," Ira beamed. "There are several matters I ought to make clear to you——"

"Really, Mr. Cummins, there's no need

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of your——" Mr. Jones was worried.

"You ought to know my attitude on other large political issues. Now take plutocracy——" Ira rippled onward like a great tide over a drowning man.

HE WAS still rippling when they reached the station, and Mr. Jones was looking wildly about. The tables were turned. He was now the pursued, and his former victim was the pursuer. Ira would have continued his ripples until the train came, had not the telegraph operator called him. Three telegrams had just arrived for him. Ira forgot plutocracy and Jones on the spot. Indeed, he so completely forgot Jones that he did not observe that gentleman saunter to the opposite end of the station, glance backward at Ira, in the act of opening his messages, and then strike out rapidly for Main Street.

The first message was from the Bituminous Boob.

I am through with you stop You are a slick one comma in fact comma a little too slick for me stop I had a mighty nice session with Sophie after you left comma and she told me some things about you that got me wondering whether I did the right thing in giving you such a big contribution stop So I wired my attorneys all about it and they held up the check at the bank until they had a chance to wire a lawyer in Pillsburg to look you up and report on you stop It did not take them long to get a report comma and comma say comma I wish you could see it comma you little con artist you stop That was a sweet bunch of bull you threw about being rich and coming to New York in anonymous disguise to study the proletariat and the plutocrats exclamation point I do admire you though comma for there is no denying you can spout like a fire hose when it comes to elocution and oratory stop We will call it quits if you will send back half the money I collected from my tradespeople stop I will stand for the other half just by way of paying for the fun I got out of you comma not to mention the debt I owe you for introducing me to the finest girl in all the world stop

Each "stop" of that devastating message was a command that his heart obeyed. His fingers, quite disconnected from his vibrant brain, opened the second message. His eyes, dissociated from his mind, noted these words:

Sorry I can not raise a few thousand. If I could I would erect a monument to you in Union Square. You are the only man who ever put one over on yours truly BURIN.

And then the third and last:

I shall never see you again, you monster. In the innocence of my heart I trusted you and you deceived me. Write me no excuses. Albert has told me all. SOPHIE DELATOUR.

Psychologists assure us that the gravest crises bring a clarity of mind in which facts are contemplated accurately and without feeling. Thus the gentleman who descended into the Maelstrom, by noting certain elementary facts of physics, extricated himself from what seemed inevitable death. Thus too with the leader of the Second American Revolution. All distress suddenly left him. A faint numbness pervaded his trifling anatomy.

He contemplated the remnants of Ira M. Cummins and the wreckage of the Arrangements Committee. He saw each and every one of the checks he had signed flitting back like birds of prey to rend him. He saw Muffins leaping at his throat. He saw old Pennington shaking him and whimpering for the price of his seven-passenger car. He saw plumbers, painters, paper-hangers, carpenters, masons, all streaming to Knob Hill, each with a lawyer, and saw the court declare him a bankrupt; saw the loathsome receiver tear out the bathtubs, and the Mount Vernon furniture, and auction them all off to a leering crowd of junk-dealers. And then Ezra! But hold! Ezra had promised to give the old homestead to Ira! Hadn't he put it in writing?

Ira's dry lips spoke: "He said the place was worth twenty-two thousand dollars. He shall give it to me to-day. I shall borrow five thousand dollars and pay for all those things. I shall give a mortgage on the farm. Then I shall live there for the rest of my life. I shall never go to New York again. It is a vortex of hypocrisy. It is a seething sea of sycophants."

He emitted a wild laugh of triumph and strode off toward the hotel. He would find Ezra there, waiting for him after the session with that Carr person, the credit man. He would tactfully make known to him that there were political reasons for haste in turning over the title to Knob Hill to the new occupant. How could that be put so as to stir Ezra to speed? Ira pondered heavily over this difficult question all the way to the lobby, but without much success. He began to fear that it might be necessary to throw himself on his uncle's mercy, to tell the disgusting details—Ugh!

A sickening premonition seized him. His universe was getting restless. It felt as if it might begin its merry-go-rounding any minute. Confound it all! Why couldn't things stay put! Life of late had been just one darned revolution after another. No sooner had he fixed things nicely according to one plan than biff! whizz!—along came somebody or something and sent them all spinning. By George! Revolutions weren't all they'd been cracked up to be! Good fun for the revolutionists maybe, but rough on the revolutionees.

A fellow didn't know where he was at from hour to hour. Couldn't settle down and get anything accomplished. This everlasting change wore you to a frazzle. Worse than riding all day on a merry-go-round. If all revolutions were like that, none of them for yours truly——

HE LOOKED around the lobby for his uncle. The clerk said Ezra had left word for Ira to come up to Mr. Carr's room. Ira went.

"Meet Mr. Carr," said Ezra, who had opened the door. "Mr. Carr, my nephew Ira. I'm mighty proud of him. 'Tain't every youngster can swing language by the tail the way he can."

Ira looked at Mr. Carr and received Jolt No. 1. For Mr. Carr, as Ira did not know, looked like a certain Ulovitch, the terrible Ulovitch with a corpse's face and a knife of a nose and fingers that worked like knitting needles when he spoke. He was dwarfish, even as Ulovitch, and showed two gimlet eyes that flashed greenly at the young man. In fact, he was so very much like the Ulovitch, trusted of Lenin and Trotsky, who had stolen into the United States with vast funds to bring to pass a Red Revolution here that he

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents

You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

PISO'S
Important as umbrellas in March
Because Piso's wards off ill effects of cold, rainy weather. For 55 years it has ended distressing coughs and eased inflamed, irritated throats, hoarseness and throat tickling. Keep it in the medicine cabinet ready for immediate use at the very first symptoms.
30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old
PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

Cuticura Soap Ideal for the Complexion

Cuticura Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Aspirin

Name "Bayer" identifies genuine Aspirin introduced in 1900.

BAYER

Insist on an unbroken package of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" marked with the "Bayer Cross."

The "Bayer Cross" means you are getting genuine Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Also larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Domes of Silence

BETTER THAN CASTERS

For All Furniture Legs

Save Floors-Save Rugs

See That You Get Them

Free to Writers!

A WONDERFUL BOOK — read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW TO WIN! This surprising book, called "*The Wonder Book for Writers*," is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. YOUR copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. Just address

AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 117, AUBURN, NEW YORK

was indeed Ulovitch himself. Only he wasn't mentioning it to anybody.

"I am one of your admirers, sir," said the Ulovitch who called himself Arthur Carr, as he locked his spasmodic fingers round Ira's. "I've heard you down in Union Square and I wanted to meet you after your last big speech there, to see if I could help your Cause. When I heard you had come to Pillsburg, I took the train——"

"Mr. Carr's let on to me," broke in Ezra, "that he's prepared to go a long way in helping us. He's strong for the Cause. And just before you dropped in, Ira, I was a saying to him that you and I can go just as far as folks'll let us. Like an old pal of mine who used to work wire-tapping stunts down on Herald Square was fond of saying, I can deliver the goods, if somebody else'll attend to the C. O. D. If there's any little wrinkle in the way of getting results that I don't know, it ain't visible with a high-power microscope. I was telling Mr. Carr, Ira, what the fellows used to say about me over at the post-office. Remember? 'When Ezra reaches the Golden Gate, he'll talk Saint Peter into swapping the gate hinges for Ezra's next year's colts. And while Peter is unscrewing the hinges, Ezra'll walk into the New Jerusalem.'"

"Y—Yes," Ira stammered in horror. "Very funny! But er——"

"Every once in a while a chap strikes town," Ezra rambled on, "who thinks he's got a brand-new game to put across. But in forty years I ain't seen one yet that wasn't a simple variation of one of the five old wire-tapping stunts of the Spanish relative, or the bishoped mare, or the lost will or the petroleum dip, or one of the other a-b-c's of the old, old game. I tell you, Mr. Carr, in these war times, if you want to get away with anything, you've got to know all the keys on the piano so's you can play your tune in the dark, eh?"

IRA was paralyzed. He studied his uncle with swimmy eyes, as the old codger pulled down that horrible vest of his and winked at Carr. How horribly the vulgar farmer was botching a magnificent opportunity! Here was an astute city man ready to worship at the shrine of Greatness, ready to subscribe to the fund that must be raised to keep the Cause out of bankruptcy. And Ezra was flaunting that awful vest, and a lot of cheap brag about himself. Never before had Ira heard his uncle brag, and it certainly sounded very cheap. What a fiasco!

"I've watched lots of fellows working all sorts of stunts, from three-card *monte* up to oil, and such as fell down almost always do so for the same reason. Know what that is, Mr. Carr?"

"Why—er—I have a guess." Carr scanned Ezra narrowly. "What is yours?"

"Mine ain't a guess. I know. They fail for the same reason most businesses do—money. Not enough of it."

"Correct you are!" Carr glittered. "Can't see their plans through to the point where profits begin. Mr. Cummins," he turned to Ira, "your uncle certainly knows the ropes——"

"And all the knots you can tie with them too," Ezra chuckled. "Now——"

"One moment." Ira the debater was on his feet again, primed to fight the fight of his life. "On the matter of capital. Our Cause needs more of it right away. There have been some very sudden developments to-day—very sudden! I can't stop to explain them all now. Take my word for that much. There have been traitors in our camp—they have caused me much trouble—and expense——"

"Traitors?" Carr stiffened like a terrier at the sight of a rat. "Eh?"

"Down in New York. Tampering with our funds." Ira grew both hot and confidential. "We must have five thousand dollars at once——"

"OH!" CARR heaved a sigh of infinite relief. "Is that all? I thought it was serious. Mr. Cummins, just handle that matter out of the funds I've given you."

"Certainly." Ezra wagged his head. "Who are the traitors, boy?"

But the orator made no response. Again his universe had gone humpty-dumpty. What was this? A fund? Of real money? Already handed over to Ezra? A fund big enough so that a mere five thousand wasn't serious?

"See here!" Carr clutched the orator's arm savagely. "Is it that Delatour woman? Eh? What's wrong? Look to the boy, Cummins! He's sick——!"

Ira had collapsed upon a chair. A hysterical giggle bubbled from his throat.

"Ex—excuse me, I'm upset. Been dodging a—Secret Service sleuth—terrible experience—but I'll be all right in a minute—Yes, Mr. Carr, it's that Delatour woman. You know her, do you? Well, next time you see her, tell her that she has sold her soul to the plutocrats. Uncle, I—I think I'll go sit in the car. I want fresh air. Mr. Carr—awfully glad to meet you—want you to come up soon again—spend week-end with me—got a very nice quiet place, eh, Uncle?"

"You are sick, Ira." Ezra was worried. "Go over to the drug-store and get something. I'll meet you in the lobby in ten minutes."

Ira reeled down-stairs. But he did not go to the drug-store. Instead he climbed into his car and went limp on the soft seat.

Victory at last! He could retire to his country estate in full earnest! He could contemplate this sorry world and its petty people, its Bituminious Boobs bullied by plutocratic lawyers, its siren Sophies whose love was as fickle as bank balances, its duns, its mean persecution of men in advance of their age.

His ears were filled with a great din. In front of the hotel was gathered a buzzing mob through which several men were pushing their way. Ira arose in his seat, and saw—oh, horrible to say!—he saw Henry Jones, Secret Service agent, whom he had taken to the train scarcely an hour ago, roughly dragging by the collar that much less solid citizen, Mr. Arthur Carr.

"It's been a long chase for me, and it's going to be a long rest for you, you damned Hun!" remarked Mr. Jones to Mr. Carr.

And while Ira's knees gave way, Mr. Carr showed his teeth at Mr. Jones in a most ungentlemanly way.

Half of Pillsburg trailed the pair to the police-station. Then from the deserted lobby there emerged Ezra, chewing a piece of licorice. Ezra climbed into the car beside Ira and said absently, "Home, Sam! Back to buttermilk!"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

XVII

In which we pass violently from Revolution to Revelation.

IS IT any wonder that, as Ira rode back to Knob Hill, he remained as one dead? Or that the bustle and smells around the old homestead awakened only a feeble spark of life in him, as he followed his silent uncle into the front hall?

The day shift of plumbers and painters was leaving, and the night shift coming on. The hall was a malodorous maze of glue-pots, putty-tins, paint-pails, step-ladders and wet brushes.

Ezra mounted the stairs, and Ira followed with as little volition as your shadow. The door of the large west bedroom stood open, and breathless the orator beheld Martha in the middle of the room, her hands clasped as she gazed raptly at the fairest domestic scene the mind of man could conjure up.

The old walls, hung with quaint papers, brought out in silhouette a great mahogany four-poster, solid Colonial chairs, an old thousand-legged table, a squat chest of mystery, and a marvelous tower of a bureau. Shiny brass candlesticks flung tenuous rays around the chamber, and by some wizardry lifted four generations off the burden of years that lay upon the old house. It was the eighteenth century's close. Grandmother Cummins's grandmother was standing there, still in the middle of the room, her hands clasped as she gazed raptly at the scene. Ira sighed deeply. How sweet the illusion! How dear the form and face!

"Martha! I want you to give me some ideas on a funny mix-up I got into to-day." Ezra shattered the vision. "You see through lots of things better'n I do. Now it's like this. I went to see a stranger who made out he was just from New York to make some inquiries about Ira. I guessed he was a scamp, so I talked a lot of scamp talk to him—you know, the sort we hear around at the county fairs when we sell Little Marvel there."

"Oh, I know!" Martha nodded merrily. "You mean like what the side-show fellows and the gyps talk?"

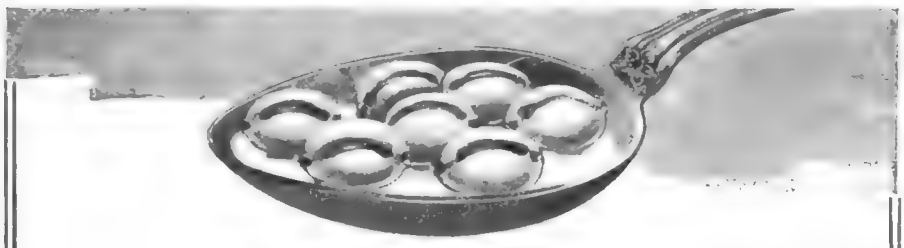
"Yep. Well, that opened him up. And after half an hour or so he let on that he had a lot of money that he was prepared to spend in a large way for helping along a certain political scheme—never mind which one. I let on that I'd be the one and only lad to spend it for him and, if necessary, I'd cut a few throats to make a clean job of it——"

"Why, Ezra Cummins! You awful josher!" Martha rippled. "Isn't he awful, Ira? He's always carrying on like that. With that poker face, too!"

Ira emitted a peep somewhat fainter than that of a day-old chick.

"I told him I had some pals in town and would line them up. And right on the spot I called up the hotel clerk to tell a friend of mine by the name of Jones in Room 56 to be waiting for me sure in the lobby. And the cashier tumbled, because he was the fellow who told me about Jones that very morning. This Jones is a Secret Service man who happened to be in town. I reckoned it might be a good idea to have him look this chap over."

"Ezra'd make a fine detective, don't you think?" Martha again addressed the orator proudly.



Like Nut Bubbles

Yet It's Whole Wheat Puffed

There lies the fascination of Puffed Wheat.

The grains are light and airy—puffed to eight times normal size. They almost melt away.

An hour of fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

Yet they are whole wheat. Every food cell is exploded so digestion is easy and complete.

They supply whole-wheat nutrition as no other food can do. In lesser ways of cooking, the outer wheat coats pass largely undigested.

Dozens of Delights

The three Puffed Grains with their different flavors offer dozens of delights.

They are not for breakfast only. Every home finds countless uses for these nut-like, flimsy grains.

Remember These Three

Puffed Wheat in milk is the utmost in a food. With every food cell broken it is easy to digest.

For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime there is nothing to compare with this dish.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs mixed with fruit adds a delicious blend. It adds what a light and dainty crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, become a food confection.

Have a dish ready when the children come from school. They will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. And they take the place of foods less healthful, less easy to digest.

Millions of children are now enjoying Puffed Grains, but not half of them get enough.

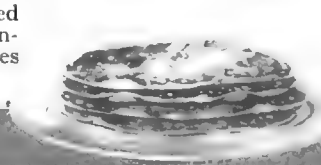
Every home should keep all three Puffed Grains on hand.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

To Make Royal Pancakes

Our food experts have worked for years to make an ideal pancake mixture. Now it is ready—with Puffed Rice Flour mixed in it. The ground Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Add just milk or water, for the flour is self-raising. Order a package now.



3244

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Chance of a Lifetime

An unusual combination of circumstances today presents the most remarkable opportunity in fifty years for making money conservatively.

Babson's

Special Investment Bulletin "*The Chance of a Lifetime*" shows how $10,000 rightly invested *now* is worth $15,000 invested under ordinary circumstances. The return on your invested capital can be safely increased by about 50%. This is a matter of vital importance to every investor.

REPORT ON REQUEST

This Special Bulletin and our Booklet, "*Getting the Most from Your Money*" will be sent to interested investors, gratis.

Merely ask for Bulletin CE-50

THE BABSON STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

The Largest Organization of its Character in the World

Learn to Write Photoplays

ADRIAN JOHNSON

The demand for ***Moving-Picture Plays*** is tremendous and is growing constantly. Large prices are being paid for original plots—and the supply never equals the demand. Never was there such an opportunity to coin your ideas into gold. It is not difficult to learn the rules by which one can turn a simple story into a properly written photoplay.

At Last, a Simple, Practical Plan of Teaching How to Write Photoplays Has Been Perfected

The author is Adrian Johnson, who has written several hundred scenarios for such stars as Theda Bara, Wm. S. Hart, Virginia Pearson, and others. His system is founded on his own experience and knowledge of the requirements of the art. It consists of 20 lessons which will qualify anyone who follows them conscientiously. **AN ADVISORY BOARD** passes on all plays submitted by students, and gives candid, constructive criticism. **OUR SALES DEPARTMENT** is in touch with big producers, and is ever ready to try and place such plays as are acceptable. Endorsed by Stars, Directors and Producers. Write at Once for Our Free Booklet, "**A FASCINATING CAREER.**"

The Adrian Johnson Photoplay System
(Incorporated)
260 West 42nd Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Suite 14, American Theater Building

GET WELL—BE YOUNG—GROW TALL

This Universal discovery is the most important health invention of the century. It remakes and rejuvenates the Human Body. It produces normal spines. It frees impinged and irritated nerves, corrects contracted muscles, shortened ligaments, eliminates congestion, improves circulation and drainage of the body. **It will increase the body's length.**
THE PANDICULACTOR CO., 1526 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.

Easiest Shorthand

Learn in 5 evenings home study; then acquire speed with K. I. Short hand. **Amazingly simple,** easy. Approved by experts. Write dictation, messages, etc., **rapidly as spoken,** after brief, pleasant practice. Favorite method for personal use; make notes at lectures, meetings; keep confidential **diary.** Big help in any profession or business; aid in your career. Used in Army, Navy, courts, commercial schools; by public and private stenographers, teachers. Slight cost. **K. I. Shorthand**—for busy people, including YOU. **Proof Lessons,** Refund Guarantee and Brochure with Testimonials **free,** postpaid. Address:
KING INSTITUTE, EF-171, Station F, NEW YORK CITY

"I said I'd tackle the job for twenty-five thousand dollars—by way of a starter. And as things warmed up, I'd want as much more as the job required. But, said I, there's to be no accounting either way between you and me. I do as I see fit with the money, and never a kick from you. And no signing papers! Or else it's all off. Now there's where the mix-up begins, girl. Get it straight. He handed over the twenty-five thousand. See?"

The farmer fished out a roll of five-hundred-dollar bills and shoved the fortune into Martha's hands, while Ira emitted a low moan not unlike the moaning of the night wind in a pine-tree in a cemetery.

"WELL, when we finished our business, I walked down to the lobby with him. And Jones hopped on him the minute he set eyes on him. And before I could get a rubber band to slip around that there roll of bills, Martha, they had him tight in the lock-up. And who do you suppose he was? A big German crook who'd been doing spy-work here. When he saw things were running against the Hun, he lit out for Russia and got a job there handling dirty work for the Bowlsheviky. And the minute the war was over, the Bowlsheviky sent him back here with an awful wad, to raise the dickens generally. So you see, this here money ain't his own. It comes from Russia. And he gave it to me with nary a string attached. I said I'd do with it just what I saw fit, and no kick from him. And now what I want you to tell me, Martha, is this: What'd you do with it, if you was me?"

The girl gaped at the roll in her hand, while the disintegrated intellect of Ira struggled like a decapitated hen. Tiny fragments of a million bright ideas tumbled and jumbled in his field of consciousness.

Martha was speaking slowly. The kaleidoscope ceased turning.

"Why, Ezra, it'd be wicked to send it back to those Russians, and you couldn't get it to them anyhow. And it'd be foolish to give it back to this scamp. If I were you, I'd put half of it into the farm—a tractor and all the other things we've talked about, you know—and the other half I'd put into Little Marvel. You ought to have it out on sale at every State and county fair this summer. You'd make a heap of money—if you could find the right man to handle the sales."

The silence in the room became a hot iron in Ira's ears.

"I like to hear you say that, Martha," Ezra grinned. "It was what I thought, too. It'll leave all my thirty thousand dollars in the bank free for a nest-egg, so's I'll feel safe in my declining years——"

"Ezra, you haven't got any declining years," Martha laughed. "You're more of a kid to-day than you were last summer——"

"Thank Ira for that!" Ezra clapped his wretched nephew's shoulder. "He's yanked me out of my rut. Now——"

"Uncle! Oh, Uncle!" Ira clutched Ezra's hickory arm. "I—I—it's an awful scrape I'm in. You'll have to get me out—or I'll go to jail—glb-glllbb——"

"Eh?" Ezra went black. "You ain't in bad with that Secret Service man?"

"Oh, Uncle!" And then, without any aid from the "First Principles of Elocution," out gurgled the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Well, I'm glad it ain't a mix-up with the Secret Service," Ezra remarked at the close of the tale. "You're only out a few thousand dollars. You can pay Miffins and the others inside a couple of years. Miffins is a good sort. He'll take your notes, I guess——"

"But, Uncle Ezra—" Ira wept. "I c-couldn't save up that much money in ten years. Not if I lived on crackers and milk and gave evening lessons in elocution. If only you——"

There he stopped. Ezra's blue eye, Ezra's mottled gay eye, were contemplating him in a way that discouraged further development of his thought. He wanted to suggest that Ezra live up to his original promise to turn over the farm to him and lend him fifteen hundred dollars for farming. He wanted to say that, once he had title to the place, he could borrow against a mortgage. But the words wouldn't come.

Then Martha spoke up gently. "Ezra," said she, "don't you think Ira'd make a good sales-manager for Little Marvel? He's a dandy talker. You said you'd pay as much as fifty dollars a week to get the right man——"

"Oh, Uncle!" Ira the debater was on his feet in a flash. "Give me the chance at it! I—I've never earned that much in my life. But I can make good with Little Marvel! I'll start to-night."

Ezra chafed his knobby chin and looked hard at his nephew.

"You've got me guessing, Ira," said he grimly. "One minute I think you're the biggest idiot on two hind legs. Next minute I think you're smart as mustard. One minute I believe you're straight, and the next I am ready to whistle for the cops. Sometimes you act like a deadbeat and other times your credit looks good enough——"

"Oh, Ezra!" Martha cried out, "I know what's the matter. He's always been a square peg in a round hole. That's all. He got started at elocution, and there wasn't anybody kind enough to tell him to drop it and get into some better line. He was good at elocution, and he never found a fair place to use it. That's why I kept urging you to get him out here and give him a try at pushing Little Marvel——"

"YOU urged him? To do that? Oh, Martha!" Ira faltered.

"M'm, yes," Ezra broke in briskly, as Martha's flush deepened and her head dropped. "You know, boy, I said I sort of wanted some fellow with a good line of talk to handle the selling end of Little Marvel; and Martha did think you might make a go of it. So that's one reason I wrote you as I did. I wanted to get you out here and size you up—and, of course, I meant all that I said about your being famous and so on. And if you were still famous, I'd do as I said I would. Now look here! You go up to my bedroom. You'll find a lot of circulars and testimonials there on the bookcase about Little Marvel. Take up a bottle of milk and a hunk of cheese, and settle down and learn all you can about horses and their afflictions, and what Little Marvel does for them. Get up a line of selling talk. And to-morrow

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

morning unreel it to Martha and me. Then we'll see."

"Th-thanks, Uncle," Ira quavered, and struck out for up-stairs.

XVIII

Presence and Poise Arise Out of Dust and Ashes.

THE wildest night that the Morrion County Fair had ever seen was about to begin. An enormous crowd writhed under the flickering glare of three huge kerosene torches in front of a voluminous brown tent. It irritated the Midway barkers, this crowd did. Every visitor with an able-bodied purse on the fair-grounds had joined the gathering, leaving only a sprinkle of small boys to stare at the alluring banners that announced Esmeralda, the Greatest Snake Charmer of Modern Times, and Yolomo, the Japanese Living Skeleton.

Something extraordinary was on foot. The barker of Esmeralda hinted it fearfully to the barker of Yolomo. He pointed the parking space west of the Swine Exhibit. There, where aforetime were wont to be herded vast droves of that well-known domestic animal, the four-lunged flivver, the observers now beheld serried ranks of strange prehistoric creatures.

"Some of 'em might a been horses onct," sneered the barker of Yolomo. "With the poor Belgians starvin' for soup-bones, it's downright pro-German to go on feedin' those critters."

"Yea, bo!" mourned his colleague, "and the longer the beasts live, the sooner we croak. That layout has got us buffaloed. I'm for horning in on their new game. It looks like fat kale."

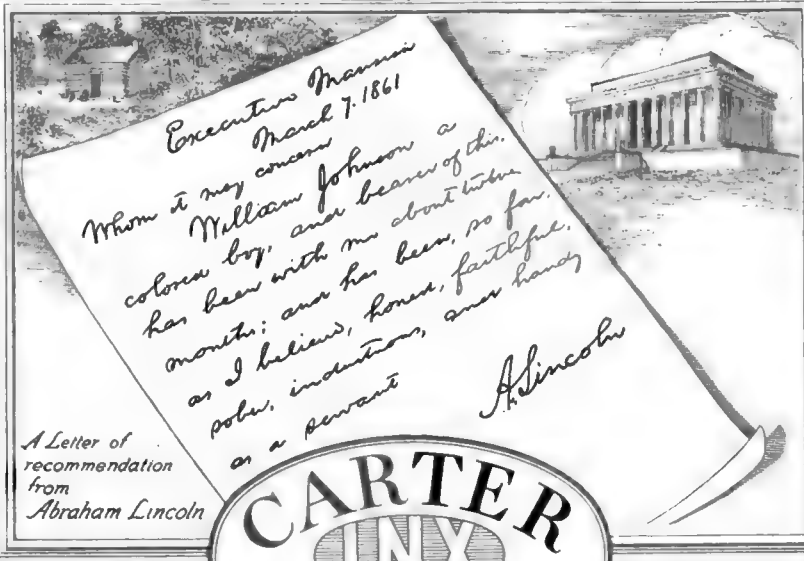
"Let's jog over and take it in." The Yolomo publicity expert doused his kerosene glim and stepped off his rostrum. "Us guys has gotta keep up with the spirit of the times or go under."

A fearful din arose from the center of attraction. A fat boy in a clown's suit was hurling forth into the crisp air of late September the diabolical bray of an ennuied mule. The crowd tittered. The fat boy tooted a bugle. Then from the brown tent emerged briskly two men, and mounted a long platform beneath the torches.

The elder of the pair sat down awkwardly on a camp-chair and rolled a mottled right eye and a blue left eye at the audience, while an ape-like hand chafed a knobby chin at the base of his poker face. He was distinctly uneasy in the presence of the populace. He ran a thick nervous finger around a number eighteen collar, and tugged at a peculiar vest adorned with red horses prancing across a light gray field under the gilt lashes of bright-blue jockeys.

Scant attention did he receive, though! He might have removed his shoes without diverting the minds of the crowd from his companion, who was greeted with a ripple of applause as he flung a bow at his admirers. That bow was magnificent. He sprung back to vertical with the supple strength of live hickory. The upward flip tossed his heavy black locks in faint disorder, and brought his face precisely under the ruddy torchlight. The audience saw the deep, profound eyes of an ascetic. They saw around the solemn mouth those deep grooves that betokened much public speaking and a gravity of mind.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS—No. I.


Executive Mansion
March 7. 1861
Whom it may concern
William Johnson a
colored boy, and bearer of this,
has been with me about two
months; and has been, so far,
as I believe, honest, faithful,
sober, industrious, and handy
as a servant
A. Lincoln

A Letter of recommendation from Abraham Lincoln

CARTER INX PRODUCTS

WE, too, might say to "Whom it may concern," that for more than thirty years Carter's Writing Fluid has been known, and so far, if we may judge from what many friends tell us, it has been "honest, faithful, sober, industrious and handy as a servant."

The same rugged principle of honesty, the same desire to serve faithfully, which so well founded this business, has preserved for the Carter Products during all these years the leadership so early established.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Manufacturing Chemists
New York Boston Chicago Montreal

CARTER INX PRODUCTS

Writing Fluid, Fountain Pen Inks, Red Ink (Carmine), Realblack Ink, Ink Eraser, Cico Paste, Photolibrary Paste, Cement, Glue Pencils, Great Stickist Mucilage, Copying Inks, Drawing Inks, Indelible Inks, Stamping Inks, VelVet Showcard Colors, White and Gold Inks, Violet, Green and Blue Inks, Typewriter Ribbons, Numbering Machine Inks, Carbon Papers

Your signature represents you
Do it in CARTER'S

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MANY THINGS
HAVE HELPED
TO MAKE TRAVEL PLEASANT,
BUT NOTHING
MORE THAN THIS—

No one thing has contributed more to the pleasure of traveling—in the United States, in Europe, in the Orient or in South America—than the Travelers' Cheques of the American Bankers Association, popularly known as "A. B. A." Cheques.

Imagine yourself in a strange place, far from home, where the banker does not know you and the hotel-keeper is suspicious because somebody recently passed a bogus check on him and where your credit has no standing with the people you meet.

What good would your check or draft do under such circumstances

?

None whatever, unless somebody "took a chance" out of pity for you and cashed the check or draft.

Banks don't want their customers to be placed in such embarrassing positions, so they arrange to help them to have as pleasant a trip as money can provide by selling to them

"A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques

the BEST funds for travelers

They are safe, convenient and comfort-promoting.

Write for full information to the

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
New York City

"Here," any close observer might have said, "is plainly a youth who had thought deeply on Life's problems. Though wealthy, he has not dawdled away his years. His expensive clothes are the worse for wear, but his mind has improved with use."

Yes, that garb had fallen from its high estate, but hadn't struck bottom yet. It was still Fifth Avenue—glorious cravat, lovely soft brown coat, shapely kangaroo shoes. But the four-in-hand seemed to have been knotted a few hundred times too often. The dainty nap had gone from the edges of the coat sleeves. The marsupial foot-gear, through its fresh shine, revealed deep imprints singularly like a horseshoe.

Little time had the audience to mark these trifling blemishes. The long right arm of the young man soared like the wing of an eagle. The effect was miraculous. It was as if he had thrown out a great central switch controlling the minds of the multitude. Nerve currents died away. Speech ceased. Men surrendered eyes, ears, souls, to be played upon by the master.

"MY FRIENDS," began the young man, "during the past months I have addressed thousands of men. But, nowhere have I met so many intelligent and progressive citizens as in Morrion County. Men who study current affairs. Men who think for themselves. Men who seize great opportunities without timidity."

He paused and inhaled deeply. The audience maintained that peculiar silence which falls upon men when an impartial critic speaks the unvarnished truth about them.

High up in the ranks of Morrion County's intelligent inhabitants stood that peerless student of horseflesh, Ezra Cummins, of Knob Hill. How superfluous it would be, exclaimed the orator, to try to tell this gathering anything about Mr. Cummins and his veterinary triumphs! Could there be a man or woman present who had not met Mr. Cummins during the past twenty years and bought at least one bottle of Little Marvel?

Brief pause. Count three. Gesture thirty-two toward the gentleman on the camp-chair, who was now perspiring profusely with stage fright.

But not even Morrion County had yet realized the future of the horse. Nobody had, except Ezra Cummins. The Great War had put the horse back on the map. It had proved that neither tractors nor motor-trucks could exterminate the grand old animal. There were many tasks which the horse could do best. And the iron hoofs of old Dobbin would be ringing in the forsaken thoroughfares of ancient Detroit, when the traveler from New Zealand seated himself on the ruins of the last auto factory and contemplated the rusting remnants of the last flivver.

Second brief pause. Up and down platform twice, count fifteen.

With his usual foresight Ezra Cummins had seen what was coming. He was prepared for the great revival of the horse. He had this very summer opened a magnificent stock farm adjoining his old place at Knob Hill. He was prepared to buy and sell horses of all kinds.

Oratory, unlike children, should be heard and not seen. How unfair to reduce it to dead type. Suffice it to say, then, that about two hours after the above remarks,

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the orator and the great Cummins retired to the brown tent, having taken in trade thirty-two of the steeds that had been parked west of the Swine Exhibit, and having sold eleven geldings, as well as two hundred bottles of horse medicines.

They passed to the rear of the tent. The orator inhaled deeply and heaved a sigh. The air was heavy with odorous omens. Over an old stove bent Martha Mattison, lifting a vast sirloin to a hot platter and dabbing it with gobs of farm butter and parsley. The fat boy who did the mule bray was depositing a cargo of fried sweet potatoes on a table, which already groaned beneath a bowl of creamed onions, a mountain of home-made bread, a jar of grape marmalade, and a towering salad of crinkly white heart of lettuce buried under meaty tomatoes and thick mayonnaise.

"Gee!" escaped the orator's glottis, as his deep ascetic eyes inspected the array. "You're a wizard, Martha. Just what I need after a long spiel! Got any tea?"

"Buckets of it." Martha smiled and slipped the sirloin under his nose. "Get busy now. It's most eleven o'clock. I've got to hustle back to the farm."

Ezra's fist thumped the table. "Gosh darn it all, boy! I don't understand it yet. This is the first night I've heard you unlimber your yellowcution and it sure beats me. I thought you were a wind-jammer, Ira. But you ain't. You're an artist. Bless your bellows! You made me feel I was learning something new about horses. And to think that last May you didn't know a ringbone from heaves! How do you do it?"

"Concentration! Years of training!" Ira M. Cummins, late of Union Square, replied mechanically, as he assailed the sirloin. "Let's see, Uncle. To-night makes my hundredth sale this summer, doesn't it? Got the account-books here?"

"IN MY head." Ezra grinned. "You want to know how sales have been running, eh? Well, the first five weeks they were rotten. Simply rotten, boy! You didn't pay expenses——"

"I know!" Ira snapped. "I was learning the ropes then. And you started me off on those punk back counties in Pennsylvania—sad lot of hill billies. Never saw a ten-dollar bill out there——"

"It was a mean trick, wasn't it?" Ezra's grin widened. "But it's cheaper to fall down in a poor market than in a rich one, ain't it?"

"I never thought of that," Ira laughed, as well as a mouthful of sirloin, sweets and tomato would allow.

"Since those bad weeks, however"—Ezra squinted at nothing—"you've sold three hundred and twenty-two horses and eighty cases of Little Marvel to the trade and——"

"Mr. Cummins, there's a lady outside wants to see you a minute."

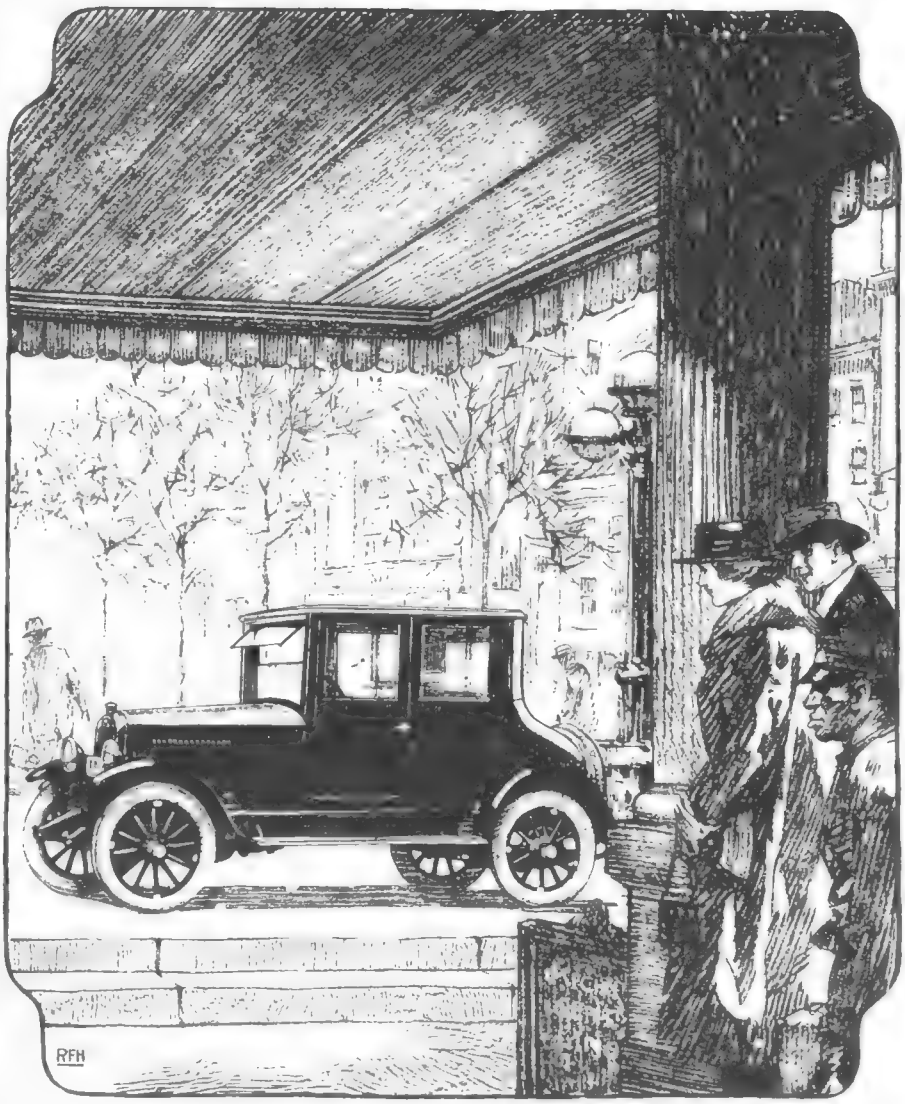
It was the fat boy. He was addressing Ira.

"Confound it! The steak'll be cold when I get back!" Ira moaned.

"I'll put it back in the oven," Martha smiled. "You run along. Don't lose a customer just for a steak!"

Ira followed the fat boy out into the cool night. The fat boy led him around to the front of the main tent, and there pointed to a form beneath an arc-light. Ira stepped up and said: "Well, ma'am,

THE LEADER OF LIGHT WEIGHT CARS



BRISCOE

THE Thredor Coupe is a worthy companion to the Sedan, which met with such instantaneous success everywhere. It has the same beauty of line, the same excellence of fittings and the luxurious upholstery.

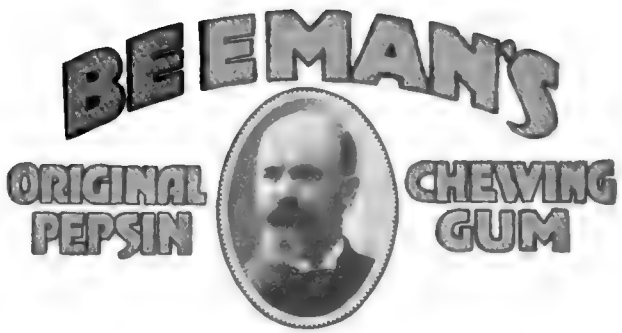
You will be especially pleased with the seating and luggage arrangements in the Thredor Coupe.

Built in Touring, Sedan and Coupe

BRISCOE MOTOR CORPORATION, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

The Canadian Briscoe Motor Company, Limited, Brockville, Ontario

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



100% Efficiency

Many a business firm suffers from the digestive disturbances of some of its officials or workers.

100% efficiency and indigestion are incompatible. Nervous depression, diminished optimism and worry pursue the dyspeptic.

If the dyspeptic will eat more regularly, masticate properly and chew a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum for ten minutes after each meal, he will soon note a decided improvement in his digestion, and usually a valuable gain in his personal efficiency.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

what can I do for you?" Then his glottis went on a strike and sabotaged his upper works. For his eyes met a pair of black orbs that were a dark glory, a nightfull of whispers, a thin curtain over a cavern of passions, a signal of messages the tongue dares not utter—Sophie! The Woman of Destiny!

Her firm, brown hand reached out tremblingly for his. She tinkled with fairy laughter, tossed her voluptuous bobbed locks, and said: "Didn't expect to see me, did you? I—I heard you were back near Pillsburg—I thought I'd run up to see you, Ira. I—I want to tell you I'm sorry I was so unfair to you—when I sent you that telegram last May."

She paused, as if awaiting a reply. But no reply came. The orator's glassy eye was on her—nothing more.

"TREVISON deceived me — about you—" The glorious creature lost something of her poise. "I didn't understand. He made me think you were nothing but a necktie clerk—so did his attorneys—they said they had proof—Trevison, the scoundrel, showed me their letter. Oh! I should have trusted you more, Ira! Shouldn't I? I'll never be so mean to you again!"

"V-very kind of you, I'm sure." Ira gathered his forces again. "I'm surprised, though, to hear you call Trevison a scoundrel. I imagined you and he were getting on famously together——"

"Until Ulovitch was nabbed," she raged. "Then his attorneys butted in and scared him off. He dropped me like a hot potato, the cad! But I'm glad!" her laugh was shrill. "You're worth a thousand of him, Ira. I renig. I eat dirt. I crawl back onto your band-wagon——"

"Wh-what?" Ira paled.

"Oh! You're a real one!" she caught his hand feverishly. "I should have known it all the while. Look how you skinned Ulovitch out of a wad! They're laughing at it yet over at Lettkin's. Morgolsky blabbed, of course, when he was stewed. Is it true, as he says, that you got away with a hundred thousand iron men from Ulovitch?"

"Somewhat exaggerated," Ira frowned. "Well, I'm glad to have met you again. Good night!"

He turned to go back to his waiting sirloin, but she caught his sleeve.

"Look at me, Ira!" she whispered. "You—you really do care for me, don't you? Just as much as ever? As much as I care for you, dearie?"

The orator stiffened. He scanned the Woman of Destiny, who, but for the machinations of Destiny itself, would now have been his chosen mate. He detected a subtle hardness around her lips and eyes that he had never seen before. From the caverns of those lustrous orbs shone a cold cunning that youth can never, never attain. She was a million years old. She was the girl gamin that had been shifting for herself in the highways of the world ever since Babylon. She was——

Ira ceased his rhetorical musings. A new idea struck him.

"Sophie, you're dead broke."

The woman hesitated—and was lost. "H-how'd you know?" she whimpered and wrung her hands. "I was a fool. I didn't see what was coming. You did. You were smart, Ira. You got out from under

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

before the bulls cleaned up the Reds. That was awfully clever of you, to sneak out with that yarn about retiring to your country estate. I should have caught on. I should have known that anybody who had everything coming his way wouldn't beat it on an hour's notice unless he was ducking big trouble. Just think! Of the old gang, you and I are the only ones out of jail! And I've been out of a job ever since Ulovitch was pinched——"

"You were pulling down a lot with Ulovitch, weren't you?" Ira smiled, oh, so sweetly at her.

"A fat lot, Ira—for a little while. And then—flooey!" She blew across her fingertips and laughed bitterly. "I ought to have made one grand touch, the way you did——"

"Hard luck, Sophie!" Ira was a debater again, tying little knots of argument into a strong web for his victim. "I don't need you in my new line. I wonder—if I were to give you, right here and now, half of the wad I have received from Ulovitch, would you beat it and never come around again?"

THE silence that ensued was scratched only by the sizzle of the arc-light overhead. The queen of flim-flam thought hard and fast. That brutal question dispelled all notions she may have entertained about winning her one-time adorer back. He had a manner that was new to her. Somehow he seemed even further above her than he used to when he was a millionaire in disguise. He had a new cunning.

"I take you up on that." The decision seemed to escape her half against her wish. "You've got a heart, old scout. Some real coin will put me on my feet. Of course, if you don't want me around, I'm not the one to butt in. There are lots of other fellows who're glad to see me. Slip me the cash, and I'll be jogging along."

Ira ran into the tent, where Ezra was finishing his midnight meal, and brought the old fellow out. He introduced him to the queen of flim-flam, told much of her history, and then stated the offer he had made to her.

"Wait, boy," Ezra gulped. "Do I get this right? You mean to say you're going to give Miss Delatour half of all the money you've got from Ulovitch?"

"That's it!" Sophie picked up the word.

"But—oh, say! That's downright reediculous! It's—" Ezra exploded.

"Hold on, you!" Sophie showed her pretty tiger teeth at Ezra. "Don't you meddle with our affair. What's agreed is agreed, isn't it, Ira?"

"Oh, all right," Ezra shrugged his shoulders. "But, miss, this is more important a deal than you may think. You just put it in writing, so's there'll be no mistake. I'll sign as witness. And when it's all signed up right, I'll see that the money's handed over."

Ira found a sheet of paper. And under the arc-light, in the deserted fair grounds, Sophie wrote and signed the contract. Ira signed it; Ezra witnessed it and thrust the precious document into his pocket.

"Good night, miss." He held out his hand.

"Cash down," Sophie snapped.

"You've got it already," Ezra retorted coolly. "Ira never got a dollar of Ulovitch's money. I got it all. He didn't have any more to do with it than you did

Perfect Soft Water for Industry and Home

NATURE has revealed the means through which softening of water has been made practical for every use. Factories, shops and other industrial establishments now save literally millions of dollars that were wasted by use of hard water.

And for the home—greater comfort and refinement. Water as soft as falling rain yet free from the taint and odor and grime of roof and trees, water that is beneficial to skin and complexion, that leaves the hair fluffy and soft and comfortably clean—*this you can now have, flowing to every faucet.*

REFINITE
RIVAL OF THE CLOUDS
TRADE MARK

Nature's Water Softener

The Refinite Water Softener is a system perfected to utilize Nature's own water softening mineral, Refinite. It attaches to the supply pipe in the basement. Water needs only to pass through a bed of Refinite in this system to be freed of its troublesome lime and magnesia hardness.

In laundries and the laundry department of hotels, hospitals and institutions, Refinite soft water cuts the washroom supplies expense more than half. It fully doubles the life of linens; makes possible the laundering of woolens, silks and other delicate fabrics not commonly attempted. In textile mills it enables dyeing formulas to act dependably; improves the quality of the products. In steam-power plants it prevents boiler scale, saving fuel, labor and equipment.

The Refinite system occupies little space—requires no expert supervision—is easily installed. Very reasonable in price. There's one for your use. Let us tell you about it—no obligation.

Address our nearest office

THE REFINITE COMPANY
Refinite Bldg. Omaha, Neb.

Also Mfrs. of Refinite Rapid Pressure Filters

Member Associated Manufacturers of Water Purifying Equipment

NEW YORK, 1 East Forty-fifth Street
ATLANTA, 510 Hurt Bldg.
TORONTO, 24 Scott Street
CINCINNATI, 410 Traction Bldg.
DETROIT, 1010 Dime Bank Bldg.
CHICAGO, 28 S. Michigan Avenue
MINNEAPOLIS, 705 Plymouth Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, 611 Grand Ave. Temple
DENVER, 513 Mercantile Bldg.
SPOKANE, 1330 Old National Bank Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO, 416 Call Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 1058 Security Bldg.
PUEBLO, Thatcher Bldg.
BUFFALO, 411 Liberty Bldg.
SALT LAKE CITY, 505 Walker Bldg.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Why you should care for your Throat daily

YOU can now give the same daily attention to your throat as to your teeth; and throat care is even more important than tooth care. The throat is the great breeding place for infectious germs which lodge there when inhaled from the dusty air and often invade the body to cause influenza or other infectious fevers. Sometimes they attack their breeding ground itself and give rise to sore throat or tonsillitis.

Throat specialists, physicians and dentists recommend

Formamint

THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

on account of its simplicity and efficiency.

Formamint is a delicately flavored tablet, which is sucked like candy, setting free a powerful, yet harmless germicide turning the saliva into an antiseptic liquid which bathes the entire living membrane of mouth and throat.

To overcome sore throat and so forestall worse evils — or to prevent it altogether — you should use Formamint regularly. Its use is a pleasure, and the cleanliness produced is a safeguard and a source of personal satisfaction.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE SAMPLE

It will prove to you that *Formamint* is wonderfully effective as well as pleasant in mouth and throat troubles. Send a 2-cent stamp to pay postage and we will gladly send you this free trial tube.

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., Inc.
125 W. 18th Street **New York City**

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use; why not you? **Two sizes, 50c and $1.00. At your dealers, or direct** from us by mail in plain cover, prepaid. **Satisfaction assured or price refunded.** *Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE." It's imitated.* LOOK FOR *The Girl with the Rose.* It's on every box.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-19 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

End Gray Hair
Let Science Show You How
Convince Yourself Free

For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. Now that way is found. Thousands of women have restored the natural color of their hair with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

FREE Send today for a free trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and state the exact color of your hair.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Write today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1672 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept no Imitations. Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Learn Piano
This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, **at one-quarter usual cost.** Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and used by students in conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords **at once** and complete pieces in every key **within 4 lessons.** Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write today for 64 page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio V. P., Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

High School Course in Two Years

Learn at home, in spare time.

Here is complete and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. *Meets all college entrance requirements.* Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies. This is your opportunity. Write for booklet and full particulars. No obligations whatever. Write today. NOW.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H 244 **Chicago, U. S. A.**

One-half of nothing is nothing. Good night. Come along, Ira."

XIX

In Which Virtue is Its Own Reward and No Questions Asked.

LEAVING the fat boy to guard the tent for the night, uncle, nephew, and Martha drove back to Knob Hill, through a night of stars and silence. On the front seat of the old surrey Ezra drove, half asleep, while the horses clipped along, eager for their stalls. On the back seat Ira and Martha, both very still. Through the empty, dark streets of Pillsburg they rattled and spun, up the hill past the high school where once had been delivered an important oration on The Duties of the Rising Generation.

Ira contemplated the edifice solemnly, while wild thoughts whirled in his ebullient mind. Ezra was droning, up in front: "Those there sales of yourn figure up to net you about eighteen hundred dollars. Not bad for a summer's work, eh, Martha? He can pay off that biggest note of Miffins, to-morrow—" But neither Ira nor Martha were listening. The Duties of the Rising Generation! What the dickens were they, anyhow? That was the new issue in Ira's psychic forum. As for Martha, she was looking covertly at her seatmate, a funny faint smile on her serene face.

The Duties of the Rising Generation! The horses topped the big hill and plunged down to the ragged fringe of the town. Under the pearly starlight, Ira saw the squat white cottage where old man Mattison used to toil, and the old gray barn where Martha used to milk cows. Out of that barn had come the three hundred dollars that Martha had lent the orator, to go to New York. What an ocean of water had run under the bridge since then!

The Duties of the Rising Generation! Ira pondered, his heart beating faster, as the team struck up the slow slope of Knob Hill, and the four guardian oaks of the old homestead lifted themselves against the sky. He heard his uncle still droning: "Just struck me, Martha. Ira'll own all that fine furniture and stuff, soon's he's settled with Miffins. He'll probably be taking it out and selling it. You'd better go down to Miffins to-morrow and pick up some golden-oak chairs and tables. I've got used to having the place fixed up——"

Ira turned toward Martha and found her looking at him in a tremble. He reached for her hand under the laprobe. "Uncle," he tried to be matter-of-fact, "if you don't mind, let Martha keep the furniture. She likes it. I'll give it to her, if you'll let her keep it in the house."

"Hm!" Ezra yawned sleepily. "As you say, boy."

A long silence. The team ambled into the yard and halted at the barn. Then Martha said very shakily: "Ezra, w-wouldn't it be nice to give Ira the farm—the way you told him you would in that letter?"

Ezra shook himself, and climbed heavily out of the surrey. "Hm. Eh? Oh, yea! I plumb forgot. Why, Martha, I stopped in at the lawyer's this afternoon and told him to make over the title——" Very long yawn. "Ira, I'm too darned sleepy

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to unhitch. Getting old. Want my little room—G'night."

He was shuffling toward the kitchen door, when Martha fairly leaped to the ground, ran up to him, hugged him and murmured: "Ezra, you're the nicest man in God's good world!" And she kissed him so hard that poor Ezra got a second attack of stage fright that night.

Another long silence, while Ira was leading the horses into their stalls, and Martha pitched in some hay for them. As the two went out beneath the crisp stars of autumn Ira said: "Remember that oration of mine—on the Duties of the Rising Generation?"

"Yes, Ira." Martha was puzzled.

"Well, there was one duty I failed to mention." Ira was losing his Presence and Poise.

"Really?" Martha was polite. "What was it?"

"It was this." Ira turned suddenly and kissed her.

MARTHA stood very still. "I—I'm afraid I don't understand, Ira."

Ira took her warm cheeks between his hands. "Dear Martha! I don't amount to much, and never will. But what little I am and have I owe all to you——"

"Nonsense, Ira!" She tore his hands away. "You're awfully smart. Ezra says he doesn't see how on earth you learned so fast about horses. He——"

"You always stood up for me." Ira seized her again. "You took me seriously when others laughed at me. You did awfully nice things for me——"

"Oh, don't mention that loan again, please. I'm sick and tired of hearing about it." Martha stamped. "Now that you've paid it back with interest——"

"You saved me from making a bigger fool of myself than I really am. And I owe you a debt of gratitude——"

"Oh! You want to thank me?" Martha quavered faintly. "Well, don't mention it! Good night! D-do you want pancakes for breakfast?"

"Duty before pleasure, Martha!" Ira chuckled. "I do want to thank you. I hereby thank you. And now let's get to more serious matters. This house and farm will be mine to-morrow or next day, won't they?"

A nod from Martha, as she set her back against the door and trembled.

"Well, I'm independent now." Ira grew stern. "I'm earning good money, I'm nearly out of debt. And I'm going to run things as I please. So I give you notice, Martha."

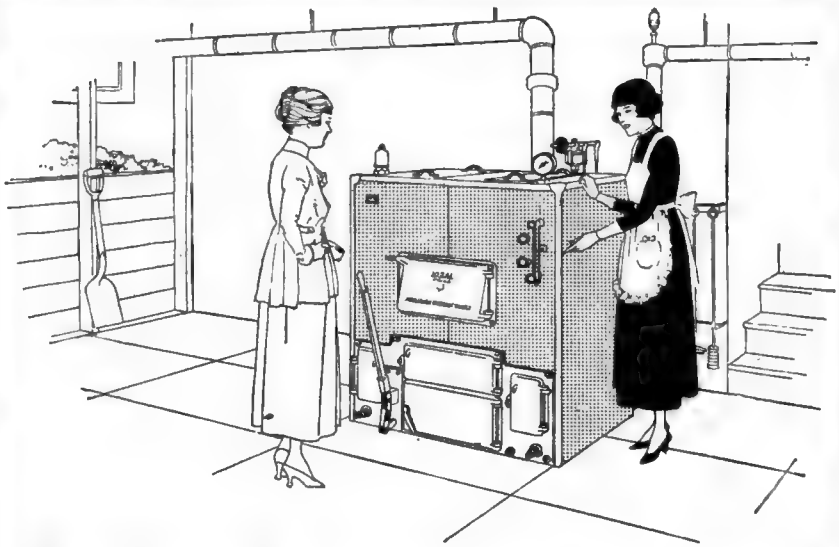
"Wh-what do you mean?" Martha drew herself up tautly.

"You're fired. Please get out of my kitchen to-morrow. I don't want you for a cook any more. But I'll give you a very good reference, in case you seek employment elsewhere——"

Martha flamed white. "Why, Ira Cummins! You meany! I—I didn't think you'd do such a thing! After all I've done for you! And you like my cooking too. You've gobbled down everything——"

"But, Martha!" Ira caught her in his arms. "Don't you see? If you stayed on as a cook, you'd never get any meal ready on time——"

"But I'm always on time. Let go of me, you horrid——"



Refined heating service!

"Madame has never been down here before but this new boiler has changed the basement as wonderfully as its warmth has changed the upstairs. See, it is so compact, so neat—it converts the cellar into a livable room.

"Its japanned-jacket is so cool to the hand. Thomas says the jacket is asbestos-lined, so *all* the heat is quickly sent to the rooms, as needed—the proof, he says, is in the cool smoke-pipe.

"The Boiler is automatic—Thomas moves a weight along the damper-rod, and it measures out the exact volume of heat needed upstairs—no more, no less—it *is ideal.*"

The new IDEAL Type "A" Heat Machine

If you would enjoy a heating service *de luxe*—balmy warmth controlled to an exact degree, a heat machine insulated to stop coal-waste in the cellar, long intervals between firing, a construction that outlasts the building itself, and a 30% fuel saving—you'll decide at once to replace your present heater with an IDEAL Type "A" Boiler.

Before your present heater gives out, or if planning to build, ask for catalog of IDEAL Type "A" Sectional Boiler—full of heating-thrift information

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 20 816-22 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL

ROMANCE

is the only monthly magazine that gives the complete equivalent of two full-sized books of the best fiction, in every issue. There is always one serial and frequently two, plenty of short stories and poetry of the best.

For fiction of the best quality in the greatest quantity that any magazine offers, get—*Romance.*

On all news-stands the 12th of every month

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Indoors or out

Get the Drop on that Cough

HOUSEWIVES! Sudden changes from the overheated kitchens to cooler rooms or outdoors—or vice versa—often mean a cold. Prevent it! Use Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. Get them anywhere.

Dean Medicine Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

DEANS
MENTHOLATED
COUGH DROPS

Deformities of the Back

Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 40,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over 18 years is absolute proof of this statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers *this* method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in *your* own case

The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once.

The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost *[illegible]* relief even in the *most* [illegible]. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT CO.
204-L Odd Fellows Bldg. Jamestown, N. Y.

Become a Nurse

A most dignified and respected profession

BY training at home through our correspondence course. Age 18 to 60

Eighteenth Year—10,000 Graduates Earning $18 to $30 weekly. Invaluable for the practical nurse. Entire [illegible] in a few weeks.

Two months' trial with money refunded if student discontinues

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
281 Main Street Jamestown, N. Y.

POEMS WANTED for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination.
IDYL PUB. CO., 189 N. Clark Street, Suite 224, CHICAGO

"Because, you see, I'd always be sneaking into the kitchen——"

"You *are* an awful pig, Ira! Always eating——"

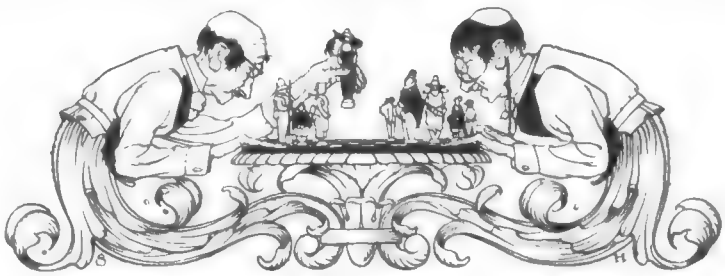
"To look at you, dear. And to kiss you. And to tell you how much I love you, with your hands all flour and butter and eggs. And then you'd say the same, and the meat would burn in the oven, and we'd be in a dreadful mess, see?"

Some minutes later, still in the pearly night, Martha lifted her wet face and murmured: "Well, Ira, if you fire your cook this way, I'll get even. I'll just go right into the parlor and sit all over my best Mount Vernon furniture to spite you."

"Come on in!" Ira whispered. "You're more use there than over the stove anyhow. I need a boss terribly, Martha, don't I? And you're so sensible! When you're around, I keep the brakes on. And I'll never have the blues——"

"Nor the Reds either." Martha kissed him once more for luck.

Here ended the Second American Revolution.



KNOTS AND WIND-SHAKES

(*Continued from page 43*)

was a mile distant. Nate was killed. Out there in the woods, in the snow, he lay. The cookee was crawling under his bunk. Louis was running about aimlessly, terrified, brandishing a cleaver.

The voices of the men were very close now. Juliet looked from the window. It was too late to escape. She slammed shut the door and barred it; rushed to the door that gave into the mess-room and locked it. Still she was not afraid, only numb. Nate was dead. Lying with his face in the snow. She could see him prone, strangely twisted.

The men came shouting, blaspheming, singing. They roared into the bunk-house, and she could hear them boasting profanely, could hear mention of the boss and of the Old Man's son. Then she heard mention of herself. Such mention as made her hot with shame, then cold with horror. But she was not thinking of herself even then—only of Nate. He might not be dead, only injured and lying helpless—to die if no help came.

"Come—quick!" she said to Louis.

"W'ere?"

"To my husband—quick!"

But Louis would only mutter and gibber and wave his cleaver.

Juliet looked through the window again. The road was clear. All the men were inside. She acted instinctively; instinctively she knew what was necessary. Those months in the woods had instructed her more than she knew.

Her first thought was snow-shoes. Her next an ax. Then, swiftly, she began tossing things into the cookee's pack-basket: matches, tea, a teapot, any sort of food. She snatched a blanket from the cookee's bunk, swung the pack-basket to her back, seized the ax and softly opened the door. The woods were fifty feet away, and she ran swiftly and reached them unseen.

There she paused to adjust her snow-shoes, for she dared not follow the road. With what speed she was capable of she started through the uneven woods, stumbling, tripping, her face whipped by the branches of underbrush. She held out one thought—her husband. She must reach him, save him—he would freeze. The rough basket scored her tender back; the ax in her hand became unbearably heavy; the blanket slipped again and again from her shoulders and impeded her. Even a man might have cried out with the agony of it, but Juliet was silent, white, her nether lip held between her teeth. "I must keep up— I mustn't fall— I must get there," she repeated over and over and over. Her back tortured her; her legs, unused to such usage, were racked; her lungs seemed about to burst.

"I must get there— I must reach him!" she repeated, until the words became meaningless. Without her will her body must have collapsed, but she held it to its task. "I must reach him— I must reach him!" Then she found herself saying endlessly: "He's mine—! He's mine—! He's mine!". In the world was nothing but Nate. There was nothing in life but to reach his side, to be with him in life or in death.

EACH step was agony, and she progressed slowly, and more slowly, but always she progressed. It seemed as if she had been traveling hours, days, weeks. She stumbled out upon the smooth, iced road. It was the road of the round turn, and she followed it, sobbing Nate's name, calling to him, searching for him. "Nate—Nate! Where are you? Nate——"

She heard a moan, a faint call, and reentered the woods at the right. There, amid trampled snow and bushes, snow sullied by blood, were the bodies of two men, one very still, the other struggling to sit erect, and to call. It was Nate!

Juliet dropped pack-basket, blanket, ax, and fell to her knees beside him.

"Nate!" was all she could say. "Nate!" She patted him, kissed him wildly, hysterically. Then, of a sudden, her mind cleared. She stood erect and looked about. The story was plain: how the boss had gone down and Nate had fought over him until he, too, had gone down. The marks showed how Nate, wounded and broken, had crawled to the boss and done what he could for the unconscious man, and then

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

had sunk with his face upon the boss's knee.

Juliet knew what to do. She did not have to think. First she spread the blanket upon the snow and got Nate upon it. The boss she could not move. Next there must be fire, warmth. She cut a small dead, brown balsam, whose needles were dry as tinder, and in a moment a blaze was crackling beside the wounded men. She filled the teapot from a stream. It was all she could do—but wait.

She bent over Nate.

"Where are you hurt? How badly?"

"Leg—broken, I guess. Ribs. Hurts to breathe. All right. Not hurt. How's Jake?" Jake was the boss. "See—what you can do—for Jake."

It was like him, she thought, to have a first care for the other man.

Juliet heard a sound, a crunching of the snow, and looked up to see three men staring at her and grinning evilly. They had followed her from the camp. She sprang to her feet and seized the ax. With it held before her she stood over her husband's body. She could hear Nate struggling to get up, hear him moan and curse. She was alone; there was no help but in herself. But she would fight, fight for herself and for the man she loved!

The men leered at her. "Ho, she's got leetle h'ax. Perty leetle h'ax."

"She's perty gal, for sure." The speaker lurched drunkenly toward her. In a second he would be upon her. She lifted her ax. Then the man disappeared in a blur. The woods became horrible with the sound of curses and blows. She stood fascinated, watching such a fight as might be the subject of a song. It was one man against three, a man who had appeared suddenly and attacked without warning. It was Tom Dowd, the walking boss. The man who knew the very thoughts of the woods. He had come—not too late.

It was a fight of fists and feet and teeth that she watched, savage, ruthless, cruel. Three against one, and that one on the wrong side of fifty! She saw a man upon Tom's back; saw Tom seize that man's head over his shoulder and hurl him through the air against the trunk of a tree, from which he rebounded sickeningly and lay still. She saw Tom kick sidewise at another who crouched to lift a heavy bolt of wood, and saw that man's face disappear. The third turned in flight.

Juliet sat down, dizzy, exhausted. She turned, placed her face upon her husband's breast, and sobbed. More men were there, for she heard them, but could not lift her head. Somebody had her in his arms and she struggled.

"Lay still. You're all right. Lay still. I'm your ol' Dad," said a voice, and she looked up into a face that she knew was the face of Old Man Tabor. Tom Dowd was beating him upon the back and shouting: "She's better'n Number One. Free from knots and wind-shakes? I should holler. Extry special select, that's her!"

"Shut up, you old fool," said Old Man Tabor. "Don't I know it? She's comin' home with me, her 'n' Nate. Got to have a daughter like this close by, by gorry! Eh, daughter, eh?"

"Nate!" Juliet said softly, anxiously. "How is Nate?"

"Him! He'll do. Nothin' to speak of. Busted some."

"I love him," Juliet sobbed, "I love him. I want him. Anywhere—anywhere!"

Dentists Now Urge

A New Teeth Cleaning Method

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Leading dentists all over America are urging the adoption of a film-removing tooth paste.

Millions of people have already proved it. In every circle nowadays you see white, glistening teeth. Ask about them and the owners will say, probably, that Pepsodent has done it.

By Fighting Film

Those results come from fighting film—that viscous film which ever forms on teeth. Most lack of luster is now traced to that, also most other tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So much of it stays and hardens, until you have it taken off in the dentist's chair.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing for lack of a film combatant.

The Way is Found

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to fight film. Five years of clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

For home use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, made to meet every dental requirement. And to make it known quickly in every home, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

A Quick, Convincing Test

The Pepsodent results are evident and quick. A ten-day test will leave no doubt about them. And a book will tell the reason.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

A new discovery makes this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be constantly applied, and forced into every hiding place of film.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Look at your teeth now, then look in ten days. Let your own teeth decide between the old ways and the new. This is important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

319

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 157, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

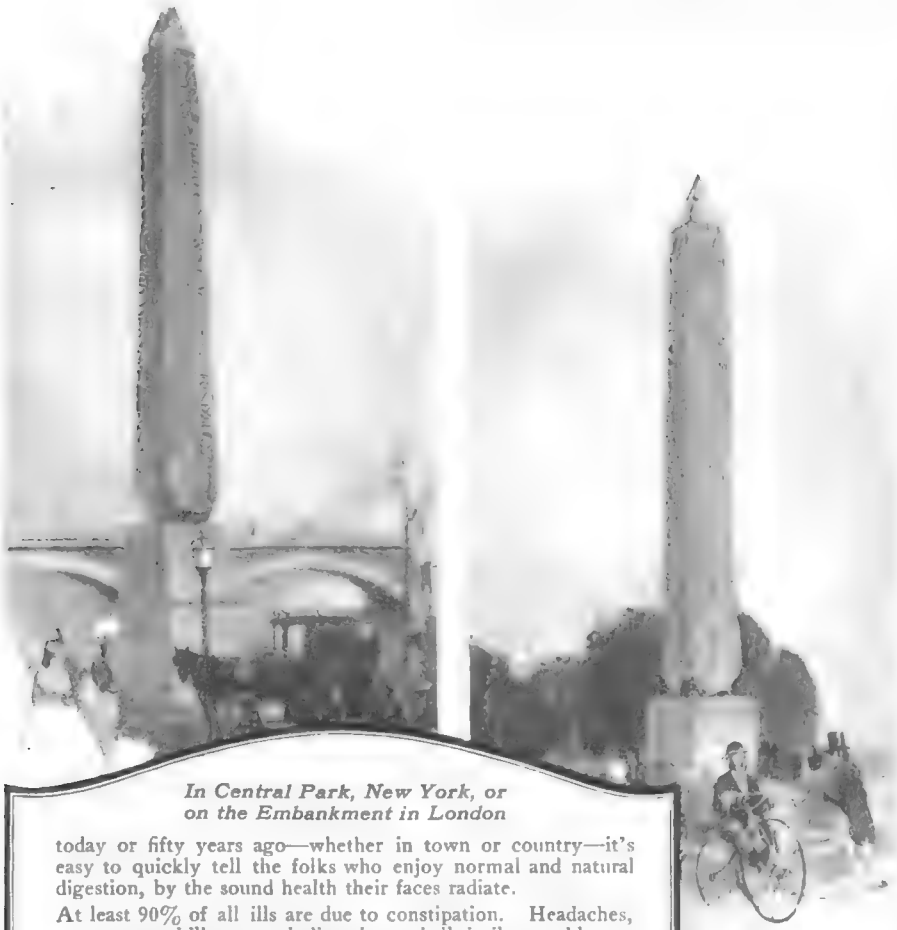
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



In Central Park, New York, or on the Embankment in London

today or fifty years ago—whether in town or country—it's easy to quickly tell the folks who enjoy normal and natural digestion, by the sound health their faces radiate.

At least 90% of all ills are due to constipation. Headaches, nervousness, biliousness, indigestion and all similar troubles are most easily and pleasantly banished by using

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

A Very Agreeable Aperient

A spoonful of Eno in a glass of water makes a tasty, bubbling drink that prevents and overcomes disorders, both of digestion and elimination and agreeably establishes regular habits. At a dollar a bottle the enduring thing about Eno is that it is always the same—its results are gratifyingly and consistently satisfactory. At all druggists.

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England

Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
New York Toronto Sydney

Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment London, England 1878

The Obelisk in Central Park New York, U. S. A. 1881

Here, Bill
– a Luden's will fix that throat

A clear nose and throat will make working easier. Workers in all industries use Luden's the year 'round. A protection in damp or dust.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF

The Test of Time

has made and kept the Evans' beverages pre-eminent for 134 years. Delicious, non-intoxicating

Checona Evans' Beverage

Fine for Home Enjoyment and Hospitality

In a class by itself — Food and Drink combined

FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHECONA EVANS ALE

is extending and enhancing the fame of the Evans' brewery by its sterling qualities and the way it meets the demand of the day.

Try it at leading hotels and restaurants.
Supplied in cases by progressive dealers.

C. H. Evans & Sons Estab. 1786 **Hudson, N. Y.**

MARY WOLLASTON

(*Continued from page 65*)

time, I think. The first thing that occurred to me when you spoke of the High Forest matter was that I didn't want you to break your word. You had told them that they could count on you, and I didn't want you, on my account, to be put in a position where any one could accuse you of having failed him. My own word was involved, for that matter. I told La Chaise I wouldn't put any obstacles in your way. Of course I didn't contract lobar pneumonia on purpose," he added with a smile.

The intensity of her own gaze did not relax at this, however. She was waiting breathlessly.

"The other question isn't quite so easy to answer," he went on, "but I think I would wish you to follow the path of your career wherever it leads. I shall always count for as much as I can in your life, but not—if I can help it—as an obstacle to that."

"Why?" she asked. "What has made the perfectly enormous difference?"

IT WAS not at all an unanswerable question; nor one, indeed, that he shrank from. But it wanted a little preliminary reflection. She interrupted it before he was ready to speak.

"Of course, I really know. Have known all along. You haven't forgiven me."

He echoed that word with a note of helplessness.

"No," she conceded. "That isn't it, exactly. I can't talk the way you and Mary can. I suppose you have forgiven me, as far as that goes. That's the worst of it. If you hadn't, there'd be more to hope for. Or beg for. I'd do that if it were any good. But this is something you can't help. You're kind and sweet to me, but you've just stopped caring for me. What used to be there has just gone snap. It's not your fault. I did it myself."

"No," he said quickly. "That's where you're altogether wrong. You didn't do it. You had nothing to do with the doing of it."

She paled visibly at the implication that, whoever was responsible, the thing was done.

"Paula, dearest!" he cried, in acute concern. "Wait! Listen! There are things that can't be dealt with in a breath. That's why I was trying to think a little before I answered."

Even now he had to marshal his thoughts for a moment before he could go on. It was too ridiculous, that look of tragic desperation she wore while she waited. He averted his eyes and began rather deliberately:

"You are dearer to me now—at this moment, as we sit here—than ever you've been before. I think that's the simple, literal truth. This matter of forgiveness—of your having done something to forfeit or to destroy my love for you—oh, it's too wildly off the facts to be dealt with rationally. I owe you my life. That's not a sentimental exaggeration. Even Steinmetz says so. And you saved it for me at the end of a period of weeks—months, I guess—when I had been devoting most of my spare energies to torturing

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

you. Myself incidentally, but there was nothing meritorious about that. In an attempt to assert a proprietary right in you that you had never even pretended to give me. That I'd once promised you I never would assert. The weight of obligation I'm under to you would be absolutely crushing—if it weren't for one thing that relieves me of it altogether—the knowledge that you love me, that you did it all for the love of me."

She moved no nearer him. These were words. There was no reassurance for her in them. One irrepressible movement of his hands toward her, the mere speaking of her name in voice warmed by the old passion, would have brought her, rapturous, to his knees.

"There's no such thing as a successful pretense between us, I know," he said. "So I'll talk plainly. I'm glad to. I know what it is you miss in me. It's gone. Temporarily, I suppose, but gone as if it had never been. That's a physiological fact, Paula."

She flushed hotly at that and looked away from him.

"I don't know exactly what a soul is," he went on; "but I do know that a body—the whole of the body—is the temple of it. It impenetrates everything; is made up of everything. Well, this illness of mine has, for these weeks, made an old man of me. And I'm grateful to it for giving me a chance to look ahead before it's too late. I want to make the most of it. Because you see, my dear, in ten years or thereabouts the course of nature will have made of me what this pneumonia has given me a foretaste of. Ten years. You will be forty then."

SHE was gazing at him now, fascinated in unwilling comprehension. "I hate you to talk like that," she said. "I wish you wouldn't."

"It's important," he told her crisply. "You'll see that in a minute, if you will wait. Before very long—in a month or so, perhaps—I shall be, I suppose, pretty much the same man I was three months ago. Busy at my profession again. In love with you again. All my old cocksureness back; the more arrogant if it isn't the real thing. So now's the time, when the fogs one moves about in have lifted and the horizon is sharp, to take some new bearings. And set a new course by them. For both of us.

"There is one fact sitting up like a lighthouse on a rock. I'm twenty-four years older than you. Every five years that we live together from now on will make that difference more important. When you're forty-five—and you'll be just at the top of your powers by then—I shall be one year short of seventy. At the end, you see, even of my professional career. And that's only fifteen years away. Even with good average luck, that's all I can count on. It's strange how one can live along, oblivious to a simple sum in arithmetic like that."

She had been on her feet moving distractedly about the room. Now she came around behind his chair and gripped his body in her strong arms.

"You sha'n't talk like that!" she said. "You sha'n't think like that! I won't endure it. It's morbid. It's horrible."

"Oh no, it's not," he said easily. "The morbidity is in being afraid to look at

KNOWING how is the thing that puts the big pay in the pay-envelope. It's the thing that lifts men out of a poor-paying job into a man's size job with a man's size pay. *The man with the 'know how' under his hat always wins out.* No matter what kind of work you are doing, or what you expect to do—you can learn more about that work and get more money for doing it. You don't have to go to school. Neither do you take any special training. One of these home study courses in book form will give you all the 'know how' you need.

Some of the world's greatest experts prepared these books just to help ambitious men get ahead. They are written in plain, good old U. S. language that anyone can understand. No puzzling technical terms. Everything is explained. Thousands of pictures, plans, blueprints, diagrams, etc., in each set. Over 100,000 sets have been sold. Pick out a set in line with your ambition and send the FREE TRIAL coupon that brings the books without your sending any money in advance.

Pay-Raising Books

Select from This List for FREE USE in Your Own Home

Carpentry and Contracting, 5 volumes, 2138 pages, 1000 pictures. Was $25.00. Now $19.80

Civil Engineering, 9 vol., 4900 pages, 3000 pictures. Was $45.00 ..... Now 29.80

Fire Prevention and Insurance, 4 vol., 1500 pages, 600 pictures. Was $20.00. Now 15.80

Electrical Engineering, 8 vol., 3800 pages, 3000 pictures. Was $40.00 ..... Now 29.80

Automobile Engineering, [illegible] vol., 2600 pages, 2100 pictures. Was $30.00..... Now 21.80

Machine Shop Practice, 6 vol., 2300 pages, 2500 pictures. Was $30.00 ..... Now 19.80

Steam and Gas Engineering, 7 vol., 3300 pages, 2500 pictures. Was $35.00.... Now 21.80

Law and Practice (with reading course), 13 vol., 6000 pages, illustrated. Was $72.00. Now 44.80

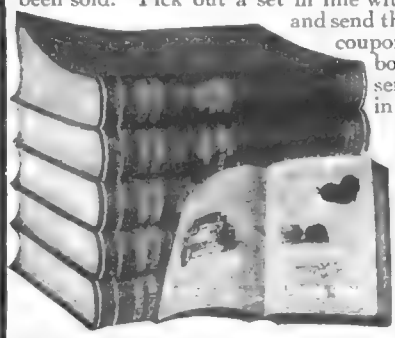
Telephony and Telegraphy, 4 vol., 1728 pages, 2000 pictures. Was $20.00.... Now 14.80

Sanitation, Heating and Ventilating, 4 vol., 1454 pages. 1400 pictures. Was $20.00 ..... Now 14.80

Drawing, 4 vol., 1578 pages, 1000 pictures, blueprints, etc. Was $20.00 ..... Now 14.80

Accountancy and Business Management, 7 vol., 3000 pages, 2000 pictures. Was $35.00 ..... Now 24.80

SPECIAL With each set of these books goes a one-year membership in our society. This entitles you to consult our engineers and experts on any subject connected with your work FREE. This membership usually sells for $12.



This picture shows the automobile Engineering Books. 5 volumes closed and 1 open.

Bindings will last a lifetime.

FREE Examination

Don't send one penny. Just fill out the coupon and mail it. This will bring any set you select (the whole set, not a sample) by express collect. The books will be yours to use as you please for an entire week. You be the judge and decide whether or not they will do for you what they have done for thousands of other men. If you don't think they will help you, send them back at our expense and you won't owe us anything.

50 Cents a Week! Pay only $2.80 within one week if you keep the books and send us $2 each month (for Law, $3) until the special reduced price is paid. This amounts to about 7c a day. Mail the coupon NOW. You'll be mighty glad you did when pay day comes 'round.

American Technical Society, Dept. X-134, Chicago

American Technical Society, Dept. X-134, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me set of..... for 7 DAYS' examination, shipping charges collect. I will examine the books thoroughly and, if satisfied, will send $2 80 within 7 days and $2.00 each month (Law $3 00) until I have paid the special price of $..... If I decide not to keep the books, I will notify you to send for them at your own expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Reference.....

Please fill out all lines.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WHAT THE SPHYNX DID NOT KNOW

THE EGYPTIANS knew better than any nation of antiquity the secrets that stay the marauding hand of time. The Pyramids, Obelisks and Tombs stand as silent monuments to their genius for *saving*. However, the *greatest* secret of conservation was never known to these people—or even to their all-wise sphynx —*the secret of keeping young and clear the human vision.* The discovery of glass, as used to reinforce weakening eyesight, remained for the genius of another day to employ—and give to you through the science of optometry.

The Emblem of Superior Optical Service. Look for it where you obtain your glasses.

So there is no excuse in this era for your vision becoming old before you do. Call on your own optometrist for periodical eyesight examinations. If you haven't one, we will, for the asking, suggest the names of several in your locality. Write to us for the little "Conservation of Sight" booklet. It's gratis.

ASSOCIATED OPTOMETRISTS OF AMERICA, Inc.
Home Office, 209½ East Broad St.
Richmond, Virginia

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

We specialize in Government bonds and other investment securities. This firm was founded in 1865 and we have always endeavored to recommend to our clients conservative investments. As members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges we are prepared to execute orders for the purchase or sale of securities on a cash basis in large or small amounts.

A circular describing several issues of desirable investment securities will be sent on request.

Kidder, Peabody & Co.

115 Devonshire St. Boston

17 Wall Street New York

it. It was morbid to struggle frantically, the way I did all the spring, trying to resist the irresistible thing that was drawing you along your true path. It was a cancerous egotism of mine that was trying to eat you up, live you up into myself. That, thank God, has been cut out of me! I think it has. Don't misunderstand me, though. I'm not going to relinquish anything of you that I can keep; that I ever had a chance to keep."

He took her hands and gently, coolly kissed them.

"Then don't relinquish anything," she said. "It's all yours. Can't you believe that, John?"

He released her hands and sank back slackly in his chair. "Victory!" he said, a note of inextinguishable irony in his voice. "A victory I'd have given five years of my life for last March. Yet I could go on winning them—a whole succession of them—and they could lead me to nothing but disaster."

She left him abruptly, and the next moment he heard her fling herself down upon his bed. When he rose and disengaged himself from his rug, she said, over an irrepressible sob or two, that he wasn't to mind nor come to her. She wasn't going to cry—not more than a minute.

HE CAME, nevertheless, settled himself on the edge of the bed and took possession of her hands again.

"I wouldn't have told you all this," he said, "for you don't need any lessons in arithmetic, child, if I dared trust myself to remember, after the other thing had come back. Now I'm committed—don't you see?—not to play the fool, tragically or ludicrously, as the case might be, trying to dispute the inevitable. And I shall contrive to keep a lot, my dear. More than you think."

Later, the evening of that same day, he asked her what was in the letter that had provoked their talk. Did they want her back in Chicago for rehearsals or consultations? Because if they did, there was no reason in the world why she should not go in a day or two.

"I would have to go back," she said, "if I were going to sing March's opera. There is such a lot of work about a new production that there would be no time to spare."

"But," he asked, "isn't March's opera precisely what you are going to sing?"

"No," she said rebelliously. "It's not. There wasn't anything in the contract about that. I'll carry out the contract this summer. I'll keep my word and yours, since that is what you want me to do. But I won't sing 'Dolores' for anybody."

He did not press her for the reason.

(Not then, at least. They took it up a day or two later, and he was told that it had not worked out as she and La Chaise had expected it to do. The original draft of it had been all right for a barytone, but the attempt to rewrite the soprano part had been a lamentable failure. Even the composer had abandoned it. Had brought it around to the house and left a message for her, with Mary, that was in the nature of an ultimatum. He could do nothing more with it. She might use it as she liked. She had not, as a matter of fact, looked at it since then, but didn't

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

need to. La Chaise had written to say that unless it was in satisfactory shape by now, they had better waste no more time over it.)

After a little silence, she said: "Lucile thought I'd fallen in love with him. So did Rush, too, I guess—and poor old Nat. Did you, John?"

"I tried to hard enough," he confessed.

She stared. "Tried to!"

"That would have been the easier thing to fight," he said. "There's nothing inevitable about a man—any man. I'd have stood a chance at least of beating him, even though he had a twenty-year handicap or so. But the other thing—well, that was like the first bar of the Fifth Symphony, you know: Fate knocking at the door. Clear terror that is, until one can get the courage to open the door and invite Fate in."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
When It Ended

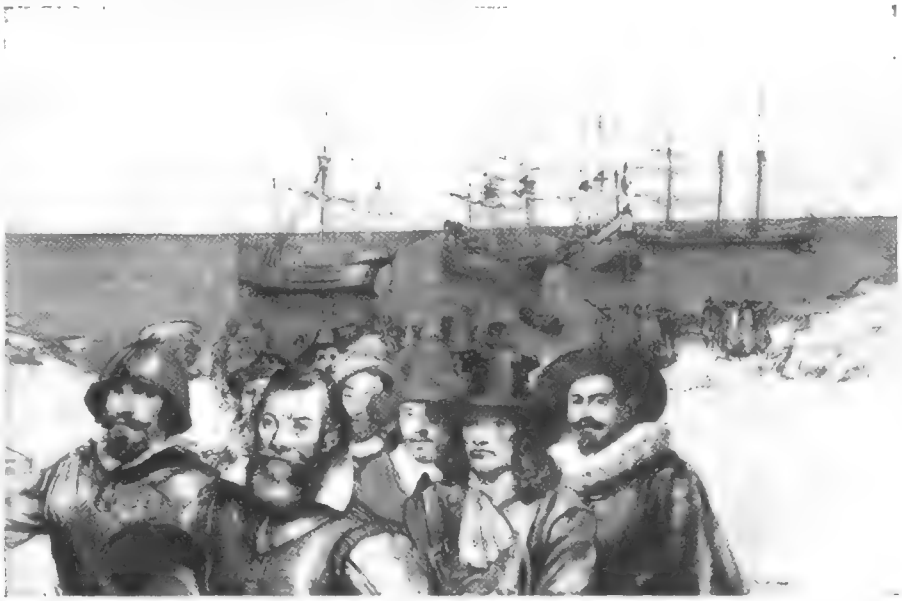
ABOUT a week later—just at the beginning of June, this was—Paula did go back to Chicago, leaving her husband to go on gaining the benefit, for another ten days or so, of that wine-like mountain air. It was an unwelcome conviction that he really wanted her to go—that at least he would stay on more contentedly alone—this, rather than any crying need for her at High Forest, which decided her to leave him. The need would not be urgent for at least another fortnight, since it had been decided between her and La Chaise that she should make her début in "Tosca," an opera she had sung uncounted times.

Since their momentous conversation in which John had attemped to revise the fundamentals of their life together, they had not reverted to the main theme of it, had clarified, merely, one or two of its more immediate conclusions. Paula was to carry out in spirit as well as in letter the terms of her High Forest contract, exactly as if it were still to be regarded as the first step of her reopened career. What she should do about the second step in case it offered itself to her was a bridge not to be crossed until they came to it.

John had professed himself content to let it remain at that, but she divined that there was something hollow in his profession. It was possible, of course, that his restlessness, his nervous anxiety lest in her eagerness to attend upon him she neglect some of her professional duties, represented nothing more than a new stage in his convalesence. It didn't seem possible that after the candors of that talk he could still be keeping something back from her. Yet that was an impression she very clearly got. Anyhow her presence was doing him no good. And on that unwelcome assurance she bade him a forlorn farewell and went home.

It was a true intuition. John heaved a sigh of relief when she was gone. In his present enfeebled state she was too much for him. The electrical vitality of her overpowered him. Even before his illness he had had moments—I think I have recorded one of them—when her ardent strength paralyzed him with a sort of terror, and these moments were more frequent now.

There was, too, a real effort involved in presenting ideas to her (intellectual ideas, if they may be so distinguished from



Our Many-Tongued Ancestors

Born of the diverse nations of the earth, Americans appreciate, now more than ever before, the necessity for national unity; one flag, one purpose, one form of patriotic understanding.

A confusion of tongues makes for a confusion of ideas and principles. Everything which goes toward the up-building and maintenance of a one language people makes for national strength and national progress.

It is in such service that the Bell Telephone has played so vital a part. Its wires reach every corner of the country, making intimate, personal speech between all kinds of people a matter of constant occurrence.

But the telephone is no interpreter. If its far reaching wires are to be effective, those who use them must speak the same language. The telephone best serves those who have become one with us in speech.

Yet uniformity of language is not enough from those who would gain the greatest good from the telephone, neither is financial support enough; for complete service makes essential true co-operation on the part of every subscriber.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

From Salem to Singapore

women as well as men await each issue of *Adventure*—the twice-a-month magazine of unusual stories by unusually good authors. Get the current issue at the nearest news-stand, and you too, will acquire a new delightful habit. Published by the publishers of *Everybody's* and *Romance*.

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many of the successful newspaper artists of today earning from $30.00 to $125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what you too can accomplish. *Please state your age.*

The Landon School
of CARTOONING and ILLUSTRATING
1230 Schofield Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Few Hours

and the keg would be dry and soundless, and the raft and their rotting bodies would drift before the wind across the trackless sea! The chances of rescue were slight for the girl and

Regan

by Carl Clausen

If you like salty sea-stories you'll love "Regan," which is only one of the ten short stories; besides that there are two serials in the April number of

ROMANCE

the only magazine that gives each month the complete equivalent of two full-sized books of the best fiction.

On all news-stands March 12th

Twenty Cents a Copy

emotional ones). He didn't know, now, whether she had fully understood what he had been driving at that day; whether anything had really got through to her beyond a melancholy realization that his love had cooled. He had always been aware of this effort, but in the days of his strength he hadn't minded making it.

Now he was conscious of wishing for some one like Mary—indeed, for Mary herself. They talked the same language absolutely. Their minds had the same index of refraction, so that thoughts flashed back and forth between them effortlessly and without distortion. He thought of her so often and wished for her so much during the first two days of his solitude that is seemed almost a case for the psychical-research people when he got a telegram from her. It read:

> Aunt Lucile worried you left alone especially traveling. Shall you mind or will Paula if I come down and bring you back.
>
> MARY.

There was a situation made clear, at all events. He grinned over it as he despatched his wire to her.

> Perfectly unnecessary but come straight along so that we can play together for a week or two before starting home.

Play together is just what they did. Enough of his strength had come back to make real walks possible, and the second week, with a two-horse team and a side-bar buggy, they managed without any ill effect upon him an excursion across the valley and up the opposite mountainside to a log-cabin road-house, where they had lunch.

Mary, a born horsewoman, did the driving herself, thus relieving them of the impediment to real companionship which a hired driver would have been. In an inconsecutive light-hearted way difficult to report intelligibly they managed to tell each other a lot. She let him see, with none of the rhetorical solemnities which a direct statement would have involved, her new awareness of his professional eminence. A dozen innuendoes as light as thistledown conveyed it to him; soft little brush-strokes of gesture and inflection sketched the picture in; an affectionate burlesque of awe completed it, so that he could laugh at her for it as she had meant he should.

She told him during their drive what the source of her illumination was, described Anthony March's visit on that most desperate day of all, the vividness of his concern over the outcome of the fight, and his utter unconcern about the effect of it upon his own fortunes. She had been reading Kipling aloud out at the farm to the boys and Aunt Lucile, and a memory of it led her to make a comparison—heedless of its absurdity—between the composer and *Kim's* lama. "He isn't, anyhow, tied to the 'wheel of things' any more than that old man was."

"I'd like to have come down that day and heard him talk," John said. "Because it's the real thing with him. Not words. He wouldn't be a bad person to go to," he added musingly, "if one had got himself into a real *impasse*—or what looked like one. Paula has chucked his opera, you know."

She nodded, evidently not in the least surprised and no more perturbed by this intelligence. "He won't mind that," she

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

explained. "The only thing he really needs in the world is to hear his music, but this, you see, wasn't his any more. He had been trying to make it Paula's. He had been working over it rather hopelessly, because he had promised, but it was like letting him out of school when he found that she had forgotten all about him—didn't care if she never saw him again."

She caught, without an explanatory word, the meaning of the quick, sharply focused glance her father turned upon her, and went straight on: "Oh, that seems a lot, I know, to have found out about him in one short talk, but there's nothing personal in that. He doesn't, I mean, save himself up for special people. He's there for anybody. Like a public drinking-fountain, you know. That's why he would be such a wonderful person to go to, as you said. No one could possibly monopolize him."

She added, after a silence: "It seems a shame when he wants so little that he can't have that. Can't hear, for example, that opera of his the way he really wrote it."

"We owe him something," her father said thoughtfully. "He got rather rough justice from Paula, anyhow. I suppose a thing like that could, perhaps, be managed—if one put his back into it."

She understood instantly, as before, and quite without exegesis, the twinge of pain that went across his face and his dry, mirthless laugh. "You *will* have a back to put into things again, one of these days. It wants only courage to wait for it quite patiently until it comes. You've plenty of that. That's one of the things Mr. March told me about you," she added with the playful purpose of surprising him again. "Only I happened to know that for myself."

"It's more than I can be sure of," he said. "I've been full of bravado with Paula, telling her how soon I was going to be back in harness again, cocksure and domineering as ever, so that she'd better make hay while the sun shone. But it was I, nevertheless, who made her go home, so that she could start to work when the whistle blew. Some one was going to have to support this family, I told her, and it didn't look as if it was going to be me."

THIS speech, though it ended in jest, had begun, she knew, in earnest. He meant her to understand that, and left her to judge for herself where the dividing line fell. She answered in a tone as light as his: "Paula could do it easily enough." But she was not satisfied with the way he took it. The mere quality of the silence must have told her something.

She turned upon him with sudden intensity and said: "Don't tell me you're worrying about three great healthy people like us. You have been, though. Whatever put it into your mind to spend half a thought on that?"

"Why, it was a letter from Martin Whitney," he said. "Oh, the best-meant thing in the world. Nothing but encouragement in it from beginning to end, only it was so infernally encouraging it set me off. No, let me talk. You're quite the easiest person in the world to tell things to. I've been remiss, there's no getting away from that. I've never taken money-making very seriously, it came so easily. I've spent my earnings the way

For Every Room in the Home

THE comfort-theme of the living room is gained by one color treatment. The formality of the dining room by another. While still another is required for a "spick and span" effect in the kitchen.

All Liquid Velvet finished walls are beautiful, quiet in tone, clean looking and *washable*. They are subdued, velvety walls—and *remain in the background.*

Liquid Velvet flat wall enamel is adaptable to every room in the home. Any effect can be had with its sixteen different colors.

O'BRIEN VARNISH COMPANY
705 Washington Avenue South Bend, Indiana
"Varnish Makers for Half a Century"

Liquid Velvet
THE SPECIFIC BRAND

Send ten cents for our new "Portfolio of Interiors," which explains the principles of interior decoration. And our color chart on Liquid Velvet will help you select the right finish.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Sprinkle in the Foot Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The **Antiseptic Healing Powder for the Feet,**

for Tired, Swollen, Tender Feet, Corns, Bunions, Blisters, Callouses. It freshens the feet and makes walking easy. 1,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our army and navy during the war. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere.

PLAY THE PIANO BY EAR

Our amazing method of teaching ear-playing by mail teaches popular songs and jazz perfectly. You don't have to know a note. A new way, absolutely different. No scales or difficult studies to discourage you. It is simple, quick and inexpensive. You're doubtful? So were the others. Send for FREE Booklet and you'll understand.

NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Department 41 Niagara Falls, N. Y.

HOME STUDY (28th Year)

Courses in more than 40 subjects are given by correspondence.

Address
The University of Chicago
(Div. VIII) Chicago, Ill.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

YOU are the most important man in the U. S. A. And that's no handshaking, either.

It didn't take long for you ex-service men to realize that your red chevron meant more than relief from saluting. It put you in a class by yourself.

Right away your mail began to get all clogged up. People wanted to know what you thought of the bonus—universal training—and who you believed would be the best man for President, or First Selectman of Cranberry Corners.

It was about as flabbergasting as when you actually got your discharge—after having made up your mind that there wasn't no such animal. You suddenly discovered that you were the most important man in the United States. Everybody wants to know what YOU are going to do about it.

The best place to get in touch with problems that affect you and all the rest of the ex-service men is THE HOME SECTOR. You don't have to get the Top's permission to ask the C. O. about it.

Just fill out the coupon.

THE HOME SECTOR

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF
The Stars and Stripes

The yearly subscription includes 52 issues and your choice of either "Wally—His Cartoons of the A. E. F.," a volume containing full-size reproductions of Wallgren cartoons which originally appeared in "The Stars and Stripes." Or a handsome Pillow Top bearing the insignia of your division or other outfit. Say which.

HERE'S THE COUPON—MAIL IT NOW!

THE HOME SECTOR
527 Butterick Building
New York City

Please enter my subscription to THE HOME SECTOR (52 issues, regularly costing $5.00, or $7.80—at 15c a copy—on the news-stands) and send me

Wally's Book of Cartoons

..... *Division Pillow Top*
(Check the gift desired. If Pillow Top is wanted be sure to name insignia.)

I am enclosing $4.20 in accordance with your special introductory offer.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

If you will look after our subscription interests in your vicinity, check here. We will send you full particulars and tell you how you can make some real money.

my friends have spent their incomes. Well, if I'd died the other day, there wouldn't have been much left. There would have been my life insurance for Paula—that's fifty thousand dollars—and enough to pay my debts, including my engagements for Rush; but beyond that, oh, a pittance merely. Of course with ten years' health, back at my practise, even with five, I could improve the situation a lot."

She urged as emphatically as she dared—she wanted to avoid the mistake of sounding encouraging—that the situation needed no improvement. The income of fifty thousand dollars would take care of Paula, and beyond that—well, if there were ever two healthy young animals in the world concerning whom cares and worries were superfluous, they were herself and Rush.

He told her thoughtfully that this was where she was wrong. "Rush, to begin with, isn't a healthy young animal. That's what I couldn't make Martin Whitney understand. He's one of the war's sacrifices precisely as much as if he had had his leg shot off. He needs support, will go on needing it for two or three years, financial as well as moral. He mustn't be allowed to fail. That's the essence of it. He's spent, you see—depleted. One speaks of it in figurative terms, but it's a physiological thing—if we could get at it—that's behind the lassitude of these boys. It all comes back to that. That they're restless, irresolute. That they need the stimulus of excitement and can't endure the drug of routine. They need a generous allowance, my dear, even for an occasional failure in self-command—those two boys out at Hickory Hill."

She had nothing to say to that, though his pause gave her opportunity. A sudden surmise as to the drift of that last sentence silenced her. And it was a surmise that leaped, in the next instant, to full conviction. He was pleading Graham's cause with her. Why? Was it something that had been as near his heart as that, all along? Or had some one—Rush—or even Graham himself—engaged his advocacy?

SHE said at last, rather breathlessly (it was necessary to say something or he would perceive that his stratagem had betrayed itself): "Well, at the gloomy worst, Rush is taken care of. And as for me, I'm not a war sacrifice, anyhow. That's not a possible conception—even for a worried convalescent. Did you ever *see* anything as gorgeous as that tree, even in an Urban stage-setting?"

"No," he said, "the war wasn't what you were sacrificed for."

She held her breath until she saw he wasn't going on with that. But he seemed willing to follow her lead to lighter matters, and for the rest of their excursion they both carried out the pretense that there was nothing like a cloud in their sky.

That evening, though, after she had bidden him good night, she changed her mind and came back into his room. There had been something wistful about his kiss that determined her.

"Which of them wrote to you about me?" she asked.

"Both," he told her. "Of course I should have known you'd guess. Forgive me for having tried to—manage you.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I'll show you both their letters if you like. It's a breach of confidence, of course, but I don't know that I could do better."

"I'll read Rush's," she said. "Not the other."

She carried it over to the lamp, and for a while after she had taken in its easily grasped intent, she went on turning its pages back and forth while she sought for an end of the tangled skein of her thoughts to hold on by.

Finally, "Do you want me to marry him, Dad?" she asked. Then, before he could answer, she hurried on: "I mean, would it relieve you from some nightmare worry about me if I did? This has to be plain talk, doesn't it, if it is to get us anywhere?"

"That's a fair question of yours," he said. But he wasn't ready at once with an answer. "It would be such a relief, if you wanted to marry him. That goes to the bottom of it, I think. My responsibility is to make it possible for you to—follow your heart. To marry or not, as you wish. To marry a poor man if you wish. But if Graham is your choice, and all that holds you back from him is some remediable misunderstanding—or failure to understand——"

"I don't know whether it's remediable or not," she said, and added: "I told him I would marry him if I could. Did he tell you that?"

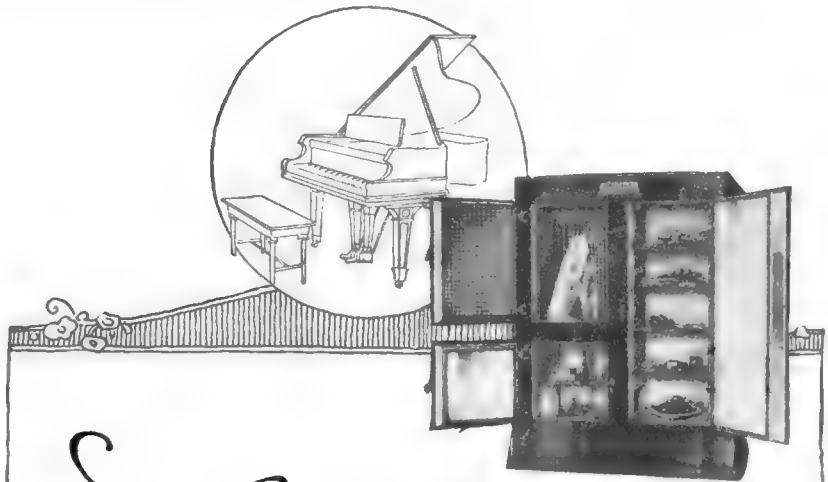
IT WAS a mistake to have quoted that expression to her father. He took it just as Graham had. Of course! What else could he think? She sat with clenched hands and a dry throat, listening while he tried to enlighten what he took to be her innocent misunderstanding.

They had never spoken, she realized, about matters of sex. For anything he really knew to the contrary, she might have been as ignorant as a child. He was, actually, talking as one talks to a child—kindly, tolerantly, tenderly, but with an unconscious touch of patronage, like one trying to explain away misgivings about Santa Claus! There were elements, inevitably, in a man's love for a woman that a young girl could not understand. Nothing but experience could bring that understanding home to her. This was what, in one way after another, he was trying to convey.

But the intuition which, in good times or bad, always betrayed their emotions to each other, showed him that he was somehow missing the mark. Her silence through his tentative little pauses disconcerted him heavily. He ran down at last like an unwound clock.

It was only after a long, intolerably oppressive silence that she found her voice. "The misunderstanding isn't what you think," she said. "Nor what Graham thinks. It's his misunderstanding, not mine. He thinks that I am—a sort of innocent angel that he's not good enough for. And the fact is that I'm not—not innocent enough for him. Not an angel at all. Not even—quite—good."

But she got no further. The plea for comprehension, for an ear that would not turn away from her plain story, never was made. In a smother of words he halted her. She was overwrought. She carried paradox too far. In her innocence she used a form of speech that she didn't know the meaning of, and should be careful



CLASSMATES

There is "grand piano quality" clear through the Herrick Refrigerator—from the handsomely finished surface to the beautiful, sanitary lining.

But beauty (though the first noticeable feature) is only incidental. More important are the saving in ice, the long keeping of foods, the great ease of cleaning—qualities due to the twenty-seven points of conscientious construction that make the Herrick truly "The Kitchen Grand."

Write for the name of the nearest Herrick dealer.

HERRICK REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
904 River Street, Waterloo, Iowa

Outside Icing Convenience and 26 other Herrick features described in free booklet.

Don't say "Ice Box"; say
HERRICK REFRIGERATOR
DRY AIR SYSTEM
There's a Difference

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mary Baldwin Seminary For Young Ladies. Established 1842. Term begins Sept. 9th. In the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, modern equipment. Students from 33 states. Courses: Collegiate (2 years), preparatory (4 years). Music, Art, Expression and Domestic Science. Catalog. STAUNTON, VA.

PENNSYLVANIA, Swarthmore, Box 153
The Mary Lyon School. A country school near a college town. College preparatory. Wildcliff—The Graduate School. Seven Gables—A school for girls 11 to 14. Hillcrest for little girls 6 to 11. Each has separate complete equipment. Individual attention. Address Miss M. A. CHRIST, Principals.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

Dr. Esenwein

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*, 13 volumes; descriptive booklet free. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 10 cents, annual subscription $1.00. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address*

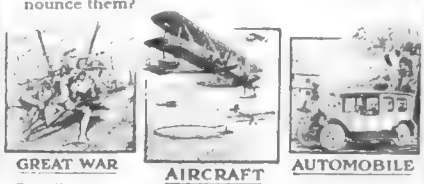
The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 347, Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

New Words

Do you know the *new* words and *how* to pronounce them?



GREAT WAR	AIRCRAFT	AUTOMOBILE
fourth arm	empennage	convertible
camouflage	backswept	crank case
calibrate	Albatros	landaulet
blighty	squadron	cyclecar

"The Supreme Authority"

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

contains answers to questions about these *new* words and hundreds of thousands of other words.

Where else is this information to be found? Ask for the *Merriam* Webster.

400,000 Vocabulary Terms.
30,000 Geographical Subjects.
12,000 Biographical Entries.
6,000 Illustrations and
2,700 Pages.

Write for specimen pages, terms, etc. Name EVERYBODY'S and receive FREE a set of "Pocket Maps."

G. & C. Merriam Co.,
Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

Music Lessons
UNDER MASTER TEACHERS
At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument or Voice Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
6280 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

to avoid. Her troubles, with patience, would work themselves out in the end. Meanwhile let her as far as possible stop thinking about them.

But she had got, during the intaken breath before he began to speak, a sensation, as sharp and momentary as the landscape revealed in a lightning flash, of a sudden terror, on his part, of one finding himself on the edge of an abyss of understanding. For that one instant, before he had had time to turn his face away, he had known what she meant. But he never would look again. Never would know.

The next instalment of ***Mary Wollaston*** *will appear in the May number.*

THE LATER BOAT

(*Continued from page 72*)

I've got those thirty great big years to work in. Looking at it that way, everything is in my favor, isn't it?"

"I'll show you to-morrow," answered Hazleton grimly.

Ralston rose and started for the door. But on the impulse of the moment he turned back to the older man, who was leaning a bit heavily on the desk.

"Mr. Hazleton," he said earnestly, "I'd rather work with you than against you. Give me Nance, and I'll put my thirty years into the firm."

"Get out!" choked Hazleton. "I'll show you to-morrow who's dead!"

"Even if you do—what about next year?"

"I'll show you next year, too!"

"And the year after that?"

"Get out!" roared Hazleton. "Get out, I say!"

He sank into his chair, staring at Ralston as though he were the sheeted skeleton figure of Fate.

V

IN SPITE of Hazleton's frantic tenth-hour efforts to bring to the polls in automobiles old men who had not voted for five years, Ralston was elected. This was due largely to the fact that the young men came out to a man. Voting for a contemporary rather appealed to their imagination.

Hazleton received the report in the *News* office, from which that morning he had issued in a special edition a final appeal to the voters to show in no uncertain fashion that the citizens of Hilton could appreciate the difference between a soap-box orator still in his twenties, and a man of such wide experience and proven merit and sober judgment as the Honorable Joshua Buxton.

Hazleton had exerted his full strength—and lost. For a few moments he tried to evade that conclusion by attributing his defeat to lack of energy on the part of his lieutenants, and to the fact that he had not thrown himself into the contest early enough. But that was mere subterfuge, and he knew it. He was too honest not to face in the end the bitter truth. In an open and fair fight he had gone down before a man thirty years his junior.

That was an astounding fact, and only became the more so as he reviewed all the circumstances. This—this cub had accomplished that in less than six months. He recalled now the good words he had heard on every side about Ralston, even from some of his own stanchest henchmen. There was Wells, of Wells & Barney. Wells had said:

"Mr. Hazleton, I'm with you in this fight, but honest, I haven't anything to say ag'in' this young man. He's the best clerk I ever had in my store."

"What of it?" he had asked.

And he had asked this later, when similar good opinions were volunteered by others. He himself had nothing in particular to say against Ralston. But when it came to the issue of what he wanted against what this boy of twenty-three wanted, there ought not to be even an argument.

Hazleton started home late that evening. He walked, but he found himself pausing for breath several times on his way up the hill. The climb seemed to get hold of his legs, too. He had not been taking enough exercise of late, he concluded. At the crest he stopped and looked back—the village lying below him, with the red-painted mill buildings at the foot of the lake prominent in the foreground. A full moon rose from a cloudless sky, bathing the pretty picture in silver light.

For thirty years this scene had greeted him morning, noon and night, until it had become an integral part of him. In that period it had changed but little. The old mill tower where the bell hung—the bell which had blended its sonorous call into the lives of so many—stood now against the same eternal sky. Always he could see the same little strip of water to the left. And to the right the same irregular line of roof-tops.

But to-night as he looked the sky grew hazy. Something had happened. He braced himself, and then it was as though the old mill bell spoke.

"You're moving off," it said, "and they are moving on."

He was not much given to such illusions. The bell was not stirring in its tower, yet distinctly he heard the slow-dying after-tones: "Moving off; moving on. Moving off; moving on."

Hazleton continued to the house—the brick house with the white pillars. It seemed a long way. He fumbled at the door when it was suddenly swung open by Nance, and he felt a pair of warm, soft arms about his neck.

"Dad," she scolded, "you're very, very late."

"You've heard?" he demanded.

"Fiske—Fiske was elected!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

Then at sight of his drooping shoulders and weary eyes, she grew frightened. "Why, Dad," she cried, "what's the matter with you?"

"I'm tired," he answered. "I guess I'm getting old."

"You're feeling old because you're tired," she answered. "Old? Nonsense. You're only fifty-three."

"Fifty-three," he nodded.

"And you've been working too hard this last week. You'll feel better after din-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She had taken his hat and coat and hung them up. Now as he moved slowly toward the sitting-room she stopped him. "Dad," she said timidly.

He looked up and met her fresh young eyes. He had never seen them more brilliant. "Well, Nance?"

"Fiske is—in there."

"Eh?"

"He—he came up to tell me. Don't you want to ask him to dinner? I think he's a little tired, too."

"Ask him to dinner?" he choked.

"Oh, Dad, why not?" she pleaded. "The fight is all over, isn't it?"

Yes, the fight was all over. He knew that, and yet even now it was a difficult thing to admit. In the silent hall the old clock in the corner made itself heard. He turned, and faced it a moment in defiance. The little second-hand moved briskly on, utterly indifferent to his frown.

He heard his daughter's voice again—the voice of youth.

"PLEASE," she whispered. "He's waiting."

Hazleton smiled grimly. Ralston was not waiting. He was coming down the home-stretch as fast as his legs—the legs of youth—would carry him. He could almost hear Ralston's rapid footsteps—almost catch the sound of his quick breathing. It was he himself who was waiting, who from this time on *must* wait, for if he didn't—if he started running—it would only bring him the faster to the final goal. And that would not spell Victory but Defeat. The penalty for winning that last race was the loss of everything. For the sake of the eager eyes waiting for his answer he must put that off as long as possible.

Hazleton squared his shoulders. He took a sharp breath and gripped his jaws.

"Come," he said to the girl. "We—we will get Fiske, and go in to dinner."

She moved toward him like a fawn, and he felt her kisses on his lips—kisses that were like the breath of spring; kisses that sent his thoughts back thirty years; kisses that quickened his blood as he led her, now grown suddenly shy, into the next room, where Ralston sprang forward as across the tape.

The Movies

By Mary Carolyn Davies

War took its way across the screen;
And the week's work in east and west
Was placed between
This season's styles in hats and gowns
And panoramas of strange towns;
And, for the rest,
Cartoons and jest—
And then a little tale of love
Almost too real for thinking of.
These things I scarcely saw; no line
Of grief, or rapture gay and fine
I read. I only felt your rough
Unconscious shoulder touching mine.

1852
AUGUST
W.L.DOUGLAS PEGGING SHOES AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE
W.L. DOUGLAS WAS PERMITTED TO ATTEND SCHOOL FOR SHORT PERIODS DURING THE WINTER MONTHS WHEN THERE WERE SLACK SPELLS IN THE WORK
OCCASIONALLY HE HAD TO FACE PUNISHMENT FOR TARDINESS BECAUSE HE WAS KEPT AT THE WORK BENCH PEGGING SHOES UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE
W.L.DOUGLAS $9.00 SHOE

BEGAN MANUFACTURING JULY 6 1876

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

$7.00 $8.00 $9.00 & $10.00 SHOES

BOYS' SHOES $4.50 $5.00 $5.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 107 of our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W.L.Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-seven years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

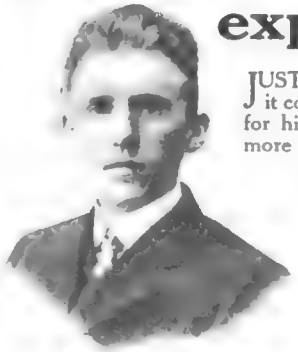
W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. If it has been changed or mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

W. L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 148 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - - MASS.

$5000.00 a year without experience or capital!



JUST 2c for sending a coupon like the one below—that's all it cost Arthur T. White of Massachusetts to start in business for himself. He now receives from us $5000.00 a year and more for a little pleasant work.

You can do the same—and you need only use your spare time—hours that would otherwise be wasted. All around you subscribers to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, THE DELINEATOR, ADVENTURE, THE HOME SECTOR, THE DESIGNER and ROMANCE are sending in their new and renewal subscriptions to us direct. We want a representative in your vicinity to look after this business. We furnish all supplies and instructions. It costs you nothing to start, but you can earn in your spare time what hundreds of our other agents are earning—all the way from $5.00 to $100.00 a week. Clip the coupon below and mail to-day—there is no obligation in doing so.

Clip and Mail Now

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
Box 531, Butterick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
Please send me full particulars about your money-making plan.

Name *Street*

City *State*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CUNARD
ANCHOR

FAST REGULAR EXPRESS
Services by
IMPERATOR AQUITANIA MAURETANIA
K. A. VICTORIA CARMANIA CARONIA
SAXONIA PANNONIA ROYAL GEORGE
COLUMBIA ITALIA

To British Isles, Continent, Mediterranean and Levant

Schedules on application

21-24 STATE STREET NEW YORK CITY
or Branches and Agencies

How to Reduce Your Weight

You CAN do it in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I KNOW you can, because I've reduced 35,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to your condition

No woman need carry one pound of excess fat. It is so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and your scales keep you enthused.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

Don't endure fat when it is so easy to reduce.

If you send me your height and weight I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me! I will respect your confidence.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 20, 624 S Michigan Blvd., Chicago 1718

Dye Old, Faded Dress Material

"Diamond Dyes" Make Shabby Apparel Stylish and New—So Easy Too.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies,—everything!

A Direction Book is in package.

To match any material, have dealer show you "*Diamond Dye*" Color Card.

PURITY CROSS
Chop Suey
Made by a Master Chef in a Model Kitchen

Also makers of ⊗ Deviled Chicken ⊗ Deviled Ham ⊗ Lunch Tongue, etc. Address: Orange, New Jersey

The STORY of HOOVER

(*Continued from page 38*)

and mining methods and organization, into a book which, under the title of "Principles of Mining," has been a classic for students of mining engineering since its appearance in 1909. The book is a condensation of a course of lectures given by the author partly in Stanford and partly in Columbia University. Although it contains an unusual amount of original matter and old knowledge originally treated for the kind of book it professes to be, namely a compact manual of approved mining practise, the author's preface is a model of modest appraisement of his work. One of its paragraphs simply demands quotation:

The bulk of the material presented in this book is the common heritage of the profession, and if any may think there is insufficient reference to previous writers, let him endeavor to find to whom the origin of our methods should be credited. The science has grown by small contributions of experience since, or before, those unnamed Egyptian engineers, whose works prove their knowledge of many fundamentals of mine-engineering sixty-eight hundred years ago. If I have contributed one sentence to the accumulated knowledge of a thousand generations of engineers, or have thrown one new ray of light on the work, I shall have done my share.

In the later chapters of the book Hoover, having devoted the earlier chapters to technical methods, treats of the administrative and financial phases of mining. The last chapter is devoted to the "character, training and obligations of the mining-engineering profession," in which he sets up a standard of professional ethics for the engineer of the very highest degree and reveals clearly his own genuinely philanthropic attitude toward his fellow men. In the discussion of mining administration there is a concise but illuminating treatment of the subject of labor-unions. After discussing contract work and bonus systems, he says:

There is another phase of the labor question which must be considered, and that is the general relations of employer and employed. As corporations have grown, so likewise have the labor-unions. In general, they are normal and proper antidotes for unlimited capitalistic organization.

Labor-unions usually pass through two phases. First, the inertia of the unorganized labor is too often stirred only by demagogic means. After organization, through these and other agencies, the lack of balance in the leaders often makes for injustice in demands, and for violence to obtain them and disregard of agreements entered upon. As time goes on, men become educated in regard to the rights of their employers and to the reflection of these rights in ultimate benefit to labor itself. Then the men, as well as the intelligent employer, endeavor to safeguard both interests. When this stage arrives, violence disappears in favor of negotiation on economic principles, and the unions achieve their greatest real gains.

Given a union with leaders who can control the members, and who are disposed to approach differences in a business spirit, there are few sounder positions for the employer, for agreements honorably carried out dismiss the constant harassments of possible strikes. Such unions exist in dozens of trades in this country, and they are entitled to greater recognition. The time when the employer could ride roughshod over his labor is disappearing with the doctrine of "*laissez-faire*," on which it was founded. The sooner the fact is recognized, the better for the employer. The sooner some miners' unions develop from the first into the second stage, the more speedily will their organizations secure general respect and influence.

The crying need of labor-unions, and of some employers as well, is education on a fundamental of economics too long disregarded by all classes and especially by the academic economist. When the latter abandon the theory that wages are the result of supply and demand, and recognize that in these days of international flow of labor, commodities and capital, the real controlling factor in wages is efficiency, then such an educational campaign may become possible. Then will the employer and employee find a common ground on which each can benefit.

There lives no engineer who has not seen insensate dispute as to wages where the real difficulty was inefficiency. No administrator begrudges a division with his men of the increased profit arising from increased efficiency. But every administrator begrudges the wage level demanded by labor-unions, whose policy is decreased efficiency, in the false belief that they are providing for more labor.

Three years before publishing the "Principles of Mining" Hoover had collaborated with a group of mining authors in the production of a book called "Economics of Mining." And three years later, that is in 1912, he privately published, in sumptuous form, with scrupulously exact reproduction of all of its curious old woodcuts, an English translation of Agricola's "*De Re Metallica*," the first great treatise on mining and metallurgy originally published in Latin in 1556, only one hundred years after Gutenberg had printed his first book. "*De Re Metallica*" was the standard manual of mining and metallurgy for one hundred and eighty years. Georgius Agricola, the author, was really one Georg Bauer, a German of Saxony, who, following the custom of his time, used for pen-name the literal Latin equivalents of the words of his German name.

Working for Recreation

THIS translation, with its copious important added notes of editorial commentary, was the joint work of Hoover and his wife—it was Mrs. Hoover, indeed, who began it—and occupied most of their spare time, especially their evenings—and sometimes nights—and Sundays through nearly five years. They had been for some time collecting and delving in old books on China and the Far East and ancient treatises on early mining and metallurgical processes, and had accumulated an unusual collection of such works, ransacking the old bookshops of London and the Continent in their quest.

In 1902, Mrs. Hoover, while looking up some early geology prints in the British Museum library, stumbled on to Agricola, and becoming fascinated by it, reported her find to her husband. By invoking the services of one of their friends among the old book-dealers they soon owned a copy. Caught especially by the many curious and only half understandable pictures in it they began to translate bits from it here and there, especially the explanations of the pictures, and in a little while they were lost. Nothing would satisfy them short of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

making a complete translation. It became an obsession. It was at first their recreation; then, because it went very slowly, it seemed likely to become their life avocation.

They found an early German translation, which, however, helped them little. The translator had apparently known little of mining and not too much of Latin. They went to Saxony, to the home of Agricola, hoping to get clues to the difficult things in the book by seeing the region and mines which had been under his eyes while writing it, and finding traditions of the mining methods of his time. But it was as if a sponge had been passed over Agricola and his days.

Fire had swept over the towns he had known, and all the ancient records were gone. The towns, rebuilt, and the mines of which he had written were there, but of him and of the ancient methods he wrote about there was hardly record or even tradition.

They went to Freiberg, where has long existed the greatest German school of mines, the greatest mining school in the world, indeed, until the American schools were developed—probably the Germans would not admit even this qualification—and there they found no more to help them than in Agricola's own towns. In fact, the Freiberg professors seemed rather irritated by the advent of these searchers for ancient mining history, for, as the savants explained, the Freiberg methods and machines were all the most modern in the world; there were "no left-overs, no worn-out rubbish of those inefficient ages" around Germany's great school of mines.

So the Hoovers, unrewarded by their pilgrimage to Germany for help in their attempt to resuscitate the Saxon Agricola, went back to London. But they kept on mining in the big tome, and finally in the fifth year of their devoted spare-time labors they had before them a completed translation.

So what with looking after his mining enterprises, entertaining friends in the Red House, translating Agricola and motoring on occasional Sundays or less occasional whole week-ends, the days when he was not in America or Russia or Burma or Korea or elsewhere in the world where mines are, went on.

And then came the sudden interruption. August, 1914, came, and since then Herbert Hoover has done other things, things the world has looked on with amazement and praise and gratitude.

The May instalment of ***The Story of Hoover*** *will give the account of his remarkable war-time services in the relief of Belgium.*

Watchers

By Bernard Raymund

Beside the lane the Lombardies
Stand and look
Over the tops of the other trees
Over the brook,
Over the fields of grazing sheep
Beyond the hedge
To the line of purple hills asleep
At the land's edge.
Oh watchers when a carefree wind
Passes by
Do you long to leave the farm behind,
Take wing and fly?

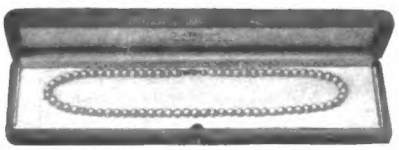
Woman's Most Exquisite Adornment

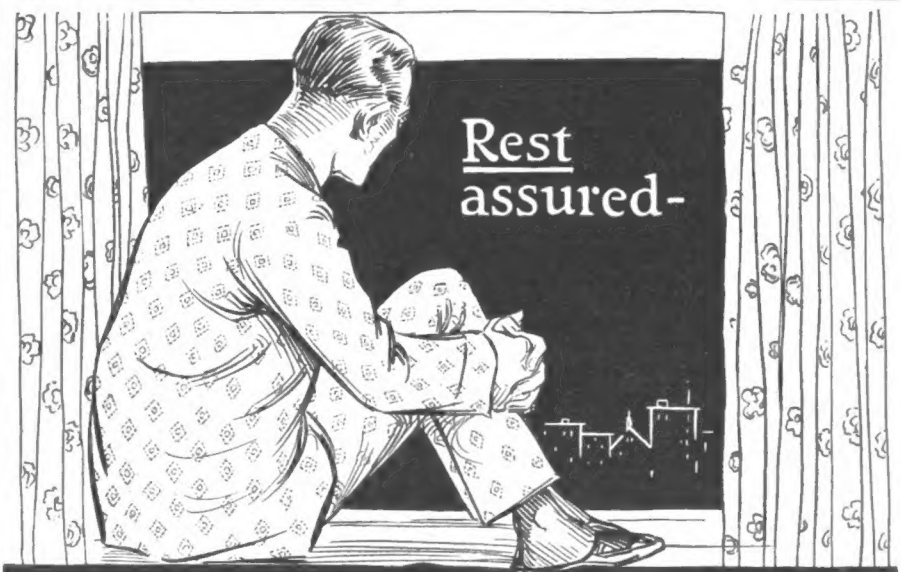
THE simple, beautiful lines of a *La Tausca* necklace—the wondrous oriental fire and lustre, cannot but add to the beauty of its wearer.

Panama-Pacific Pearls

18-inch length . $15
24-inch length . $20
30-inch length . $22

LA TAUSCA PEARLS





Sleep in Style!

Faultless

SINCE 1881

REG TRADE MARK

Pajamas & Night Shirts

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"

BALTIMORE-NEW YORK – CHICAGO. E. ROSENFELD & CO. MAKERS

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

YOU CAN EARN $100 to $150 a MONTH as a "New Way" TYPIST

Promotes Accuracy and Puts Wings on Your Fingers

Almost over night the "New Way" has revolutionized the whole typewriting situation. Already thousands of stenographers and other typewriter users who never exceeded 30 to 40 words a minute are writing 80 to 100 words with half the effort and greater accuracy—earning salaries increased in proportion.

BE PRIVATE SECRETARY

Typewrite the NEW WAY and get a better position and bigger pay. New Way typists earn $25 to $40 a week. Learn at home in spare time—10 easily learned lessons—MONEY REFUNDED if results are not satisfactory.

TYPEWRITE THE NEW WAY

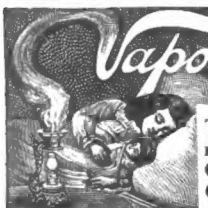
Win that better position you have in mind. Don't be satisfied with small pay. *Free Book* which explains why "New Way" must bring results—speed, accuracy, increased salary. Mail coupon Now!!

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
1474 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio.
Please send Free Typewriting Book.

Name.....

Address.....

Vapo Cresolene



"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"

Established 1879

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that *a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 12

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Story-Writers Wanted

NOTHING PAYS LIKE SUCCESS IN WRITING FICTION—2 cents to 10 cents A WORD. We sell stories, scenarios, and book MSS. on commission; we revise them and tell you where to sell them. **STORY-WRITING** taught by mail. Send for our free booklet, **"WRITING FOR PROFIT,"** tells how; gives proof.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 87, Indianapolis, Ind.

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my big new FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful school in the world curing all forms of defective speech by advanced natural method. Write today.
North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 2312 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

BE A BANKER

Prepare by mail in spare time for this attractive profession in which there are great opportunities for both men and women. Send at once for free book, "How to Become a Banker," by EDGAR G. ALCORN, President.
American School of Banking, 73 McLene Bldg., Columbus, O.

MONEY-MAKING FARMS—17 STATES

$10 to $100 acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalogue.
E. A. Strout Farm Agency, 2026BP. Sun Bldg., New York.

NEVER SAY DIE

(*Continued from page 75*).

Nevertheless, he would do it. He pulled the paper out of the crevice between the window-sashes, opened the window and looked down. He saw the back stoop and there was a dirty mop beside it; there was an ash-can, and there were two garbage-cans there. And there was a starved cat that sat and looked up at him. He had a tremor and drew back and covered his face with his hands as he thought of that cat—that knowing cat, that loathsome, that obscene cat.

He sat down on the edge of the bed to collect his strength and summon his resolution. The cockroach had crawled to the head of the bed and seemed to wish to partake of his thoughts.

"Damn you, Old Archibald Hammil!" he cried. And he scooped the cockroach into his hand with a sudden sweep and flung it out of the window. The insect fell without perceptible discomfort, and at once began to climb up the outside wall again, making for the window.

The door opened and Mrs. Hinkley entered, her face cleft with a grin, and a tray in her hands.

"Mr. Gooley," she said, setting it on the wash-stand, "I'll bet you ain't had nothing to eat to-day!"

ON THE tray was a bowl of soup, a half loaf of bread with a long keen bread-knife, a pat of butter, a boiled egg and a cup of coffee.

"No, nor yesterday, either," said Mr. Gooley, and he looked at the soup and at the long keen bread-knife.

"Here's something else I want to show you, Mr. Gooley," said the landlady, dodging out of the door and back in again instantly. She bore in her hands this time a surprising length of flexible gas-tubing, and a small nickel-plated pearl-handled revolver.

"You see that there gas-tubing?" she said. "That is what that blondined party in the next room had onto her gas-plate—the nerve of her! Strung from the gas-jet clear across the room to the window-sill. And when I throwed her out, Mr. Gooley, she wouldn't pay her rent, and I took this here revolver to part pay it. What kind of a woman is it, Mr. Gooley, that has a revolver in her room, and a loaded one, too?"

Just then the door-bell rang in the dim lower regions, and she left the room to answer it.

And Mr. Gooley sat and looked at the knife, with which he might so easily stab himself, and at the gas-cord with which he might so easily hang himself, and at the loaded revolver with which he might so easily shoot himself.

He looked also at the bowl of soup.

He had the strength to reflect—a meal is a meal. But *after* that meal, what? Penniless, broken in health, friendless, a failure—why prolong it for another twenty-four hours? A meal would prolong it, but that was all a meal *would* do—and after that would come the suffering and the despair and the end to be faced all over again.

Was he man enough to take the pistol and do it now?

Or did true manhood lie the other way?

Suppose—

you are offered a wonderful job—good pay, a real future and pleasant, interesting work.

Suppose—

this job keeps you healthy and happy, outdoors in the fresh air and sunlight.

Suppose—

you can earn all the money you want, work as many hours a day as you like, and take off as many days as you please, with no one to order you around.

Suppose—

you need no experience and no capital, and yet will be helped to build up for yourself a business of your own, permanent and growing, paying you a regular income.

Isn't that the kind of a job you want?

Well, take your pencil, cross out every "suppose" in this ad. There is no supposition about what remains. It is a fact.

I am actually offering you this job right now!

I can prove to you that on this very job, many other men and women, situated just like yourself, are earning $25.00—$50.00—$100.00 a year in spare time, and $2,000.00 to $4,000.00 for full time. I can give you their names and addresses, and even show you their pictures.

To get started, all they did was to sign a coupon like the one below, and send it in to us promptly. You do the same, and before the end of another month, you will be looking back on the day you read this ad as one of the luckiest days in your life, because very soon you will be earning from $100.00 to $4,000.00 a year, according to the time you can give to the work.

HERE'S THE COUPON

Sign and mail it now

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
532 Butterick Bldg.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me full particulars at once about this splendid opportunity to earn money. I have some spare time to sell.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Was he man enough to drink the soup, and dare to live and hope?

Just then the cockroach, which had climbed into the window and upon the wash-stand, made for the bowl of soup.

"Here!" cried Mr. Gooley, grabbing the bowl in both hands, "Old Man Hammil! Get away from that soup!'

And the bowl being in his hands, he drank.

"What do you mean by Old Man Hammil?"

It was Mrs. Hinkley who spoke. She stood again in the doorway, with a letter in her hands and a look of wonder on her face.

MR. GOOLEY set down the soup-bowl. By an effort of the will he had only drunk half the liquid. He had heard somewhere that those who are suffering from starvation had better go slow, at first, when they get hold of food again. And he already felt better, warmed and resurrected, from the first gulp.

"What," demanded the landlady, "do you mean by yelling out about Old Man Hammil?"

"Why," said Mr. Gooley, feeling foolish, and looking it, "I was talking to that cockroach there. He looks sort of like some one I knew, when I was a kid, by the name of Hammil—Archibald Hammil."

"*Where* was you a kid?" asked Mrs. Hinkley.

"In a place called Mapletown—Mapletown, Illinois," said Mr. Gooley. "There's where I knew Old Man Hammil."

"Well," said the landlady, "when you go back there you won't see him. He's dead. He died a week ago. This letter tells it. I was his niece. And the old man went and left me his hardware store. I never expected it. But all his kids is dead—it seems he outlived 'em all, and he was nearly ninety when he passed away."

"Well," said Mr. Gooley, "I don't remember you."

"You wouldn't," said the landlady. "You must have been in short pants when I ran away from home and married the hardware drummer. But I'll bet you the old-timers in that burg still remembers it against me!"

"The kids will be coming into that store about now to get their skates sharpened," said Mr. Gooley, looking at the boiled egg.

"Uh-huh!" said Mrs. Hinkley. "Don't you want to go back home and help sharpen 'em? I'm goin' back and run that there store, and I'll need a clerk, I suppose."

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Gooley, breaking the egg-shell.

The cockroach, busy with a crumb on the floor, waved his three starboard legs genially at Mr. Gooley and Mrs. Hinkley—as if, in fact, he were winking with his feet.

The Old Rendezvous

By Bernice Brown

ALONE I've come across the meadow,
And there is April in the air,
Beneath the elder clump bloom violets—
I never saw the world so fair!
The woodland breeze is full of secrets,
For spring has touched the place.
Why must I close my eyes to beauty
And strain to see your face?

YOU can always look forward to a pleasant and comfortable day when you have given your hair the best possible treatment, by the use of

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

Especially this is true if you appreciate the value of waviness and brilliance. Canthrox is the shampoo that rapidly softens and removes dandruff, excess oil and dirt. It makes a perfectly healthy scalp which will naturally produce attractive, vigorous hair. Canthrox also gives that massy fluffiness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

At All Drug Stores

No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most pleasant, the most simple, in all ways the most effective hair wash, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address on receipt of postage to cover mailing expense.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 122, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Waxit "The Perfect Polish"

Don't *Wash* Your Car—Your Piano *WAX-IT!*

Waxit both cleans and polishes. Gets results quick with little work.

Send Coupon for Sample

MOST CARS are washed too often. Makes finish dim, dull, lifeless. Unless car is thick with mud or dust, Waxit will clean and polish with less time and work than washing. No shaking necessary. Always use Waxit after washing. Brings back the lustre; benefits the varnish—keeps it live and elastic.

Keeping ***your car and your furniture*** bright and new looking is made very simple with Waxit. Just moisten a cloth and rub lightly. Dirt and grease go like magic and a brilliant, dry, durable polish appears—all with one operation.

You can appreciate Waxit only by ***trying*** it. Sold at accessory, hardware, drug and department stores. Sample package sent prepaid, if you send the coupon and 10c.

WAXIT MFG. COMPANY
1672 Plymouth Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

WAXIT MFG. CO.
1672 Plymouth Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Kindly send me sample bottle of Waxit, for which I am enclosing 10 cents.

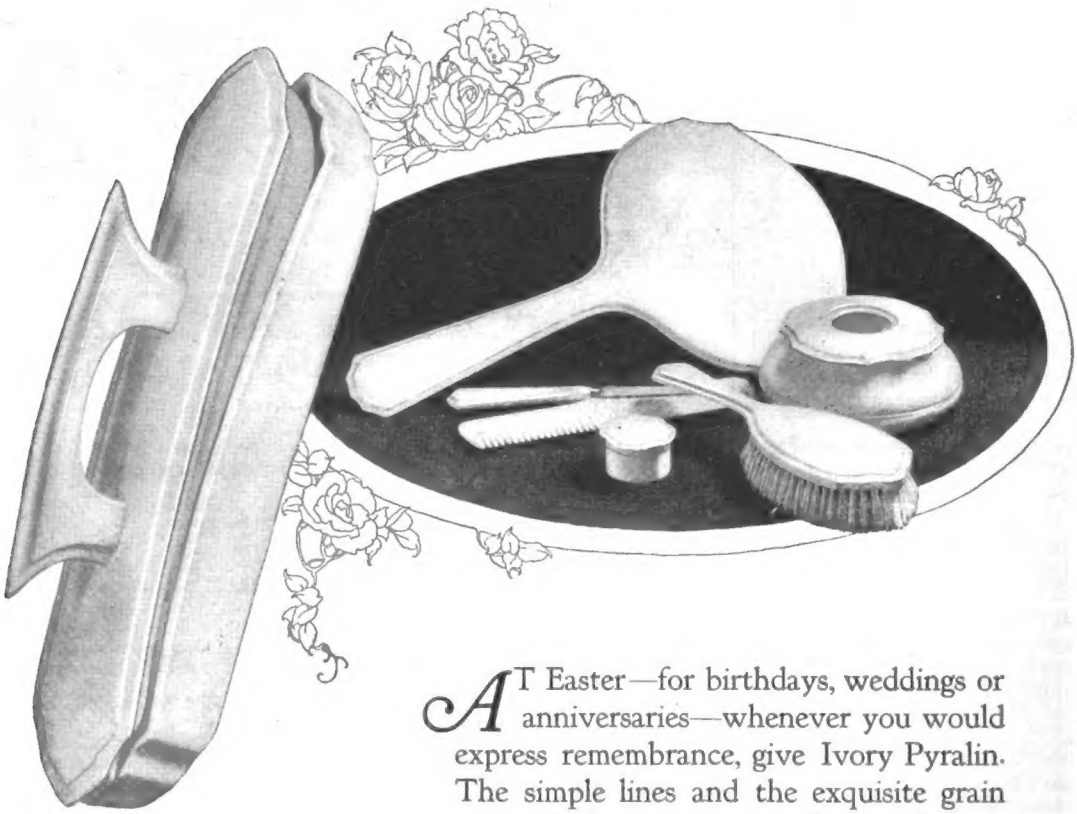
Dealer's Name .....
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DU PONT

Ivory Pyralin



AT Easter—for birthdays, weddings or anniversaries—whenever you would express remembrance, give Ivory Pyralin. The simple lines and the exquisite grain and coloring of these toilet articles are completely captivating. To select a gift of such evident utility and beauty is indeed an act of friendship.

Each piece is stamped with the name, "Ivory Pyralin," in tiny gold letters—your assurance that it will not chip or break; that it is easily cleaned and always in good taste.

The smart shops will show you Ivory Pyralin—complete sets or single articles—in a number of exclusive designs. You can always obtain pieces of the same pattern to add to *your* set.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC., SALES DEPT., PYRALIN DIVISION, WILMINGTON, DEL.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN